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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS., OCTOBER 11, 1929 TEN CENTS

36

70.6 PERCENT COLLEGE BOARD EXAMS PASSED

75 Recommended; 92.6 Per Cent Pass

As the majority of you know, the Juniors and Seniors preparing for college take their June examinations under one of three conditions: with the recommendation or consent of the teachers, or with the responsibility on their own shoulders, according to the excellence of the school work. The respective designations are R, C, and X.

The following are the results of the nineteen twenty-nine examinations of the Brookline students:

	No. R.	No. passed	Per cent
English	28	25	90
History	11	11	100
Latin	21	21	100
French	21	21	100
Spanish	7	7	100

(Continued on Page 2)

REQUIREMENTS FOR BOYS' SCHOLARSHIPS ANNOUNCED

At the beginning of the year perhaps it would be well to call the attention of the Senior boys to the financial opportunities offered by Brookline High School to graduates going to college. I refer to the three scholarships presented at Graduation by the Dramatics Club. The following information may be of value:

I. a Each scholarship represents one year's tuition at any institution selected by the successful candidate providing the sum does not exceed four hundred dollars.

b The tuition fee is to be paid directly to the institution selected and may be applied only to tuition.

II a A candidate must be a member of the Senior Class, preferably a four year pupil at Brookline High School.

b He must show standards of scholarly standing that will promise satisfactory work in college.

c He must have worked for wages outside of school, thus showing a desire to help himself.

d There must be financial need.

The committee makes great effort to adjust the awards fairly; nevertheless experience with 27 candidates in previous years shows that high scholastic standing must be the basis of decision, for a schorlarship is not only a reward for work well done, but also an investment of money entrusted, which must be intelligently placed. A scholarship should be regarded as an honor to the recipient who in turn will be a source of pride to the school which has so distinguished him.

BANK OFFICERS WILL RECEIVE POINTS

At the annual October meeting of the Honorary Society, the recommendation that credit be given several officials of the Bank was approved. For this year, one point will be awarded to the Treasurer and to the Bookkeeper; one-half point to the Assistant Treasurer, Assistant Bookkeeper, Receiving Teller and five Alternates; one quarter to the Checker and the Class Room Treasurers.

SALE OF SEASON TICKETS LAUNCHED AT ASSEMBLY

The assembly of September 17 launched the sale of the football season tickets with a plea to the three lower classes. Charles Wolf, football manager, explained that these tickets, costing seventy-five cents, entitle the purchaser to see the four home games and to a dollar ticket for the Newton game by the additional payment of twenty-five cents.

Coach Fitzgerald spoke on the importance to the team of student support. Mr. Woodlock gave a few statistics on the cost of equipment and Captain Hootstein spoke briefly on the value of student backing to the players.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS FOR 1929

Under the expert guidance of the new coach, Mr. Fitzgerald, the football team is slowly but surely turning out to be a winner. Captain "Bernie" Hootstein is assisting Coach Fitzgerald at his labors. Hootstein, Kelly, McCoun, and Larkin constitute as good a backfield as can be found in the state. Nayor and Nyhan are fighting for center honors and each has an even chance. Wolek, a veteran end, is the backbone of the line which is one of the heaviest ever turned out, averaging about one hundred seventy-five pounds to a man. Golden and Goldman contribute much of this weight.

Brookline showed up pretty well in the first two games. The first, against Lynn Classical's strong team was a scoreless tie. In the second, English's light but fast team secured the edge on Brookline to the tune of 13-6. However, as these two teams are not in the Suburban League,, the games do not count against Brookline's chances for the championship. Let us hope Brookline will live up to the reputation she has obtained so far by clinching the Suburban League championship. They can do so only with your support. To the games and CHEER, CHEER, CHEER.

Brookline in Scoreless Opener With Lynn

WEINBERG TO CAPTAIN MARSHALS, 1929-1930

Announce Elections as Incorrect—New Elections held Thursday

At a recent Marshal meeting Alvin Weinburg was elected Captain of the Marshals. The representatives to the Teachers-Student Council are as follows: Seniors, John Hyland; Juniors, Charles Nayor; Sophomores, Richard Holt; Freshmen, Frederic Wiggin.

It has been announced that the elections were incorrectly carried out. On Thursday another election was held. We hope with more satisfactory results. No matter how the new elections may change the following list the honor remains to those who comprise it. The first election results follow:

One of the first representatives of law and order that the incoming Freshman meets on his arrival at Brookline High School is the Marshal Body: the "cops of the corridors."

The Marshals are selected from the most capable members of the four classes. His duties are varied, for he not only must direct traffic and keep the lines in order, but, since his position is one of honor and dignity, he must keep up a creditable record for scholarship and deportment. He must be ready to take the initiative unhesitatingly and voluntarily at any time, and his authority courteously and tactfully in filling his position of responsibility as an upholder of the

(Continued on Page 2)

FIRST MEETING OF FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS

The first meeting of the entire group of Four Minute Speakers of the Brookline High School was called, Oct. 7, in the auditorium. The group was formally incorporated under the supervision of Mrs. Henderson, who outlined the year's work. Ballots were cast, with the result that Eleanor Sachs was elected chairman, Ruth Norman secretary, and Evelyn Levinson, assistant secretary. At two previous meetings former members were enrolled and candidates tested.

Excellent plans have been formed for the group by its able leader, Mrs. Henderson. Meetings will be held every second Monday when outlines will be made and short talks given by the members.

ENGLISH HIGH DEFEATS RED AND BLUE 13-6 IN SECOND GAME

Shows Promise of Strong Season

The Brookline High School football team played its opening game of the season at the Lynn Stadium, where it held last year's state champions to a 0 to 0 score.

Although the two teams played like inexperienced elevens, due to a lack of veteran material, the tension of the crowd was held to the final whistle.

Because both teams were over anxious in the first half, the contest was marred by offside plays. Toward the end of the first period, Brookline was handicapped by the loss of Captain Ben Hootstein, who was badly shaken up. Lynn tried desperately to win, by using their famous aerial attack, but each time a pass was attempted, a Red and Blue back intercepted it.

Jimmy Golden kicked off in the first period to Lynn's 20-yard line, when Fallon ran the ball back eighteen yards. Classical was unable to gain, however, and had to kick. At this point each team was unable to gain much, and the period ended without further trouble.

The second period opened with Classical's ball on their own 40-yard line, but on the next play Fallon threw to Carlyn for a first down on Brookline's 35-yard line, and another forward, Fallon to Atherton, brought the ball to the 15-yard line. A fumble by a Classical back which was recovered by Jackie Kelly prevented Lynn from scoring.

(Continued on Page 3)

BAND PLAYS AT FOOTBALL GAMES

The Band, again under the direction of Mr. White, has made plans for an active season. As it now has uniforms, it played at several of the football games. To facilitate instruction the players will be divided into two sections, advanced and beginners, and as fast as second group players prove their ability; they will be put into the first group.

The band intends to enter the competitions for the State and New England championships and hopes to give a series of concerts throughout the winter.

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Vol 36

THE 100 PER CENT COLLEGE BOARD EXAMS

(Continued from Page 1)

German	17	17	100
Physics	7	7	100
Chemistry	14	14	100
Biology	2	1	50
Mathematics	61	51	92.6
Totals	189	175	92.6
No. C			
English	24	17	71
History	13	12	92.3
Latin	28	25	89.3
French	35	33	97
Spanish	2	2	100
German	20	19	95
Physics	15	14	93.3
Chemistry	5	4	80
Biology			
Mathematics	71	55	77.4
Totals	213	181	84.9
No. X			
English	22	11	50
History	40	23	57.5
Latin	24	11	45.8
French	29	16	55
Spanish	6	5	83
German	6	4	66.6
Physics	14	8	57.1
Chemistry	7	2	28.6
Biology			
Mathematics	62	35	56.4
Totals	210	115	54.7

Of those who took the New Plan Examinations, four in all, eight girls and four boys passed them successfully; one failed in one of the four subjects.

There were two one hundred per cents, one in Physics, the other in Mathematics, both received by boys.

Of the thirty Honor History papers (90 to 100 per cent) in the United States, Brookline High was responsible for two,—Melvin Anshen and Gertrude Lakson.

Margaret Stein secured the highest average of New England students at Mt. Holyoke.

Brown Exams 1829

Apropos of the recent College Board returns, the History department offers this shining example of the entrance requirements of Brown University exactly one hundred years ago. The following article is an excerpt from the Providence Daily Journal of September 2, 1829:

At the request of a "friend to Brown University" we cheerfully insert the following appendix to the last annual appendix published by the faculty of that institution. The requirements for admission, we are informed, are substantially the same as the requirements for admission into the most distinguished Universities in the country. At present the number of pupils attached to the institution is about one hundred—twenty of whom will be graduated this day. The number of officers actually engaged in the business of teaching is six, viz: The President, three Professors and two tutors. The "course of studies" pursued in Brown University is sufficiently liberal and elevated for the demands of an American community. Ample provision is made for instruction, not only at some of the most useful and popular branches of education, but in those sciences which, however severe and unattractive they may seem, are closely interwoven with the business of every practical man, and with the enjoyments of every cultivated mind. Requirements for admission: No person shall be admitted a member of the Freshman Class, unless he has completed his fourteenth year. . . . He must bring satisfactory evidence of unexceptionable moral character, and be thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, be able to construe and parse any portion of the following books: The Historical Books of the New Testament, Jacob's Greek Reader, Caesar's Commentaries, Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations, and translate English with Latin correctly. He must also be well acquainted with ancient and modern geography, arithmetic, English, grammar, and Colburn's Algebra, as far as Quadratic Equations."

In conclusion, tuition fees varied from twenty-four to forty-five dollars a year; board from sixty-one to sixty-eight.

MRS. WIGHTMAN COACHES GIRL'S TENNIS

Field Hockey Stressed Also

In spite of Miss Kelley's absence the fall sports are in full swing, under the able supervision of the Misses Haskell, James and Bacon. The schedule is as follows:

Field Hockey

This invigorating sport is so popular that there is some form of practice every day. Monday, Wednesday and Friday are devoted to advanced players; Tuesday and Thursday to the beginners. On Saturday morning there is instruction and practice.

Speedball

The opportunity for kicking balls comes on Monday. This game is open to aspirants of any class as there are four class teams.

Archery

This medieval sport has become very popular,—so much so that there are two classes, advanced on Tuesday and elementary on Wednesday.

Tennis

As Brookline has produced some well-known tennis players, the athletic department has done its best to stress the sport. We are very fortunate to have the famous Mrs. George Wightman lend her able assistance on Tuesday. This is for advanced players. Beginners' tennis is on Wednesday and it looks as though there are many Helen Wills and Betty Nuthalls among our own classmates.

Hiking

The club meets on Thursday when the enthusiasts attempt to outrival Eleanora Sears. Many interesting trips are being planned.

Aerograms

On October 2, Lt. Frierson, of the Army Air Corps and connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, addressed the Brookline Aero Club.

The officers for 1929-1930 are: president, Herbert Jacobs '32; vice-president, Leslie Small '32; secretary, Charles Wolf '30; treasurer, Benjamin Sheinwald '32; faculty adviser, Mr. Downing.

There is a possibility that a course in aviation well be added to the curriculum; at present the suggestion is in the hands of a committee on textbooks and courses of study.

An exhibition of model airplanes made by members of the club may be seen in the show case in the Manual Training Building.

Any information concerning the Aero Club may be obtained through this column via the "Sag Box."

1929 MARSHALLS

(Continued from Page 1)

lofty standards long associated with the high school. It can be seen that the marshals are the guardians of the school government, and have worthily inspired the slogan "As go the marshals, so goes the school."

The marshals for 1929 are:

Seniors: Francis Muldowney, Alvin Weinberg, Edward Dooskin, Roger Burkhardt, John Hyland, John Taylor, Irving Wallace, Van Crews, Robert Goldman, George Ford, Betty Richey, Eleanor Thomas, Edna Freedman, Blanche Taylor, Alice Dawson, Barbara Aborn, Norma Berlow, Carol Orr, Virginia Price, Alice Hewitt, Eleanor Pike, Claire Sibley, Majorie Mills, Mary Allen.

Juniors: Charles French, Winslow Robart, Charles Nayor, Frank Adley, Charles Gow, Chester Litman, Lindsey Brigham, Francis Donohue, Harry Levi Jr., John Chase, Katherine Plakias, Alice Werner, Florence Freedman, Betty Greenleaf, Leona Wallenberg, Rosalind Badaracco, Edna Teitelbaum, Mary Mawhinney, Priscilla Robinson.

Sophomores: Richard Holt, Nelson Hastings, George Finn, John Bouton, Robert Hall, Joe Geary, Franklin Fox, Bert Richards, Sylvia Simmers, Carola Nasmyth, Charlotte Alm, Jane Miller, Jean Whittier, Hodee Walstein, Ethel Mills.

Freshmen: Frederick Wiggin, Roy O'Reilly, Robert Richey, William Lett, Arthur Soderburg, Bettina Pierce, Evelyn Greenspan, Jacquelyn McGrath, Elizabeth Howard, Norma Marcus.

GIRLS' AERO CLUB

At the first meeting of the Girls' Aero Club, September 20, plans were made for the coming year and officers nominated. As last year, only girls genuinely interested in aeronautics will be admitted.

The club hopes to obtain lectures from the Colonial Air Transport, Inc., the East Boston Airport, Inc., the Dennison Airport, Inc., and the Curtis Airport, Inc. The members at present total nearly forty, but a membership drive is contemplated. The club is starting a library on aeronautics. Many members intend to fly during the spring.

CLASS ELECTIONS

The nominations of class officers for 1929 are:

For the Senior Class, President: Van Crews, Francis Muldowney, and Alvin Weinberg, for Vice-President: Betty Richey, Eleanor Thomas, and Daniel Warren; Secretary: Barbara Aborn, Ernest Bird, Roger Burkhardt, Helen Cooper, Alice Dawson, Norma Knight, and Henry Weiss; and Treasurer, Herbert Finn, Robert Goldman, Mary Lynch, Marion Myers, and Frank Reinberg. The results of the elections were that Francis Muldowney, Eleanor Thomas, Alice Dawson, and Marion Myers were elected to their respective offices. In the Junior Class, the onmminations were: Chester Litman and Winslow Robard, for President; Rosalind Badaracco, Katherine Plakias, Barbara Richey, and Alice Werner, for Vice-President; Agatha Barron, Helene Dawson, Florence Freedman, Betty Greenleaf, and Helen McIndoe, for Secretary; and for Treasurer, Charles French, Lester Popkin, Alice Sheldon, and Barbara Wade. Winslow Robard, Alice Werner, Betty Greenleaf, and Charles French were elected. In the class of '32, Robert Hall, Ruth Friedman, Nelson Hastings, Richard Holt, and Bert Richards were nominated for President; Mary Clark, Charlotte Alm, Stanley Cohen, Joseph Geary, Dorothea Lakson, Daniel Levinson, and Jane Miller, for Vice-President; Lillian Levin, Hodie Waldstein, and Carola Nasmyth, for secretary, Sylvia Simmers, Abbot Rosenberg, Adele Kelsey, Fred Howard, and Wallace Capron, for Treasurer. Elected were Robert Hall, Mary Clark, Carola Nasmyth, and Sylvia Simmers. By the Freshman were nominated: for President, Jack Corbett, Louis Leppin, Margaret Moriarty, Paul Silbert, Donald Spears, Fred Wiggin and William Lett; for Vice-President, William Devine, Earle Hollings, Jacqueline McGrath, Bettina Pierce, John Tyman, and Sanford Vincent; Secretary, Irving Cohen, Stanley Dean, Francis Hughes, Gretchen Loewenberg, Edward Quinn, Ruth Wolf, and Vernon Jewett; and Marion MacAskill, Joseph Malone, Doris Reimer, Charles Rollins, Donald Sleeper, Ann Wyner, and Irving Lewis. The final choices were: William Lett, Sanford Vincent, Vernon Jewett, and Irving Lewis. Best wishes to the leaders of the school!

BROOKLINE TIES LYNN CLASSICAL GAME

(Continued from Page 3)

The last half was a repetition of the first, with each team doing some heavy kicking. Hootstein returned to the game during the latter part of the final quarter, in time to give the Lynn admirers a scare. Woodward, Brookline's quarterback took a Classical punt on the dead run, and advanced 10 yards to the Classical 25 yard line. Then a short pass from Hootstein to Woodward netted 10 yards for a first down. Hootstein ripped around left end on the next play to Lynn's 2-yard line for another first down, but as the teams were getting ready for another play, the final whistle blew, spoiling Brookline's chance for a victory.

ALUMNI NOTES

Now that school has opened, we wonder what the members of last year's class are doing. We haven't been able to find out what all the "29-ers" are doing; if you know of the present occupation of any graduate, won't you tell us?

Dorothy Lewenberg is studying at the school of General Science at Simmons.

Richard Robinson, Francis Hall, Alvin Spencer and Milton Wright entered M. I. J. on the 30th of September

Also enrolled in the class of '33 at M. I. T. are Rupert Marden '28, Charles Miller '28, and John Lynch '27.

Ruth Greenberg, Ruth Tannen, Natalie King and Irma Pendleton are at Miss Wheelock's.

Pauline Miller's planning a diatetics course at the Y. W. C. A. this winter.

Francis Hall is to enter M. I. T. on the 30th.

Elliott Hurwitz, Isadore Paisner, Josiah Lewis, Ralph Shikes, Lawrence Cohen, Melvin Anshen, are attending Harvard.

Arthur Anderson, Betty Jacobs, and Edward Duane are at the University of Wisconsin.

Edith Greenleaf is at Smith College.

Gertrude Lakson, Geraldine Stearns have entered Wellesley.

Natalie King, Irma Pendleton, and Selma Basch are to enter Miss Wheelock's School of Kindergarten Training.

Chandler Hagen-burger is a freshman at Dartmouth College.

Estelle Friedman is studying at the Bradford School of Photography and will soon enter Bachrach's Studio as a retoucher.

Agnes Alm is at Bridgewater Normal School.

Richard Robinson entered M. I. T. on the 30th of September.

Ruth Quimby is at Miss Choate's School.

Alfred Feneno is working with the Boulevard Trust Company.

Richard E. Gentle, '26, is among the undergrates at the University of Pennsylvania, elected to the Phi Kappa Beta, Junior Honor Society. He is a member of the varsity football and track teams and of Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Coach Fitzgerald can certainly look forward to a successful season, after the showing the boys made at Lynn, with Louis Wolek turning in the flashiest performance for the Red and Blue.

BROOKLINE-ENGISH GAME

For the first time in fifteen years Brookline played English High and was defeated 13-6, at Brookline Field last Friday.

At the very beginning of the game Brookline charged down the field for a touchdown, and it seemed as though English was already weakening.

However about three minutes later, Yamofsky of English, from his own 45-yard line, shot a long pass to Lubilewich, who ran 25 yards to tie the score, six to six. In the second quarter, English scored the winning touchdown and was awarded the extra point because Brookline was offside. From then on, English played a safe, dull game which our team was not able to penetrate. During the latter part of the game, Brookline fumbled frequently and lost much ground. Wolek, Lord and Malone distinguished themselves for Brookline, the first two in their tackling and blocking and the last by his ball carrying on the offense. Yanofsky and Lubilewich were English's best.

Both teams were handicapped by the absence of some of the most important players; Ben Hootstein, our best back, went out of the game early with a sprained ligament, and English lacked her captain and one or two first string men.

Brookline started off well in the first quarter. Golden kicked-off to English's ten-yard line from which the ball was run back about ten yards.

On her third down, English tried to boot, but Kelly, running in fast, blocked it and then the Red and Blue recovered it on English's fifteen yard line. After Hootstein had gained ten more, Malone took it over for the first touchdown.

Brookline again kicked-off. English advanced about nine yards, but fumbled, Brookline recovering the ball. About a minute later, our own outfit followed suit and English took the ball on our forty-yard line. This fumble proved fatal for then came the Yanofsky to Lubilewich pass which tied the game, making the score six to six.

English kicked off to Brookline's thirty-yard line. Soon after came another of those disastrous fumbles which gave English the ball on our forty-two yard line.

At the beginning of the second period, the game see-sawed up and down Brookline's territory, with English steadily working down the field. Brookline fumbled in the middle of the quarter, Woodward made up for it by intercepting a pass. Then Brookline was penalized for holding. At this point on her two yard line one of the worst breaks of the game occurred: our defensive punt hit the twenty-yard line and rolled back to the twelfth. Then English went through (by three rushes) for the winning touchdown which made the score 13-6.

The third period was an exchange of kicks and a number of rushes.

In the final quarter the ball remained on Brookline territory due to the usual fumbles and to strength of English's many substitutes.

SENIOR ADVISERS GIVE THREE PARTIES

Every year during the first week of school, the Senior Advisers descend on the Freshmen and new girls like the proverbial wolves on the fold; so think the frightened Freshmen. The Senior Advisers, however, do not consciously assume this attitude. In reality, they act in the capacity of big sisters. Their duties are manifold and generally last until the Freshmen have become full-fledged Sophomores, when they think it beneath their dignity to ask questions.

The Senior Advisers exist primarily to help the Freshmen. However their Good Samaritan works generally cover a large field; they help the Freshmen to find and establish themselves; they bring about an understanding between the Freshmen and the teachers.

Mr. Ackers, Mr. Jewett, and Miss Sawyer are greatly helped by the Senior Advisers.

Usually the Freshmen are initiated into the High School by means of a grand Senior Adviser-Freshman party. This year, however, three smaller parties are being given; a group of twenty Senior Advisers and their Freshmen being entertained at each party.

The first party, given on Friday, September 28 was pronounced a success. We sincerely hope that the other parties, to be given on Friday, Oct. 11 and Friday, Oct. 18, will prove as gratifying.

OFFICERS ELECTED TO ATHLETIC COUNCIL

On Monday, September 30, in Room 322, The Brookline High School Athletic Council held its first meeting of the year for the purpose of electing officers. All those who wished to become officers passed in their nominations with the signatures of at least twenty five members of the Council to Mr. Hines.

The following boys were elected officers: President, Robert Goldman, Vice-president, Javis Woodward, under-graduate members, Bernard Hootstein and Charles French. The graduate members are as follows: Richard C. Floyd, Francis Nicolls, and George Whitney. Mr. Akers is treasurer of the council, Mr. Woodlock, faculty manager and Mr. Hines secretary.

The Council governs all athletics of the school. It also makes up the schedules for the various teams.

Boys! The Athletic Council needs members! Show Your School Spirit!!!

BROOKLINE HIGH GIRL SWIMS HULL CHANNEL

Last summer Mary Potterton a member of this year's Senior class, swam from Hull to Weymouth, a hitherto unaccomplished feat!

She set out with two local boys, both whom gave out before the end. Miss Potterton with no training was in the water three and one-half hours, fighting cross currents the entire way.

Later in the summer she finished third in the Boston Light swim, the youngest girl in the group and the only one new to long-distance swimming.

Miss Potterton plans to go to Toronto after graduation to participate in the events there.

FACULTY AUGMENTED

13 New Teachers on School Staff

The faculty has been increased this year by thirteen new teachers to fill the place of those who are either on leave of absence or who have left us.

In the Latin department there is Miss Vanacor, a graduate of Boston University, who formerly taught in the Central High School, Manchester; Miss Cook, also from Boston University, previously on the faculty at the Beaver Country Day School Brookline. Former pupils of the Devotion school may remember her as a ninth grade instructor in Latin and mathematics.

The additions to the English department include Mr. Flemings, from the College of Liberal Arts at Boston University, a teacher at the Haverhill High School; Miss Mallore (Wellesley) from the Malden High School.

Mr. Corcoran (Boston University) now a member of the Science Department is a former student of Brookline High School '21; here he was captain of the track team; at Watertown High School, assistant coach of football.

Miss Deal, (Radcliffe) has taught at West Bridgewater.

Two new typewriting teachers are Miss Hamblin and Miss Bureman. The former was connected with the faculty here some six years ago, and recently headed the Secretarial Department of Penn Hall, Pennsylvania. Miss Bureman, from Boston University comes from the Needham High School.

Miss Chamberlayne, of the French department last year taught in Danbury, Ct.; she received her training in the University of Maine and the University of law.

Miss Marshall and Miss Pease have returned after a year's leave of absence, during which they made an extended tour of Europe.

Miss O'Brien, Miss Hannon and Miss Jane Perkins are on leave of absence.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
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VOL. XXXVI OCTOBER 11, 1929 No. 1

A NEW COURSE

Last year the subject of Economic Education was taken up in the Brookline Public Schools. This year the subject is to be expanded, offering greater opportunity to larger numbers.

This course fills a need which is very important as it is from a knowledge of how to handle, advantageously, an income, no matter how small, that some of the great fortunes of today have been built. To use your money systematically is to build for the future. The new course is designed to give you experience necessary to budget your expenditures scientifically. Knowing definitely the proportionate amounts that may be used for luxuries and recreation, you are able to employ your leisure in a more profitable way—to better yourself. This experience will be found of great value in keeping the use of your income as well as your life properly balanced.

The Sagamore feels that in introducing this course at the High School, the School Board is giving the student body a real advantage obtainable in no other community.

A TIP
(To Freshmen)

As a worm emerges from his cocoon into the semblance of a beautiful butterfly so may a Freshman (in time) assume the exalted state and station of a Senior. The transition to this royal rank however is a long and arduous process not to be lightly undertaken by the tender young chrysalis.

In a more serious vein the young student entering high school must completely revolutionize his ideas of school and study. Success in lessons is not to be gained as easily as it may be in the grade school.

High school means work and work in turn means success. Anyone adverse to or incapable of work should never attempt a high school course for he is almost sure to fail after dragging out a miserable existence and wasting his own and everybody else's time.

This may sound rather gloomy to some but is it not a good policy to let our successors know just "what it's all about?" From casual observation some of our newcomers seem to be travelling under delusion that high school consists of a hectic five hours of visiting through different rooms and dozing while a rather bothersome person stands at the fore of the room and drones to himself. Maybe this is so in college but most certainly not here.

Some wide-eyed innocent may sow inquire if there is any salvation for the Freshman. There is! Study concentration and attention to duty invariably, yes, inevitably lead to a diploma. On the other hand, there is no reason why school should prove to be such a task. Just because there are duties to be done does not necessitate that once one enters the high school portals, joy must be quenched and a garment of gloom donned. Everybody has a chance for recreation in high school and not even in the class room need a dour face be a symbol of "how hard you are studying." Studies are always paramount but not alone in importance. There are sports, dramatics and contests of all kinds, and lastly the insatiable Sagamore to feed and nourish. When classes are finished there is profitable enjoyment and employment for everyone in the school. The school is just what you make it. Think it over!

And remember Freshmen brothers (and sisters) learn to think, remember, and concentrate, and your studies will open before you like Alladin's cave. Dawdle and dally and you'll be here for an extended and unpleasant stay.

HOW THE HIGH SCHOOL RE-OPENS IT S DOOR

J. Blatt—Apologies etc. to R. Southey

Hushing and rushing,
And hurrying and scurrying,
And dancing and prancing,
And squaking and talking,
And beaming and screaming,
And meeting and greeting,
And telling and yelling,
With no intermission.
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And crying and sighing and prying,
And jumping and bumping and grumping,
With each recognition,
And childing and hiding, confiding,
And hoping and groping and moping,
And hissing and missing and kissing,
Delaying and staying and saying and playing,
And singing and flinging and clinging and springing,
And writing, inviting, exiting and slighting,
And diving and driving, depriving, contriving,
And growling and howling and scowling and prowling,
And so never ceasing but always increasing,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever releasing,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in this way the High school reopens its door.

Did you ever see the Freshmen when they're looking so profound,
Just a-sittin, and a-blinkin' at the Seniors all around,
When their dimpled hands are folded they've the majesty of kings—
Oh,—these high and mighty Freshmen, they're such cunnin' little things!

Did you ever see a Freshman try to "decorate" the walls,
A-mimicking the marshals and a-sliding up the halls;
Forgettin' that a wicked little reputation clings
To a "high and mighty" Freshman,—Oh, the foolish little things.

Did you ever see the Freshmen whom Detention overcomes
A-meditatin' on their sins and playin' with their thumbs.
A-sittin' and discoverin' what naughty conduct brings
To a "high and mighty" Freshman.—O! The wretched little things!

The Sagamore has learned with deep regret of the death last summer of Housep Boghosian, a member of last year's Senior class, and manager of the track team. We extend our sincere sympathy to the members of his family, as well as to his relatives and friends.

WANT TO WORK WAY THROUGH COLLEGE?
Here's what to do

Start now!—while you're still in high school—if you're planning on working your way through college.

Fred H. Turner, assistant dean of men at the University of Illinois, who gives this advice in the September issue of The American Boy Magazine, has watched thousands of students starting out to earn their education. He knows why it is that so many fail.

"Every summer dozens of men, ambitious and full of anticipation, come to my office to ash about the chances of working their way through college," writes Dean Turner. "But when I ask a boy what he can do, the answer is usually, 'Well, nothing in particular.' That's discouraging, for it means that here is another young chap who is going to take a long chance on a poor bet. The boy who tries to go to college on nothing with no particular equipment to help himself along, is starting something he'll probably never be able to finish.

Two Types

"Two boys were in my office recently. One admitted there was nothing he could do exceptionally well. All I could tell him was that if he had some money he might be able to get through the first year by working for his board and doing any odd jobs he could pick up.

"The other boy was an experienced stenographer. His father had bought him a typewriter when he was a freshman in high school, and he had worked faithfully. I suggested that he see a certain merchant, and within an hour he was back to say that he had a job. There is almost no question of his success. Now let me hammer home the point.

"The boy with a trade or profession he has mastered *while in high school* has every chance in the world to succeed in college and to place himself in a responsible position when the college days are over."

You Can Do It

The article goes on to say that every boy can learn a special kind of work while in high school. It can be done during spare time or during vacations. No unusual talent is necessary. If you yourself can't decide what to learn to do, go into conference with your parents—they may think up a better idea than yours.

Dean Turner tells of one boy whose mother taught him the art of waiting on tables. This year he is head waiter in the leading tea room at Illinois. Two other boys built up a waiters' service for banquets. Still another worked one summer for a plumber, another for a florist, a third in a garage; now he takes care of the home of a well-to-do citizen.

Talented students, musicians or artists, can usually find ways to earn money. Those who know trades—barbers, plasterers, mechanics, etc.—have little difficulty in putting them to use. And the secret is that the man got his training *before* he started on his college course.

R Colyum

On behalf of the members of the staff of this esteemed periodical (especially the ladies) we wish to welcome back our wide circle of readers with open arms.

* * * *

You may have noticed that in the above eloquent statement we have used the word periodical. Now a periodical is a publication which is issued at regular intervals, so perhaps we should have said spasmodical.

* * * *

If all you little children will draw closer, we will begin our story for the afternoon. Our first subject for discussion will be Mr. Kepner, a new name in these columns.

For purposes of greater clarity and emphasis Mr. Kepner is a constant employer of metaphor and allegory. For example, one of his digressions in the cause of elucidation might begin: Now let us suppose there was a man named Smith and he had two very beautiful daughters. . . . However, Miss Bliss or any other of the workers in the history department are never found to be using this method, so it would seem that Mr. Kepner's influence upon the history department is purely academic.

* * * *

Miss Bliss's advice to all students who aspire to great heights in the field of scholarship is to spend the afternoon sitting on the ground studying the haunts and habits of bugs; then after a hearty meal the students, should retire.

* * * *

Personally, we think that this is very sound advice; for if by chance you should catch cold from sitting on the damp cold ground at this time of year (and there is nothing very upsetting about a cold, if it is a mild one), there would be provided thereby a very ample cause for a short, but enjoyable respite from the arduous duties of academic routine.

* * * *

And then again, if you should be so unfortunate as to contract a case of pneumonia, you can pass to your just reward with the peaceful consolation that you died for the cause of higher education.

* * * *

It has come to our attention that there is a player named Lindbergh on the Newton football team. We surmise that he is accomplished at flying tackles.

* * * *

Mr. Packard returned home the other night to be informed that a young lady, weeping profusely, had called him on the telephone. Now Mr. Packard confides to us that he is extremely uncomfortable and knows not what to do in the presence of a young lady who gives vent to her feelings 'midst a flow of tears.

Girls the moral to this is: If you must call Mr. Packard on the telephone, please retain your composure.

* * * *

She was only an animal trainer's daughter, but she was a great pet.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THAT CAT'S BRATS

By
James H. Boston

Aunt Edna had bought a cat. More specifically she had bought the outstanding cat of modern times. Were any members of the feline family ever worthy of mention in the annals of the noted, this was it. Posterity could not but be enlightened by an account of the creature's career.

As a staunch supporter of the S. P. C. A., my aunt had firmly resolved to extend a fostering hand to at least one dumb brother, meanwhile effecting a rather convenient disposure for an annoying mice epidemic. So she bought the cat, C. O. D., pedigree no part of the purchase.

The crate received, Aunt Edna and I proceeded to release the "dear pussy". Amid the subterranean sounds of half repressed snarls I set about removing the slates.

Suddenly the crate burst apart like a bombshell, a spitting, spinning ball of lurid color leaped out and careening across the carpet, shot through the window. Horrified shrieks announced its progress down the street, and my aunt paled visibly.

* * * *

Weeks passed uneventfully, the cat had disappeared like a comet and Aunt Edna had come to the conclusion that mice were after all a necessary evil, while comments about "succor to dumb brethren" were wholly distasteful to her. It seemed, in short, that the cat had departed forever.

We soon found, however, that we were sadly disillusioned in this. One day we awoke to find our dumb brother or rather sister ensconced in the kitchen with four half grown offspring. We wisely retired, returning later to clean up the debris and shutter the windows.

Tales of incalculable depredation soon became rife throughout the neighborhood. Kitchens were sacked daily and food laden shoppers were mauled and despoiled on the streets. A grocery wagon had been attacked and a veritable reign of terror ensued. The inquitous catamount carried forth periodical

(Continued on Page 6)

TEMPER!

It was all Peter's fault from the very beginning. Of course, I was the one who actually did it, but I'd never have thought of it if it hadn't been for him, and I think it was very unjust to punish me and not do anything at all to him.

We three had had lovely times all winter even though Joan is such a baby at times; but last week Dick came up from Oxford for the Long Vac., and right away Peter said that he was too big to play with girls all the time, especially since Father and Mother have decided he's to go away to school next term. If only Dick had said he didn't want Peter tagging round, or if he'd said he wanted me, too, it would have been all right, but he didn't.

You see, Dick's our cousin and he's eighteen years old. This is his first term at Oxford and he feels awfully grown-up. Peter's only ten, and I'm eleven. Joan hardly counts at all, she's so young, only seven.

Well, two days ago Peter became particularly odious, so puffed-up that he wouldn't even tell us what was happening. Of course, I knew right away that it must be something perfectly tremendous, because Peter can hardly ever keep a secret. I pretended not to care but I was perfectly furious yesterday when I found out that Dick was taking him to the cricket match at Lord's. I should have been the one to go because I'm a whole year and three weeks older, but no one ever seems to pay any attention to me because I'm a girl.

I confess I was in a poisonous mood, so right after breakfast I went down to the fruit gardens. None of us are allowed in the gardens on account of Potts. Potts is our gardner and he's dreadfully grouchy. Even Dick doesn't dare talk back to him. But I was so angry, and so determined to make people realize how important I am that I was bound to disobey all the silly old rules that everyone's always making for us.

(Continued on Page 7)

Brookline Trust Co.

S Colyum

First let us extend a welcome to the new members of the faculty, and also to the Freshman class—bigger in number, and smaller in size, but as yet managing to hold their own.

* * * *

Let it be known that Mr. Kepner delivered his final scolding of the year just three days after school started.—And it is evident from the number of pupils NOW in his 5th period class, that he did a little discovering of his own.

* * * *

And while on the subject, can anyone tell us why he recommended skirts for "Sally" Robinson?

* * * *

Many of Brookline's former notables have been seen wandering about the halls. Strange how they always come back for more!

* * * *

Now that the football season is here, it isn't necessary to think of the places where the players might have received their battle scars.

* * * *

One way for B. H. S. to be sure of a touchdown at each game, is to send a girl after Hootstein.—Then watch him tear!!!

* * * *

From the first game of the season, it looks like we're doomed to prosperity.

* * * *

Don't be at all surprised if you seem popular with certain individuals these first few weeks. You'll soon find out that they only want to sell you something.

* * * *

Best wishes to the pilots of the Senior class. And speaking of that class, we'd appreciate it if they discovered a "We!"

* * * *

If any students seem worried it's only because they're their class politicans.

* * * *

For the first time in years our students are being told where to get off at. But that's because the parking space is now under supervision.

* * * *

Wanted. The names of the two boys who WILL wear bright red caps to school. The Sag will consider them for publicity agents.

* * * *

Mary Potterton has made quite a name for herself by establishing a new swimming record during the summer.

* * * *

Can anyone tell us from whom Mlles. Rosenberg, Solomon, Axelrod, and Druker received the "circular letters." They won't——much!

* * * *

It's strange what a little thing like an apron can do to a person! The other day "Red" Miller tried his chemistry apron on in 321, and then shouted, "Marry me! I can cook!"—Prospects please see "Red" in 321!

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THAT CAT'S BRATS

(Continued from Page 5)

ravagings and nocturnal concerts were prevalent on back fences, while all domesticated felines were relegated to the safety of their respective firesides.

Thus the public menace continued without cessation, save for the futile interference of a squad of police who soon fled the district, well scratched and bitten.

Then one day the ranks of the enemy were reduced. The old cat with her cantankerous kittens imprudently assailed a speeding cattle car and she and one of the four were forthwith dispatched. Three of the animals yet remained however, and once again the town inhabitants entrenched themselves for further molestations.

Defiantly the stout hearted citizens of the community formed an unofficial militia and bravely they stalked the streets singly and "en masse", taking pot shots at fleeing felines, tossing poisoned meat about promiscuously and retreating ignominiously at any untoward disturbance. Yet it was to no avail; kitchens were glutted, petted Persians were rent to ribbons and quaking hoosewives were forced to retire to their cellars, as the three "yellow plagues" roamed the streets. Business slackened, grass grew between the curbing tones and evening entertainments were suspended. The town lay under a state of siege. Even the constabulary's proud police dogs had been sent "ki—yii-ing" back to their masters. Local civilization seemed doomed.

Then suddenly the fire bells rang out, whistles tooted, mobs swept from their houses and confetti swirled and eddied from office windows. The beasts had been cornered, caught unawares, and jubilation reigned as all the forces of defense and offence were mustered to the retreat of the evil three, a drug store.

No one dared enter it, true, but it was rumored authentically that the trio was within and an armed cordon was thrown about the place.

Suddenly a hush fell over the huge assemblage and breaths were bated in tense expectancy. The door of the pharmacist's swung back slowly and there emerged the first of the relentless trio. He staggered forth unsteadily, the crowd and cordon parting, proceeded to a lamp post, smirked sillily, meowed, and slumped down.

The door opened again. Out tottered the other two, swaying a moment on the door step, they then slid blissfully over the edge and meowing kittenishly, lapsed into slumber.

As the odor of catnip filled the air the awe-stricken assemblage broke and fled.

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TEMPER

(Continued from Page 5)

Everything would have been all right if Joan hadn't seen me and insisted on coming too. She trotted after me even when I scolded her, and I was so exasperated that I just slapped her as hard as I could. Of course, she began to cry at the top of her lungs, and Potts came running, and threatened to tell Mother, and said if we ever set foot in his gardens again, he'd spank us himself. Well, after that I was just boiling, because of course it's awfully humiliating to be scolded by a gardener when you're as old as I am, and in front of Joan, too. It was then I made up my mind to run away.

I planned it very carefully. After lunch lunch I slipped out while Joan wasn't looking, taking the money from my bank and wearing my best shoes, because I'd worn them only once and I simply couldn't bear to leave them behind. No one was in the kitchen so I grabbed a handful of biscuits and ran. I decided not to go through the village because someone would surely stop me, so I started out in the other direction, though my heart was in my mouth until I'd passed Major Tottenham's gates.

It was fun at first, but after a while I began to feel tired and my shoes hurt awfully. I thought I must have been walking hours, so I sat down to rest. I was almost ready to cry. My new shoes were ruined, and there was a blister as big as a shilling on my heel, and I was hot. I just sat there wondering if they missed me at home and whether they'd realize how necessary I am now that I was gone. I was beginning to feel quite happy thinking of how Mother would cry, and Peter and Dick would feel the "tortures of an uneasy conscience", as Mr. Wilts said in church Sunday. But best of all I imagined Potts simply overwhelmed with remorse. I should have known better.

And, just then who should come along but Major Tottenham himself. He stopped his carriage when he saw me and called to me to get in. By that time I was ready to go home because of the effect I expected my return to make, so I climbed into the carriage and let him drive me back. He didn't ask me what I was doing there because he's quite sensible for a grown-up. He dropped me at the gates because he was in a hurry, so I went up to the house alone.

They were all having tea on the lawn—Father, Mother, Peter, Dick, and that odious Miss Stiles who makes eyes at Mr. Wilts during the service. Mother looked surprised when she saw me and said, "Why, Cicely I thought you were having you tea with Joan in the schoolroom."

I just stared at her and then it dawned on me that they hadn't even known I had gone. I was too angry to speak but just stood there raging inwardly and wishing I could do something perfectly awful to Peter. And then Mother noticed my shoes. "Well, Cicely," she said, "What have you been up to this time, and why on earth did you put on those shoes?"

"Because I ran away and Potts scolded me and I'm tired and—and it's all Peter's fault!" and with that I just turned on him and slapped his silly face so hard that he dropped his teacup. Then I fled. I knew I was going to cry and that I'd never hear the end of it from Peter if he saw me.

And here I am now, supposed to be translating Caesar to teach me to control my temper and Peter outdoors playing Indians with Joan just as if it were all my fault instead of his.

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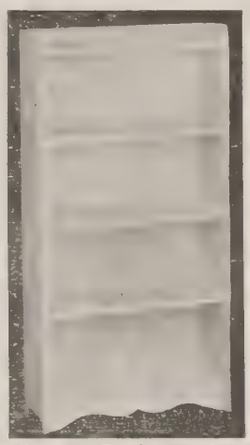

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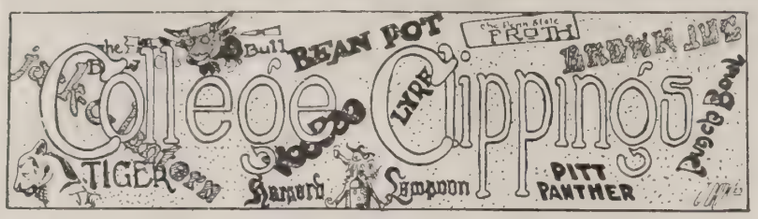

Gun Bearer: Sahib, there is a tiger waiting in that clump of bushes.

New York Business Man: Tell him I'm in conference.

* * * *

Lifer No. 1967: Some sense of humor dese guys got!

Vistor: How's that?

No. 1967: Ta show travel pictures in a place like dis.

* * * *

The Chicago police announce a secret drive on the Mafia, through the newspapers. Now the big problem is how to keep the Mafia from reading the newspapers.

* * * *

The rising generation retires about the time that the retiring generation rises.

* * * *

Mrs. Newlywed: Your wall papering job looks fine, dear, but what are those funny bumps?

Mr. N.: Good heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures.

* * * *

Frosh: Professor, I can't go to class today.

Prof: Why?

Frosh: I don't feel well.

Prof: Where don't you feel well?

Frosh: In class.

* * * *

Goat: I hear your brother tried to get a political job. What's he doing now?

Sheep: Nothing. He got the job!

* * * *

Doctor: Your little boy has absolutely no hearing in one ear.

Willie: There, Maw, and you've been washing it every day for nothing.

* * * *

He: You know I do right well. I write to my folks once a day.

She: I didn't know you went broke that often.

She: Did you tip over that canoe deliberately.

He: No, I did it as unexpectedly as possible.

* * * *

Officer: So your wife is lost, eh? Can you give us a description of her?

Husband: Well, she has bobbed hair and she wears her dresses up to her knees. —College Humor

* * * *

Gretchen: The problem, Mama, that you helped me to do last night was all wrong, Mama. But don't feel bad, Mama, none of the other Mamas got it right either.

—College Humor

* * * *

Friend (to Artist): Sold anthing lately?

Artist: Yes my overcoat.

—College Humor

* * * *

"Can you spell homicide?"

"I can make a stab at it."

—College Humor

* * * *

She (at the prom): Would you mind if I danced this next one with Bill?

Escort: Not at all, not at all.

She: You needn't say it so enthusiastically.

—College Humor

* * * *

College Lad (arrested for speeding): But, your Honor, I am a college boy.

Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody.

* * * *

And then there was the inveterate class cutter who asked his roommate to answer for him at commencement.

* * * *

It's too bad we haven't Voice any longer. Just think,—all those notes taken, and the Junior's can't even use them! Better luck next time, Juniors!

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 2 BROOKLINE, MASS., OCTOBER 28, 1929 TEN CENTS

BANK SEASON TO OPEN IN NEAR FUTURE

Chairman of Board of Directors Speaks at Assembly

POSTER EXHIBITION

The Assembly of Oct. 22 was for the purpose of stimulating the interest of the students in the High School bank. The first speaker on the program was Roger Burkhardt, who, in his his address brought out the fact that systematic deposits insure financial stability. Burkhardt further said, quoting Henry Ford, that "a boy or girl, should spend everything necessary for storing up knowledge, but should also be storing up a certain amount of money at the same time".

Leona Moss, the chairman of the Publicity committee, took up the discussion at this point. She pointed out to those who are depositing in other banks that the interest is the same at the High School, namely four and one half per cent, and that depositing at School will increase savings. Students, Miss Moss said, should start saving for college, or for business.

Miss Moss ended her address by encouraging the student body to help the school be a leader in banking.

The next speaker was Charles Gow, "the boy who saved up twelve hundred dollars before he was thirteen". Gow took his example of success from the speakers at the Edison celebration of Oct. 21. Herbert Hoover, the president of the United States, says "The door of opportunity is always open".

Owen D. Young, another speaker on the Edison program quoted Edison, "All things come to him who hustles while he waits". Gow applied this to saving while we are waiting to go to college or to enter business.

Mrs. Naysmith continued the program with a very interesting and valuable address. She took Norman Angell, the English economist, as her example. An-

(Continued on Page 2)

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES IN FULL SWING

Home Room Representatives of the Red Cross gathered on Oct. 15 in room 38 under the guidance of Miss Smith.

Ethel Hansen made her report on the meeting of the Junior Red Cross Metropolitan Chapter, at which they discussed Christmas boxes and asked her to secure and report on the number of Thanksgiving dinners Brookline High School could pledge. Next week it will be decided whether the home rooms will donate the food or will try to collect the money with which others may buy the dinners.

(Continued on Page 2)

SECOND TEAM LOSES TWO MINOR GAMES

The Brookline High School's second team has played two minor games to date, and has lost both of them, due to the inexperience of the few who played. On Monday, October 14, Frank Ball's boys played the Watertown second team on their opponent's home field.

Two days later, the eleven met the Deans, a club composed of ex-high school boys, and were again defeated. It was in the latter game that quarterback "Shorty" Richards, the diving star, broke his arm, leaving the scrubs in a bad fix.

The nucleus of the line, Nisson and Rosenburg, has been promoted to the first squad because of exceptional playing in scrimmages with the first team; and the services of these two will be missed much in future skirmishes. The backfield looks promising; a star quartet should be formed from the list of candidates: Minehan, Muldowney, O'Brien, Nyland, Rozantes, Orenburg, Robinson and Finn, the latter doing very well in the short time that he has been out. The outstanding line candidates are: Cahill, Canner, Levine, Tarlin, Silverstein, and Horne. With the important Suburban League games yet to come, Coach Ball can hope for good results, as each man, though inexperienced, is willing to, give his best for the team.

A CORRECTION

I ast issue we stated that 70.6 per cent of the College Board exams were passed. We were too modest and our arithmetic was faulty. It should read 76.6 per cent.

THE GORGAS PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

The Gorgas Memorial Institute of Tropical and Preventive Medicine announces its Second Prize Essay Contest Here is an excellent opportunity for high school students to earn some money.

The subject for this year's essay is: "The Gorgas Memorial; Its Relation to Personal Health and the Periodic Health Examination." The essay must not exceed 1500 words. The first national prize will be $500 in cash and $250 towards travel allowance to Washington to receive the prize. The Second national prize will be $250 in cash, the third, $100 in cash, the fourth and fifth will be honorable mention. The state winner will receive a cash prize of $20 and a local High School winners a bronze Gorgas Medallion. The prizes are all donated by Mr. Charles Walgreen. The contest opened September 16, 1929. All winning papers must reach the Institute not later than 12 P. M., December 10, 1929. A pledge that the work is original will be required of each candidate.

For the Bibliography and other details come to the Sagamore Room or to Mr. Harbour in Room 27.

ALUMNUS VISITS ALMA MATER VIA AIR

Robert Frost, class of 1925, is associated with the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation of Long Island. On Oct. 24 Mr. Frost flew from Long Island to Boston in his own ship, establishing the record of being the first high school graduate to visit his Alma Mater by airship.

MEMBERS OF TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL, 1929-30

Class Presidents		*Marshals*
Francis Muldowney	Senior	Eleanor Thomas
Winslow Robart	Junior	Alice Werner
Robert Hall	Sophomore	Stanley Cohen
William Lett	Freshman	Fred Wiggin

Capt. of Marshals—Alvin Weinberg

Dean of Girls—Miss Sawyer

Athletic Director—Mr. Hines

Teachers by Election

Mr. Packard	Miss Spaulding
Mr. Harbour	Miss Ricker
Mr. John Jewett	Miss Lewis
Miss Horne	

Members of Court of Justice—1927-28

Chief Justice—John Hyland

Capt. of Marshals—Alvin Weinberg

Faculty Adviser—Mr. Downing

Class Representatives

Francis Muldowney	Senior	Robert Goldman
Winslow Robart	Junior	Betty Greenleaf
Robert Hall	Sophomore	Richard Holt
William Lett	Freshman	Arthur Soderberg

EVERETT DEFEATS BROOKLINE; 7-0

Red Captain Intercepts Forward; Scampers 70 Yards for Points

WATERTOWN WINS 20-0

Coach Denny Gildea's Everett High School warriors defeated Brookline by a touchdown and the lone point after in a Suburban League game at the Everett' stadium.

A 70-yard dash on the part of Captain Del Isola, who intercepted a forward pass on the Everett 30-yard line in the opening quarter, gave Everett their points. Del Isola neatly picked the pigskin out of the air as it went sailing by, and started on his jaunt to victory. Had it not been for the wonderful interference on the part of several Everett men, the Everett captain would never have scored.

In the opening quarter a great deal of action was displayed by both teams. Everett took the kick-off, and brought the ball to their own 45-yard line. At this point Everett failing to gain, was forced to kick in her own territory and Brookline made two good gains.

A poor pass from center went over Woodward's head as Brookline started her third play of the game, and the ball rolled back to the Red and Blue's 7-yard line. Woodward landed on the ball but smothered by crimson jerseys was unable to pick it up.

Brookline punted the ball; the kick was the best of the afternoon. Woodward kicked from his own goal line to Everett's 30 yard line. The kick went for 70 yards.

Everett brought the ball to mid-field on short rushes. Then a beautiful pass, Brickley to Coviello, brought Everett a 25-yard gain and put the oval on the Red and Blue's 18-yard line. Here Brookline's strong line held. Davis of Everett fumbled and Brookline took the ball.

(Continued on Page 2)

Alumni Notes

Mary Murray, '29, is working at Chandler's.

Dorothy Bruce, '29, is with the First National Bank in Boston.

Hester Blatt, Alice Colby, Helen Finnerty and Judith Thurman '29, are at Radcliffe.

Eleanor Roach and Florence Nelson '29 are with the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Maurice Goudey, a member of the senior class at Dartmouth College achieved an unusually high scholastic standing for the first semester last year. His name is listed in the booklet "Records of Men of Distinctive Scholastic Achievement".

BROOKLINE TRIMMED TWICE, 7-0; 20-0

(Continued from Page 1)

The Red and Blue aggregation, however, kept on fighting and its big chance came five minutes before the final whistle. Everett had kicked to Brookline's 30-yard line where Woodward was downed. On the next play Everett was penalized 15 yards for roughing; the ball was put on Brookline's 40-yard line. Rushes by Hootstein and Kelly brought the ball to midfield for a first down. Then Kelly reeled off the left side of the line for 9 yards, and a moment later Brookline again made a first down. Hootstein backed up for a pass, but the center again threw over the receiver's head, thus spoiling Brookline's only chance to score.

Some excellent defensive work was displayed by the Red and Blue line. Wolcek, Kelly, Taylor and Racheotes each did some heavy tackling; McCone was the outstanding defensive back; Wolcek, Brookline's star end, was taken out of the game in the first quarter badly bruised. He was replaced by Levenson who played a good game.

WATERTOWN DEFEATS BROOKLINE 20-0

On October 12th, at Victory Field, Watertown gave Brookline a severe licking to the tune of 20-0. Again a light and snappy team proved to be Brookline's nemesis, as was demonstrated at Tech field on October 4th when English High School defeated Brookline by the score of 13-6.

The team was handicapped greatly by the loss of Captain "Bernie" Hootstein, who was out because of the sprained ligament he received in the English game. He was on the bench, however, urging the players on, and encouraging them to better efforts. Coach Fitzgerald had his men well trained but they were up against a better team.

Wolck, the veteran end, played his usual brilliant game, getting down under kicks like a shot from a gun, breaking up plays with clock-work regularity, and backing the line at all times. John Taylor, at guard, was one of the strongest linesmen, doing his work steadily and brilliantly. Jarvis Woodward did some nice kicking in pinches.

Watertown had the punch and snap that Brookline lacked to put through her plays. Brookline's line is heavy but weak; Watertown plunged through it almost at will. Fumbles contributed much of the losing of the game, coming as they did at critical moments in the game. Watertown scored heavily on forward passes, which were well planned and executed.

However, Coach Fitzgerald is strengthening the weak spots slowly but surely. And because the players are getting more and more experienced, they will surely show up better in the next game which is with Everett, one of our strongest rivals.

FOUR MINUTE SPEAKERS GET IN ACTION

The four minute speakers made their 1929-30 debut on Tuesday, October 22nd, when they pleaded the cause of the bank in the senior home-rooms.

This morning, they spoke in behalf of the Red Cross.

The following is the list of speakers:

Four Minute Speakers

Class I

Carp, Erma, 320; Cohen, Elsa, 320; Kirsehen, Bernice, 219; Litter, Eleanor, 321; Moss, Leona, 321; Pekerney, Gertrude, 322; Steinberg, Gertrude, 323; Stone, Beatrice, 323.

Class II

Brodsky, Rebecca, 212; Carroll, Mary, 219; Chalfen, Esther, 219; Chandler, Edward, 219; Cohen, Adriane, 219; Cohen, Doris, 219; Dawson, Hellene, 315; Frank Barbara, 219; Goldblatt, Cecile, 219; Hinden, Charlotte, 221; Holt, Margaret, 221; Katzeff, Zelda, 221; Levensen, Evelyn, 221; Levin, Maxine, 221; Munroe, Robert, 224; Norman, Ruth, 221; Price, Audrey, 222; Selwyn, Louise, 222; Sondheim, Norman, 420; Sussman, Esther, 222; Teitlebaum, Edna, 419; Weston, Elizabeth, 222.

Class III

Alm, Charlotte, 27; Alper, Emma, 422; Burt, Dorothy, 422; Coleman, A., 3; Cuisick, Elizabeth, 422; Cuniff, Edith, 27; Freedman, Ruth, 422; Goodkowsky, Myra, 424; Forbes, Catherine, 424; Hurwitz, Miriam, 424; Jacobs, Phyllis, 424; Laxon, Dorothea, 23; Levy, N., 23; MacDonald, Zeta, 24; Mackey, Elizabeth, 424; Mason, James, 23; Naysmith, Carolla, 24; Rutledge, Paul 23; Sack, Albert, 3; Tager, Marjorie, 23; Tickner, Harry, 3; Williams, John, 27.

Class IV

Bernhardt, Roger, 1; Lett, William, 1; Brown, Ruth, 6; Cooper, Jane, 6; Frank, Marjorie, 6; Henderson, Martha; Hillson Marjorie, 7; Jerome, Frederick, 1; Jones, Cora, M26; Lewis, Irving, 7; Malone, Joseph, 7; Marcey, Gloria, 6; Marcus, Norma, 5B; Roulston, Rosalind, 5B; Seidel, Pauline, 24; Tischendorf, Ruth, 422; Wiggin, Frederick, 7; Wolfe, Ruth, 1; Wyner, Anna, 1.

RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVES ADDRESSED BY MISS SMITH

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Smith told the representatives some of the uses of the Red Cross money now being collected in the various home rooms. Part of this money is used to pay for milk for children in the lower grades. Part of it will be used in the case of national and local disasters. These collections though small in themselves multiplied by those of other schools amount to thousands of dollars and thus may do great service to others.

Later the group may pay visits to hospitals and infirmaries for veterans or take gifts to the deaf and blind children.

A drive is now on to obtain 100 per cent enrollment in each home room.

Aerograms

Brookline Aero Science Club

The Brookline Aero Science Club will hold its first anniversary meeting next Tuesday, October 29. An exhibition of model airplanes will be shown in conjunction with motion pictures and speeches by several aviators. The club has accomplished much in promoting air-mindedness in Brookline, mainly by building model airplanes and by petitioning the school committee for an aviation course in the High School.

The members of the club were examined on the "Kiwi" test, the first of a series of three, namely "Kiur" "Cadet" and Pilot, by Lieut. J. P. Skirdlandt, formerly of the Royal Air force. Those fortunate members who pass the "Kiwi" test will study hard for another year in preparation for the "Cadet" test.

Brookline Aero Club

There was a meeting of the Brookline Aero Club on Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30 P. M. in the Brookline Public Library.

Julian Brightman spoke on water exhaust ballast for dirigibles. Vice-president Leslie Small then summarized the results of the National Air Races. Herbert Jacobs, president of the club, gave his usual talk on aeronautical developements. Sec. B. Sheinwald explained the construction of the Tunnison "Scout" monoplane and Mr. Downing gave a general talk of interest to all members. Every registered member should attend the next meeting, Oct. 30, and non-members are invited to come as prospective members.

Herbert Jacobs, president of the club, has made arrangements for the members to make a dirigible flight in May. A Goodyear non-rigid ship will be used.

The Girls' Aero Club

The Girls' Aero Club had its second meeting of the year on Friday, Oct. 18, in B4. Plans were discussed for the year, and among them it is found that the meetings of the club this winter will be filled to the hilt with interesting talks, model plane-making, and aero nautical culture.

In the absence of the other officers, the Librarian Ethel Feinsilver, presided. The officers were elected, but it has been decided that, since the number of girls present was so small, these elections would be considered "null and void". At the next meeting, the officers will again be elected from the same list of nominations. The plans for the coming year are delightful, with a library of aeronactical material and many surprises in the offing. Many members have enrolled, and the Membership Drive will in all probability increase the members.

Miss Nicholas and Mr. Parkard are this year's faculty advisers, and with them at the helm, great things are expected.

BANK ASSEMBLY HAS UNIQUE FEATURES

(Continued from Page 1)

gell, after living on a ranch out west for several years and after seventeen years as the editor of a French paper, had studied the economic problem so thoroughly that he wrote a book, "The Great Illusion," on the changes in the ideas of society with relation to Europe. Angell says. "I have come to the conclusion that the fundamental wrongs occur because men do not understand the value of things." It is this understanding of value, Mrs. Naysmith says, which the High School course in economic education can give you.

The final feature on the program was an interesting display of "walking thrift posters.

Home Room Representatives

The Chairmen of the Home Room Committees for the purpose of stimulating interest in the Bank are: Room 1, Ruth Wolfe; room 2, Leaman Gabriel, room 3, Norma Jakesland; room 4, Lillian Schmertzler; room 5a, Bond Wheelwright; room 5b, Rae Harris; room 6, Evelyn Greenspan; room 7, Wilbur Marcus; room 8, Worth Rowley; room 9, David Loey; room 23, Bert Richards; room 24, John Lally; room 26, Ruth Kravit; room 27, Andrew Farnsworth;; room 28, Katherine Fleming, Shailer, Gordon Shimers, room 36a, George Mickelson; room 212, Florence Freedman; room 213 Burnette Nicholas; room 214, Rosemary Loeser; room 219, Natalie Broudy; room 220, Alfred Levine; room 221, Madeline Keating; room 222, Audrey Price; room 224, Bessie Abrams; room 315, Thelma Science, room 316, Elaine Skidmore; room 317, Robert Purington; room 319, Vincent Pollina; room 320, Mary Crowley; room 321 Philip Hunter; room 322, Evelyn Tannen; room 323, Ruth Rosen; room 324, Eleanor Thomas; room 418, Armstrong Smith; room 419, Kenneth French; room 420, Sally Irwin; room 421, Emile Lembree; room 422, Anne Delano; room 424, Dorothea Lakson; room M21, Norman Dunnel; room M22, Mary Morsehead; room M23, Leonard Collyer; room M24, James Bagley.

1st Driver: Is this Maine Street?
2nd Ditto: Yes.
1st Driver: Well, would you mind letting me have a little more of it?

It was at the seaside and Sandy had just stretched himself on the beach when Mac came up. "Will you come for a sail Sandy?" he asked.

"No, I've jest had dinner for two and sixpence and I'm taking no risk."

MARSHALS RE-ELECTED

Due to a misunderstanding, a re-election of Marshals in all classes has been held. The Senior marshals are: Alvin Weinberg, Eleanor Pike, John Hyland, Francis Muldowney, Betty Richey, Carol Orr, Edward Dooskin, Darleen Thurbur, Blanche Taylor, Marion Myers, Martha Lewis, George Ford, Mary Lynch, Alice Hewitt, Esther Graham, Alice Dawson, Anne Martin, Daniel Warren, Ernest Bird, Eleanor Sacks, Roger Burkhardt, Helen Cooper, Tom Larken, Van Crews, Robert Goldman, and the Reserves: Hanry Weiss, Irving Wallace, Paul Goldberg, Virginia Chase, and Ruth Myers. The Junior marshals are: Chester Litman, Alice Werner, Charles French, Rosalind Badaracco, Helene Dawson, Katherine Plakias, Helen Johnston, Betty Greenleaf, Barbara Richey, Miriam Halpern, William Hyland, Lester Papkin, Helene McIndoe, Winslow Robard, Audrey Price, Florence Dawson, Helene Collier, Thomas Kelley, Fred Sherry and Charles Nayor. The Junior reserves are: Esther Sussman, Mary Mawhinney, Lindsey Brigham, Jean Godale, Donald Broadbent Edna Teitlebawm, and Agatha Barron. The Sophomores have chosen the following: Bernard Covich, Sylvia Simmers, Richard Holt, George Haplan, Elizabeth McGrail, Hodee Waldstein, Carola Nasmyth, Benjamin Sheinwald, Jane Miller, Franklin Fox, Bert Richards, Stanley Cohen, John Booton, and three Reserves: Charlotte Alm, Adele Kelsey, and Thomas Quinn. The Freshmen marshals are: Frederick Wiggin, Roy O'Reiley, Robert Richey, William Lett Arthur Soderberg, Bettina Peirce, Evelyn Greenskan, Jacqueline McGrath, Elizabeth Howard, and Norma Marcus.

The delegates to the Teacher-Student Council and to the Court of Justice have also been changed. For the former organization, F. Wiggin, S. Copere, A. Werner, and E. Thomas have been chosen by the marshals; for the latter, A. Soderberg, R. Holt, B. Greenleaf, and R. Goldman.

GIRLS' LEAGUE MEMBER SHIP TOTALS 650

Pianist Wanted

The Girl's League Membership Drive has resulted in a total of six hundred and fifty members, quite a good percentage of the school. Another opportunity to join this organization will be offered in February.

The following committee chairman have been chosen: Program, R. Meyers; Bulletin Board, E. Byer; Bulletin, E. Unisheid; Art, R. Reimer; Spelling, G. Chandler, Athletics (for escorting girls to home games), D. Thurber; Supply Closet, M. E. Weir,; Home Room Representative, E. Pike; Advisory Council, B. Greenleaf.

Volunteers are needed to play the piano in the League Club Room, applications may be made to Miss Sawyer or to Betty Richey.

READERS' COLUMN SUGGESTED

The Sagamore hopes that the following article will receive the attention from the student body that it deserves.

"A member of the Junior class writes us, 'Some time ago there appeared in the Sagamore, a column entitled "Vox Populi". This, I believe, came out for two issues, then apparently was discontinued. I would like to suggest that such a column again be added to the paper; but now in a slightly different manner. . . Let it be a department where someone, the editors or a member of the student body, will comment, favorably or unfavorably, on some department, phase, or policy of the school. Let the column be open to the readers of the paper, so that anyone may offer his side of the question under discussion.' "

The Sagamore is hopeful that this suggestion will not fall unheeded. The Sag Box is still in the Library!!

ART CLUB OPEN TO ALL STUDENTS

The Art Club of B. H. S. is to a flying start, with a membership list that already numbers forty-eight, and may have many more names enrolled before very long.

Edna Friedman is this year's President Frances Somers is Vice-President, and Edward Darby holds the doubly responsible positon of Secretary-Treasurer. Ruth Creelmen and Ruth Leimer have charge of Art Club Pins, and Sallie Lanagan is to be responsible for all entertaining done by and for the Club. Many interesting meetings are planned for this year, including trips to the Art Museum and a little party that is to take place shortly.

Anyone can join the Art Club—it is not necessary to take Art to be a member—and it is hoped that everyone will.

FRESHMAN TEAM SCORES TWO DECISIVE VICTORIES

The Freshman Football team, under the able guidance of Coach "Rhody" Connors, is fast becoming rounded into an effective football machine.

The line, which would be a credit to the varsity, is unusually strong, and heavy this year, and the fast backfield plays up well behind it.

Only two games have been played this season, and both have been decisive victories. The first, with St. Aidens, was won with ease, to the count of 43-0; the second, with the Newton Junior Varsity, provided much stiffer competition, the final score being 13-0.

The outlook seems rosy to Coach Connors, who says that if the rival teams are or anywhere near the age of the freshmen, they will have a pretty stiff fight, for the freshman team means business.

The members of the team are; L. E. Ford, L. T. Rollins, L. G. Palmanson, C. Fegan, R. G. Soderberg, R. T. Cohen, R. E. Broadhurst, Q. Jerome, R. H. B Larkin, L. H. B. Churchill,

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

Yesterday, I suffered the most curious experience. My nephew, who has just returned from the State, persuaded me to attend a game called football, a favorite sport at American colleges.

At one-thirty my nephew arrived covered from neck to ankles with the skin of some furry animal. He proudly displayed ths garment calling it a "coon coat." This is a new innovation from the States and I doubt greatly whether the students at Oxford and Cambridge will adopt this fashion.

We arrived at the newly built stadium, on the Oxford campus, which I learned from my nephew was a copy of the "Yale Bowl." I do not know what jargon he acquired at college, for this arena looked not at all like a vessel from which one sips soup or in which one concocts punch. We had a seat amid a howling assemblage of young men and women all clothed in the same kind of "coon coats." Out in front of the seats, which I afterwards learned were called grandstands, were four young bloods dressed in white sweaters with blue Y's on them. Their white breeches were long reachng to the ankles with wide cuffs, and to me, looked quite grotesque. However, a young maiden beside me was murmuring to her escort, "Don't the cheer leaders look too divine?" These "cheer leaders executed the most absurd antics, jumping up and down and through small cornucopias shouting things as "Eli Yale", "Siss boom" and other senseless phrases.

The game commenced and I was surprised to see twenty-two boys dressed in brown leather with curious hats tied under the chin, come running out, while an array of brass instruments under and behind which young striplings in white uniforms, began to blare out some hideous music, which although it possessed no harmony had meter. The players separated into two teams, and I discerned that one team wore blue waistcoats, the other brown At either end of the field were two huge H's formed from three wooden planks. It seemed rather strange that these insignias should be H when the teams engaged were Yale and Oxford. However, I made no inquiry of my clever nephew, as he had repulsed former interrogations, humiliating me for the benefit and laughter of youths in the proximity.

The game started and two rows of seven knelt opposite each other with the other four grouped behind each row. A man in white blew a whistle and both rows rushed at each other. An odd shaped ball flew in the air and was thrown by the boys.

After about half an hour of "tackling", which term I learned from my nephew, suddenly a player in blue caught the ball and ran the entire length of the course through the H. One of the other team was very ill-mannered and tried to prevent his further advancement, but he shook off his opponent and ran through the goal. The entire crowd rose and began to call and yell excitedly. I saw nothing about which to become so elated, and demanded of my nephew when this game would be terminated.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

If some of us translated our thoughts with our Cicero: Here I, that violent consul, **that big stiff of a marshal pulled me in again today, he's only a freshman, the little bum** asked Catiline whether or not he was **the same fellow I thought was so snappy-looking spoke to me yesterday** at the night meeting at M. Lucca's house. When he was at first silent **I was going to wear my blue dress tonight but the last time I more it, it was above my knees,** I revealed the rest. When he faltered, I was **going to tell Alice my math teacher was awfully good-looking** when he was embarrassed, I demanded why he hesitated to **shut that door, the radio's making an awful racket, never mind, I'm going to** set out for that place where **the dickens is my eraser, no, I haven't lost it** for a long time he has been preparing to go, since I knew **Arthur was speaking to that silly blond, maybe he's fallen for her** arms, axes, and also that silver eagle for **my cow how much more of this stuff** had been sent ahead. The enemy's **is there** which he had made a shrine, camp has already been pitched by that centurion of Catiline, **Conrad Nagel is playing at Loew's State, I hear** opposite the Roman people. I have kept this danger from **the spaghetti they have in the lunch room must be seasoned with arsenic, I'm as sick as the dickens,** the city, and you, by my efforts, my foresight, **my cow, the fellow who drove me home last night was cute but I know he didn't care for my looks,** and my virtues. All Catiline's desperate gang is composed of **Your Mother and My Mother They never Were Wrong** corruptors of youth, poisoners and gluttons.

"A NOR'WEST BLOW"

1

The wind was blowing hard that day,
It blew from the nor'west across the bay.
Clean green rollers tossing high,
And grey storm clouds a rolling by.

2

A trader sailing down the coast,
A rotten old lumber schooner, at the most
With her spars outlined on the cold grey clouds,
Her lee scuppers under and burying her shrouds.

3

When across the bay came a stiff sea breeze,
Throwing over her decks, the raging seas.
She shook for a moment, then moved no more,
For her keel had struck the river's floor.

4

With one last look, at the hopeless wreck,
We see her spars have gone close to the deck.
This little ship, shall sail no more,
For she'll always stay on the river's floor.

George W. Delano, Jr., '32.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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VOL. XXXVI OCTOBER 28, 1929 NO. 2

THE FOUR YEAR RULE

There has been much discussion and criticism lately, by the public and by the press, concerning the new athletic rule that prohibits a student participating in athletics if he has been in any High School for more than four years. Most of the criticism has been directed mainly at the Headmasters' Association, the maker of the rule, rather than at the rule itself, for athletic authorities have resented the intervention of the Headmasters and are inclined to question their right of jurisdiction over athletics. But regardless of who has made this rule, it is undoubtedly an excellent one:—a rule that will not only tend to raise the standards of high school athletics from a sportsmanship point of view, but one that will eventually do away with commercialized athletics.

Many individuals, in expressing their opinions through the medium of the press have completely lost sight of the scholastic side of the question. The idea of education has never entered the statements; and one would imagine that the just duty of a versatile student is participation in athletics; then, if he should find time, indulge in a cursory study of English, Mathematics, and various other unimportant, boresome subjects.

But let it be clearly understood that the outstanding interest for a boy of high school age is, or should be, school. During his sojourn in that place, there is ample opportunity for recreation in the form of athletics. But when an athlete will deliberately fail his course in order to remain another year to continue his athletic participation, he has lost sight of his goal and certainly is not getting what he can out of the school.

Then again it stands to reason that a pupil who cannot complete the requirements in four years certainly has not time for outside activities in his fifth year. Athletics is, as we have previously mentioned, is an additional incentive for those who have time and who are worthy of it; but a backward or lazy student, granting that he, like the rank and file, is at school for the sake of studying to some extent, not only cannot afford to devoted the time to athletics, but, in truth, does not merit what should be a reward for conscientions work. The new rule will undoubtedly weaken many schoolboy teams; but the real benefits of this "fair and square rule" will more than make up for the loss of a few valued athletes.

HONOR STUDY ROOMS

For the second time, Honor Study Rooms have been thrown open to the student body of the high school. The experiment started last year has been amazingly successful. A large number of students who might otherwise have had study periods in over-crowded rooms have been given the advantage of quiet, in many cases half-empty rooms. Although there is no teacher in charge, the honour system has invariably been carried out rigorously.

It is a great privilege which has been given to us, and only one example of the liberty and self-government which we enjoy. A generation ago such an experiment would have been impossible; the student was too far removed from the teacher. The teacher was an aloof and superior being—a guide but not a friend. Brookline High School has always been one of the first to accept modern up-to-date standards and in allowing us this freedom, it is only carrying out its basic principles.

Since we have been given that privilege, it is up to us to take advantage of it, and not to abuse it. The faculty has only the power of suggestion, we alone can benefit or not, as we see fit, by a judicious acceptance of the suggestions made.

SAG. ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

SYLVIA FINBERG WRITES PRIZE-WINNING ESSAY

In the contest recently sponsored by the Brookline Knights of Columbus in connection with Columbus Day, Sylvia Finberg, '31, won the prize. Miss Finberg read her essay at the public exercises in the Town Hall on October 12.

The article follows:

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1435. His desire for power, possession and fame, unconsciously dominated his every thought. He wanted

To do something nobody else had done.

To be something nobody else had been.

To be rich as the Kings of India.

To own ships laden with gold and spices.

These were the consuming desires dominating his life. This was the force that drove him on to his Great Discovery.

He used to listen to sailors' strange tales of countries. He knew something lay beyond the Sea of Darkness. He was sure there was power and wealth unlimited in that Unknown Land.

Pythagoras—centuries before—had mathematically proved the world was round. The people did not believe it, but Columbus did, and if the world was round, he could sail on and on to India—and the fulfilment of his dream.

His opinions were received with derision by the people, and he was thought to be insane. He was too poor to fit out a squadron himself for the voyage of discovery, and for a long time he could not inspire any of the reigning monarchs with sufficient faith, or belief in his new ideas to induce them to help him in his schemes.

At last, Queen Isabella of Spain, furnished the desired aid, and a squadron of three small vessels was fitted out. Sailors were found with difficulty. They feared they would be lost in the vast ocean they were about to be the first to explore. "Even if the world is round," they said, "if we sail down over the side, how shall we ever be able to come back?" They were rebellious almost to the point of mutiny during the entire voyage.

Land was discovered October 12, 1492. Columbus took formal possession of it in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. He thought it to be an island lying near to the coast of India.

After his discovery he was received in Spain with every possible expression of joy, in his great achievement, but his truimph was brief. The King and Queen believed the stories of evil, men told against him, sent out another governor to take his position, and had him brought home in chains. The whole nation was shocked at this indignity, and King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were made to see in part the wrong they had done him. But, though they made many promises, they never restored him to his rights, and after a time they totally neglected him.

He died a grieved and disappointed old man, asking that his chains might be buried with him, as a memorial of Spanish ingratitude.

His body was first buried at Valladoled, and afterward taken to Sevilla. In 1536 the remains were taken to St. Domingo, Hayti.

What Does Columbus Mean to the Boy and Girl of Today?

The name Columbus to many boys and girls means just one thing, another holiday. But, to the thinking boy or girl, the name Columbus protrudes before him as a name to be idolized.

Christopher Columbus set an example for us, and if we are wise, we will follow it. "Sail on, Sail on and on". They were the words Columbus used when his mate told him the sailors were at a point of mutiny. Don't give up when people laugh at you, for just the ones that received your schemes with derision probably would have liked to do the same thing, but were too cowardly, then when your task has been accomplished, they want to receive the credit for it.

"What if the wise men, as far back as Pharoah
Judged that the earth, like an orange was round?
None ever said, 'Come along! Follow Me!
Sail to the West, and the east will be found.

SOME SCINTILLATING WIT

Inquisitive Frosh: But why do you call your pet mongrel "Hardware?"

Soph: Because everytime I pick him up he makes a bolt for the door.

—The Herald

* * * * *

"Bill is pretty honest, isn't he?"

"Is he? Why, he even pays the fines on his books at the library!"

—Sewanee Mountain Goat

* * * * *

"How did you learn to walk the tight-rope? Just pick it up by yourself?"

"Oh, no—it has to be taut.

—Buffalo Bison

* * * * *

"Mom, there's hairs in the soup!"

"That's all right, this is noodle soup!"

—Wisconsin Octopus

* * * * *

"Why, we've seen Greta Garbo in this picture before!"

"No, in the other one she had on a black and not a beige scarf."

—Yale Record

* * * * *

"Your hair needs cutting badly, sir," said the barber.

"No, it doesn't," retorted the student. "It needs to be cut nicely. You cut it badly last time."

—Tennessee Mugwamp

* * * * *

Frosh: Gee, I'm in an awful hole.

Soph: What's the matter?

Frosh: I've spelled "professor" with two f's and don't know which one to cross out.

R Colyum

All that the "Solid South" used to be in politics the Girls' League is today. By way of combatting this evil machine which has so strongly exerted its influence in the working of this school, and as a mission of love, we wish to foster a Boys' League. Tentatively, we suggest the following for officers:

Mr. Maginnis, faculty adviser.
"Spuds" Taylor, president
"Tanky" Ball, vice-president
"Jinx" Nyhan, treasurer
Ralph Ord, secretary and office boy.

* * * *

We see by Mannie Koufman, the tbe barometer of what the well dressed man will wear, that faun-colored spats will be the height (or should we say depth) of fashion this autumn.

* * * *

We can't decide whether Don or Helen makes the prettier cheer leader.

The way that "Nosey" Aaronson juggles those water buckets is nothing less than sheer artistry.

* * * *

Like all men, Mr. Harbour has a soft spot in his heart for the so-called gentler sex: he just hates to give E's to girls.

* * * *

And Mr. Packard always seats the young ladies in the front row.

* * * *

Just by way of information, there are about thirty-three more weeks of school, (which may or may not cheer you, according to your temperament).

* * * *

Frannie Muldowney's real ambition isn't to be President of the United States, but to be a teddy bear.

* * * *

"Why do you keep going to the doctor? He said it was no longer necessary."

"I'm reading a continued story in one of his waiting room magazines."

* * * * *

Baseball Player (on car platform during a Southern trip): Isn't this air exhilarating?

Porter. Na, sah, this air Norfolk.

—Drexerd

Approaching a lonely cottage, the tramp knocked at the door. "Have you any dinner for a hungry man?" he asked the good lady. "Yes," was her sweet reply, "and my husband will be right home to eat it!"

—Black and Blue Jay

* * * * *

He (proudly displaying portable house he has just put up): Look! I put this house up all alone, in one day.

Another: That's fine, but what's that knocking inside the wall?

He: My God! Where's my wife?

—Sewanee Mountain Goat

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE BROOK

By
James H. Boston

"Only one more week of fair weather and we've won!' murmured the young farmer, fingering with grimy hands a tattered almanac. "If only the brook above the fields can escape flooding for another week, we'll have a bumper crop."

Martha, his wife, ceased her task of scouring an oil lamp and gazed at him fondly. "That's all we ask for isn't it, Jim?" The little brook has been mighty kind to us this year. If it hadn't been for its water, the crops would have been burned up long since. In a week's time we'll have the corn all cut and marketed and then we'll,——we'll,——!" But the anticipation of what would follow was too much for her. Tossing the only rug onto the kitchen table she edged towards him, then plumped down in his lap. "Jim!" she said in a soft voice, smoothing his hair. "Do you remember what you promised to do when we got the money from the corn?" Snuggling closer to him——"remember the little farm down in the valley with the big rooms and the electric lights that you promised to buy?"

"And I will buy it too" he rejoined, patting her arm affectionately. "And I'll buy you lots of other nice things!" Smiling exultingly, he continued,

(Continued on page 6)

THE REVOLT OF SILAS

Silas Chase sat in front of the stove and read the paper; he was very comfortable, and the paper was very interesting: radios, large radios, small radios, columns of literature concerning radios, all supremely entrancing to a man who yearned to possess a radio.

His wife bustled about the room, clearing away the dishes from the last meal, and there was that in her eye as she looked at him from time to time, that should have warned him that his tenure of that chair was to be brief.

Finally, she spoke, after she had cleared her throat several times, and Silas still absorbed in the quest for the perfect radio paid no attention, "Seems a pity", she said, "that we should keep on buying butcher's meat every day or so when there's plenty of clams within a mile's walk for them that aren't too lazy to dig them."

Silas sat up, "You don't mean to say you want clams again? We had 'em only the day before yesterday," he protested.

"Well, what's to prevent our having them again today or tomorrow?" said the lady. "They're free, aren't they?"

Silas sighed, and rose from his chair; it was evident Almira intended to have clams, also, that she intended him to get them. With a last fond look at the radio section, he laid down the paper, "Wish I had a radio," he murmured wistfully.

"We've got along without one for thirty years," responded his wife, and

(Continued on page 7)

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* * *

Some of the seniors are just recuperating from the shock of the first history college board.—Seniors,—keep up your courage, etc.

* * *

Q. Why do they call Burnett Nicholas "Sagamore?"

A. Because he has so much Indian blood in him.

We wonder. . . . .

* * *

Every morning we see students shivering up Park Street. What are they going to do when winter comes?

* * *

The other day, a dog wandered leisurely into 419, looked about, inspected the class, and strolled out again. Even dogs are particular!

* * *

Last June Alvin was elected Captain of the Marshals. Two weeks ago the Marshals elected Alvin to the captaincy. Last week Alvin was re-elected. We take it that Alvin is Captain of the Marshals!

* * *

Hot beef, but the year has started out with a bang. Almost daily, dishes are being broken in the lunch room, if that's any news.

* * *

The Sag has received a request for Mrs. Henderson, namely that she play some popular song on her victrola some morning, instead of Ave Maria.

* * *

A person visiting the school the other day, was surprised to see so many pupils in their homerooms after 1:30, and asked what they were doing. The answer was "They're waiting for the next deficiencies to come out."

* * *

Mr. Keegan must have been a dietitian at one time. At least his classes are always being told to "digest this, and digest that!"

* * *

Winnie Dermody has deserted us for English High.—And it wasn't because they won the football game, either!!

* * *

Can anyone tell use where Rocky Gray, Al LoCascio, Kenneth Goodyear, John Horn, Fred Glover, and Maxie Dexter have gone?

* * *

Do you know that
Betty Slater got thinner?
Edna Friedman had her hair cut?
There was no school Friday
"Prettyboy" Litman is on the football team?

* * *

Wouldn't it be funny
If the Myers twins looked alike?
To see the bench outside of 317 empty in the morning?
To see Mr. Neumeister walking to school?

* * *

For Mr. Harbour to allow this column to go into the "Sag"—UNCENSORED??

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THE BROOK

(Continued from page 5)

"You'll be the happiest and most fortunate woman in these parts. Have you forgotten that I have more than forty acres of pine ready to be cut? Trees my father planted as a young man," he added reminiscently. "Yellow pine, the best wood New England grows.

A fire hissed and crackled in the Franklin stove, a clock ticked solemnly in the shadows, and a hush fell over the house as the slanting rays of the setting sun filtered through the trees. Slowly its beams faded and a chill wind ushered in the night. A happy, tired couple rocked and dozed within the old homestead, and outside, the little brook gurgled and rippled over pearly stones.

The moon had set and it was near dawn when, from the Conway Valley, a fire siren shrieked forth into the stillness. Volunteer fire fighters rose from their beds and descried on Kearsage Summit a red, flickering glow overhung with smoke. Shouldering their axes and ascending the mountain, they set to work checking the fire's progress. Clearings were made but in vain. Fed by the resinous evergreens, the flames licked across the gaps and spread irresistibly downward to the valley. Step by step it forced back the seasoned woodsmen until finally, the battle hopelessly lost, they retreated.

Dawn came, but it seemed still night, for the sky was grey with smoke.

On and on the fire swept until, reaching the brook that crossed the farm, it halted and smouldering sullenly, died.

The monster was checked.

Jim Randall, a charred axe handle in his hand, gazed stunned at the smoking mountainside. Turning slowly he walked into the house.

"Poor Jim," Martha sought bravely to smile as she hastened to his side. "It's terrible but after all we still have the corn. That's something to be thankful for isn't it dear?" she urged.

Sadly the young farmer gazed out the window. Smouldering stumps across the brook were sending up winding palls of smoke and on its nearer bank, edged all along by corn fields, the tall stalks of the grain were scorched and shriveled. Jim Randall smiled and kissed his wife tenderly.

Another day had passed. It was evening and a hushed silence held all nature tense. The blackened stumps on the mountainside still smoked and below, on a shelving plateau, lay the Randall farm.

Not a breath of wind stirred the grain. The air seemed charged with a strange, stifling heat and ominous looking clouds rolled from the west.

The bright surface of the brook had changed to a threatening grey, and its cheery babbling over the pebbles seemed a hollow mockery.

Suddenly the lowering mass of clouds burst. A dull roaring filled the air and like the rush of a giant cataract, the rain fell. Down it poured into the shallow brook which rose higher and higher, fed from the streams above. Bent low and half uprooted by the sudden downpour, the fields of corn yet withstood the onslaught until like a raging torrent the brook overflowed its banks and swept down upon the

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plateau. Swirling rivers of mud like molten lava streamed across the Randall homestead and gigantic boulders and tree-trunks careened down the mountainside.

Then, veering to the north, the storm of doom swept away as quickly as it had come.

The black clouds broke and the sun shone through upon a scene of devastation and ruin. Fields once rich with corn were buried knee deep in mud and small streams and rivulets coursed and eddied across the fertile land.

Jim Randall, a pathetic figure, stood at the edge of the plateau gazing down at the ugly rocks which stared up at him beckoning, inviting, taunting.

Back through the thick ooze he walked to the brook which had saved his fields of grain only to wrest them from him forever. Heaped sand and rocks protruded through the shallow water and frightened minnows twisted and darted before the broken dam.

Suddenly he tensed, started wildly a moment at the mocking ripples of the brook, then with a passionate cry leaped forward, and seizing a huge rock which had been borne down from the crags above, hurled it into the water.

Crash! The rock shattered into pieces on the stony bottom and long tongues of glistening spray shot up.

Without warning Jim Randall dropped to his knees and plunging his hand into the water among the fragments of rock drew forth an opaque yellow stone.

"Beryl!" he gasped, rising to his feet. "Virgin beryl!" Staring again into the water he saw the broken, crumbly rock encrusted with the precious stone which glittered in rich beautiful shades of yellow and green. Jim Randall smiled.

The brook had paid its passage.

THE REVOLT OF SILAS

(Continued from page 5)

I callate we can now."

Silas grunted resentfully, not feeling in perfect accord with his wife's opinions, and departed toward the woodshed to seek rubber boots, basket, and clam hoe. He set out slowly in the direction of the beach, muttering to himself, "Beats all how that woman always seems to know just when it's low tide, and gets me out after those pesky clams."

Clam-digging is a job that ought to attract all those who desire to achieve a slender figure; it did not please Silas much, as he was far from stout, and thought the continual bending, digging and stooping, a chore he would thankfully omit.

At last, at the end of an hour's strenuous work, Silas rebelled against more exercise; he had a basket about half filled with clams, an exceeding lame back, and a strong desire for a smoke.

As he reached the shore's edge, where the rough beach grass began to grow, he put down his basket and searched his pockets for pipe and tobacco, dropping his knife in the search. He stopped for it and his eye caught a gleam among the grass stalks; a very pretty string of beads lay there.

"Almira might like them, and then again she mightn't?" said he, looking them over, "Anyway, I'll take 'em home."

He started up the path, smoking leisurely, and in the near distance saw his friend Hiram Crocker approaching, at a rate of speed that was startling to one who knew Hiram's habits.

"What's up? Village on fire?" asked Silas in an attempt to solve the mystery.

"What do you think! you know that daughter of Richard Taylor's? You

(Continued from page 8)

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Fraternity Man (trying for sympathy):—and so here I am absolutely broke, with one single odd cent in my pocket.

Fraternity Brother: That's fine. I need an odd cent to make a nickel.

—Ohio State Sun Dial

Then there was the Scotchman who kissed the neighbor's baby every time it finished eating an ice cream cone.

* * * * *

"Why so glum, old man?"

"I lost a necktie."

"Well, what of it?"

"My roommate had it on."

"Well, he'll give it back or make good, won't he?"

"Naw, he drowned himself."

"Gee, that's toough."

"Well, the worst part of it is that I had a swell new telephone number written on the back of the tie."

—Reserve Red Cat

THE REVOLT OF SILAS

(Continued from page 7)

know, the man that owns the big place down by the harbor? Well, yesterday, she lost a necklace somewhere along this beach; she was down here with that young man of hers, and they hunted hours for it, and there's a reward for it. Here's where I get busy before the whole blamed town gets down here to hunt it."

"Well, well, I found a necklace down there only a few minutes ago", drawled Silas. "I was going to give it to Almira. I see where Almira loses out."

"Ugh," grunted Hiram, "just my luck. Breaking my neck to get here for nothing.

There's a reward for it, I told you. Better go and collect, since you've got it."

"You don't say. How much?" queried Silas.

"One hundred dollars", answered his friend morosely.

"Let me get there quick before they change their minds. One hundred dollars for a string of beads. Someone's looney." And dropping clams and hoe by the pathway, he departed in a burst of speed that would have made Nurmi look to his laurels.

Two hours later, on his homeward way, with the money in an inner pocket, Silas realized that Almira had yet to be dealt with. Almira had a firm belief that money, beyond that required for the absolute necessities of life, should go into the bank and stay there.

Picking up the basket and hoe from the pathway where he had left them, he strolled homeward.

"You were a long enough time getting those clams," remarked Almira, as she viewed the half-filled basket.

"I got something else besides clams this time," responded Silas, and told the story of his good luck.

"You might as well go over to Waremouth tomorrow and put that money in the bank," was Almira's first suggestion, in her usual manner.

Silas arose. "Almira, did you have anything to do with the getting of that money?"

"Why, no! What do you mean? Aren't you going to put it in the bank? You can't be going to spend it" wailed the horror-stricken Almira,

"That's precisely and exactly what I am intending to do with it. Tomorrow I go to Boston and when I come back, there's a radio coming with me. Talking from now till doomsday won't change my mind, and don't you begin, either." And Almira, whose mouth had begun to open for a vigorout protest, remained meekly silent, and the newly elected lord of the household went back to his comfortable chair and opened the radio section, with a determination to rule the roost.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 3 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 8, 1929 TEN CENTS

BEN GREET PLAYERS PRESENTS SHAKESPEARE

Twelfth Night and Hamlet On Afternoon and Evening of 25th

Tickets Now on Sale

Not many of us will have the good fortune to travel and become familiar with the European stage, but for the Red Letter Day, November 25, the English Department have been most fortunate in securing the famous actor and producer, Sir Philip Ben Greet and a notable English company, now on a tour of outstanding American schools and colleges. We expect Brookline to swell with pride when it it revealed that Sir Philip Ben Greet selected this school for his performance in this section.

This distinguished man is not, as many prophets are, "without honor in his own country." for he was knighted last year by King George of England in recognition of a life devoted to the cause of drama in education—a life of conscientious service in behalf of the best stage traditions. He is considered one of the greatest living authorities on English drama! He is world-famous for his remarkable productions of Shakespeare. His company was the first to be invited to appear at the White House during Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

In the afternoon the company will present the comedy "Twelfth Night"; in the evening, the tragedy "Hamlet". The profits of the plays, depending on the enthusiasm and cooperation that we accord this unusual opportunity, will help swell the scholarship fund, and will be available to boys as well as girls.

One house will pay expenses; the other house should net $1,000."

The enterprise is being afforded wide publicity under the capable management of Miss Bliss, chairman, Miss Allen, Mr. Packard, Miss Wright of Runkle and Miss Lynch of Pierce. Every possible civic social fraternal, scholastic, and religious institution and organization is being reached.

Teachers and students, of other schools and colleges eager to avail themselves of this unusual opportunity will comprise the audience; it is not often that a group of actors speak the English language as it was meant to be spoken. We hope that the students of Brookline High School, which will be doubly honored by the presence of these players and by the fact

(Continued on Page 2)

$451.89 DEPOSITED ON FIRST BANK DAY

The deposits for the initial Bank Day in the Brookline High School totaled $451.89. The number of depositors was not known at the time of going to press.

Mr. Atticks said, however, that 378 pupils had signified their intention of depositing. With these figures as a basis we find that the average deposit was $1.19

That the bank deposits will increase with the next Bank Day is expected. Many students were unable to complete their arrangements and consequently did not deposit.

The Economic Education department with which the Bank is connected made a statement in support of the Red Cross and the coming performance of the Ben Greet Players. "It is necessary to emphasize giving as well as saving in order to have a well rounded life."

GIRLS TIE WINCHESTER; DEFEAT WALTHAM 2-0

Girls' fall athletics are drawing to a close after a most successful season. The Tennis Tournaments are almost completely played off, and next year a fine team may be expected, judging by the promising material shown among this year's beginners. There is an exceptional opportunity for those who really wish to become proficient in the person of Mrs. Wightman who has trained many stars.

Speedball is under the supervision of Miss Haskell. Three games have been played so far, with Florence Dawson as the captain of the red team, and Esther Conaty of the blues. So far the reds are ahead. Two more games are scheduled, and it will be necessary to have attended two-thirds of the practice and have played in three out of the five games to receive a letter.

Miss Johns is directing the archery

(Continued on Page 2)

Brookline Wins First Game of Season; Loses Spectacular Clash With Rindge Tech.

Hootstein Carries Ball for 30 Yard Gain

The Brookline High School football team broke its losing string last Saturday at Russell Field, Cambridge, beating the Cambridge Latin boys, 6 to 0, in a hard-fought battle. Both teams were evenly matched, and Brookline's lone touchdown was the termination of a series of dazzling laterals performed with machine-like surety. This bit of grown-up football was the only interruption in the steady game which was played by both teams, the whole contest otherwise consisting of merely line bucks, forward passes and a few trick plays interspersed here and there to relieve the monotony.

The first half was entirely uneventful. The rival quarterbacks relied mainly on hard, straight football, using the line plays with most profusion. Woodward, of Brookline, that small bundle of dynamite and energy in human form, did brilliant work in the backfield, punting far and high and running back kicks ten and twenty yards at a stretch with clockwork regularity. Sivisher as the rival kicker, starred for Cambridge.

On the kickoff, Charley Nayor booted to O'Keefe, who ran the ball back to the forty-yard line, where he was stopped by a phenomenal tackle by Captain Bernie Hootstein, who was

(Continued on Page 2)

Red and Blue Shows More Power; But Loses 19-13

Although Brookline made a spectacular last minute touchdown she was unable to defeat Rindge Tech, who won a hard-fought game on October 26, at Brookline Field. This rally proved that Brookline has a fight and punch which an eleven with any hopes of victory requires. Hootstein, who had scored earlier in the game, and Taylor were directly responsible, the former making a forty-yard run, and the latter recovering a blocked kick over the enemy's goal line.

Jack Kelly and Captain Ben Hootstein performed brilliantly on the offensive.

Kelly was especially effective in interrupting forward passes. Woodward's kicking was outstanding, as usual, Nayor and Woleck distinguished themselves in the line. Rindge owed her three touchdowns to the passing and line bucking of Boyle and Gilgun her two half-backs.

This game gives ample proof of Brookline's notable improvement since the Everett game; the short pass, which was usually good for five or ten yards.

Both teams were evenly matched, except that our line lacked the strength which Rindge's had.

At one time, we had the ball for three downs within Rindge's five-yard

(Continued on Page 2)

ALPHA PI RECEIVES THIRTEEN NEW MEMBERS

President Richey Speaks of Origin of Honorary Society

Hoodoo Number Not Feared

At the assembly of Nov. 5, thirteen new members were admitted to the Honorary Society, the most sought for and coveted honor of the school. This raises the total membership to twenty. At a recent meeting Betty Richey became president and Leona Moss secretary, as they had the highest and the next highest number of points. The members admitted last year are: Dorothy Alter, Ruby Brettler, Allen Bennett, Anna Martin and Francis Muldowney. It was voted to give one point to the Assistant Advertising Manager of the Sagamore.

Initiations to this society are twice a year, in November and March. To become a member one must have six points, two in scholarships, two in extra-curricula activities, and two more gained either way. Although it has been rumored that the number of points for admission would be raised to eight because of the increasingly large groups, the society decided that it is now no larger proportionally than formerly, and therefore the admission requirement will remain the same.

Mr. Akers introduced Miss Richey at the assembly, who told of the founding of the society by a student, Barton Leach. The society has since been duplicated by schools all over the country. She then listed the ways in which extra-curricula points may be earned. Following is the list of pupils who were initiated, with the points they earned.

John Hyland

Scholarship	4
Activities	2
Total	6

Arthur Levine

Scholarship	5
Activities	2 1-4
Total	7 1-4

Frank Reinherz

Scholarship	5 5-8
Activities	2
Total	7 5-8

Elliott Shapiro

Scholarship	3 3-4
Activities	2 1-2
Total	6 1-4

Irving Wallace

Scholarship	9
Activities	2
Total	11

(Continued on Page 3)

SENIOR COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED BY MULDOWNEY

Leona Moss Heads Year Book; Bob Goldman, Class Day

After due deliberation, the following Senior Committees have been selected. The Picture Committee has already gone to the various studios and the pictures are now on exhibition outside the art room, pending the vote of the class. The various other committees have been called together and will start work shortly. The pins and rings have been ordered.

YEAR BOOK: Mr. Taylor, Miss Taft, Leona Moss (chairman), Norma Berlow, Harriet Dangel, Rosemary Loesor, Alice Hewitt, Mary Crowley, Norma Knight, Roger Burkhardt, Irving Wallace, Sidney Robinovitz, Saul Goldberg, Allan Bennett, Elliot Shapiro.

SENIOR SOCIAL: Miss Gambrill Van Crews, (chairman), Frank McCone, Alvin Weinberg Maurice Strelesky, Blanche Taylor, Virginia Price, Esther Muldowney, Beatrice Rosenberg.

CLASS DAY: Mr. Jewett, Robert Goldman (chairman), Donald Blunt, John Hyland, Betty Richey, Carol Orr, Mary Lynch, Dorothy Alter.

GIFT: Mr. Jewett, Mariam Naigles (chairman), Gloria Housen, Alice Dawson, Eilene Reed, Henry Weiss, Bertron Dane, Frank Reinherz.

RING AND PIN: Edna Friedman, Gertrude Pokorny, Anna Martin, Irma Carp, Ernest Bird, Frank Johnston, Charles Murphy.

PICTURE: Mr. Taylor, Eleanor Thomas (chairman), Helen Cooper, Clair Sibley, Edward Howard, Daniel Warren.

Oh Yeah?

Pupils:

Oh, we always do our homework 'til
we're sure that it is right,
Oh Yeah?
Tho we often have to study till the
middle of the night;
Oh Yeah?
And we never copy lessons, and we
never try to bluff,
And the night before the midyear test
we never have to "stuff."
Oh Yeah?

Teachers:

Oh, we know you're perfect angels, and
You always do your best,
Oh Yeah?
And you never skip your classes when
we're ready for a test;
Oh Yeah?
And you never bluff the lessons—you're
as honest as can be,
Oh Yeah?
And you'll never flunk the college
boards, you'll pass 'em with an E!
Oh Yeah?

BROOKLINE LOSES 4TH CONSECUTIVE GAME TO RINDGE

(Continued from Page 1)

line but were unable to penetrate her defense.

Within the first two minutes of play, Rindge had swept down the field and after a long pass from Boyle to Wych and a few end runs, had already scored a touchdown. A pass for the extra point was incomplete. Then there started a kicking duel between Woodward and Sauraski, Rindge's full-back.

The final result of this left the ball in Rindge's possession on her own 27 yard line. On the first down, Jack Kelly managed the first of his intercepted passes.

Woodward then plunged through the line for eight yards. An end run gave us a first down on the twenty-five yard mark. Two of these effective short passes, one from Ben Hootstein to Woodward, the other to Woleck, left the Red and Blue under the shadow of Rindge's goal posts. Hootstein scored the tying touchdown by another end-run.

After Brookline had again kicked off far into Rindge's territory, Jack Kelly once more intercepted a pass. On her third down, Brookline kicked to the eleven yard stripe; Rindge fumbled and we recovered on the ten yard line but we were penalized to the fifteen on the next down. A pass to Woleck gained seven yards. Rindge received a five yard penalty leaving us within easy striking distance of the goal, but the two line bucks could not break through Rindge's line so she received the ball on downs. Immediately the ball was kicked out of danger. The half ended with both teams in midfield. The beginning of the third quarter was rather dull and had few thrills both teams continued to kick well and both lines were fairly strong However, near the finish of this period, Boyle, who seemed to be our nemesis received a kick, dodged and twisted his way for thirty yards, finally stopped on our ten-yard line. In the final period, Brookline kicked to the thirty yard mark. Rindge ran it back to the twenty. From there, by four rushes, Gilgun carried the ball over for Rindge's second touchdown. The kick for the extra point was blocked.

Brookline began to march up the field but Boyle intercepted a pass and made another thirty-yard run which put Rindge on the Red and Blue's 35 yard line. Two more plays, and Gilgun had again crossed the goal-line. A completed pass brought the extra point.

At the very end of the game Hootstein intercepted a pass and sped for forty yards before being tackled. After Rindge had received the ball Fergurson tore through the line and blocked the kick, sending the ball into the hands of Taylor, who made the touchdown. Brookline had just enough time left to make a successful pass for the thirteenth point before the final whistle blew.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 6-0

(Continued from Page 1)

the last obstacle between him and a possible touchdown. The game itself was uninteresting from a grandstand point of view. What forward passes there were, were either incompleted or too short and netting too little a gain to warrant any comment. O'Keefe and Leahy were the principal ball-carriers for the Cambridge hopefuls, while Hootstein, Woodward, and McCone shared the honors for Brookline.

The second quarter began with what looked like a touchdown for Brookline. The team made a determined march down the field, until finally it was forced to kick because of a ten-yard loss following a bad pass from center.

The real fireworks began in the last part of the third quarter. Sivisher of Cambridge punted to Woodward on Boookline's twenty-nine yard line. Woodward ran the ball back to the forty-six, where, on the first down, a beautiful lateral pass was worked by Noonan and Hootstein. Hootstein carrying the ball thirty-two yards to the Cambridge twenty-four yard line, as the quarter ended.

The touchdown was scored early in the last quarter. Ferguson, receiving a lateral from Hootstein, heaved a pass to Kelly, who reached the six-yard line before he was downed. Then another lateral pass Kelly to Woodward, netted four yards, and two plays later Hootstein took the ball over for the touchdown on an off-tackle smash.

The rest of the game was similar to the first half, the two team see-sawing back and forth acros the field, although the desperate Cambridge gridmen used their trickiest plays. In the last quarter, Nisson starred for Brookline's line breaking up many of the Cambridge formations, and showing up well in the line.

The team appeared to better advantage in this game then they have in the past. In both defence and offence, their attack proved effective.

The lineups:

Brookline

Woleck (Ferguson)	l.e.
T. Kelly (Nisson)	l.t.
Goldman (Taylor)	l.g.
Nayor	c.
Goldin (Herman, Racheotes)	r.g.
Racheotes (Taylor)	r.t.
Cavanaugh (Levenson)	re.
Woodward	q.b.
Hootstein	l.h.b.
J. Kelly (Noonan)	r.h.b.
McCone (Finn)	f.b.

Touchdown, Hootstein

Cambridge

Sheehan (Galvin)	r.e.
Kendall	r.t.
Buckley	r.g.
Browning	c.
Seymourian	l.g.
Ross	l.t.
Miullo	l.e.
Reardon (McSweeney, D. Sivisher)	q.b.
Leahy	r.h.b.
Sivisher, W.	l.h.b.
O'Keefe	f.b.

BEN GREET PLAYS

(Continued from Page 1)

that it has been chosen by them will give the support it deserves. This is one of the most worthwhile and tremendous tasks over sponsored by B. H. S.; unanimous support to the cause is our share.

The ticket committee is composed of Mr. Jewett, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. Seamans, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Downing, Miss Spaulding is chairman

NO CASUALTIES REPORTED IN ARCHERY CLASSES

(Continued from Page 1)

classes. Practice for the advanced archers is held on Tuesday afternoons, and the beginners meet on Wednesdays in the quadrangle. This ancient sport has proved very popular among the girls, and the beginners have made much progress during the past two months.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

On October 23 the Brookline High Girls' Hockey team opened its season with Winchester High on Dean Road Field. This game resulted in a tie score 2-2. Both teams scored a goal in each half. Our team stood up well against the shifty Winchester players.

The summary follows:

Brookline

H. Dawson	RW
B. Greenleaf	RI
B. Richey (Captain)	CF
M. Stanford	LI
H. Collier	LW
R. Badaracco	RHB
G. Norris	CHB
A. Werner	LHB
M. Niland	RHB
A. Delano	LHB
M. Carroll	Goal

Winchester

M. Brown	RW
M. Kendrick	RI
M. Carr	CF
R. Wadleigh	LI
J. Nichols	LW
B. Locke	RHB
L. Carleton	CHB
C. Nichols	LHB
M. Cutter	RHB
B. Shaw	LFB

Score; Brookline 2,—Winchester 2.

Goals made by; Richey, Greenleaf, Kendrick and J. Nichols.

In the second game of the year, the team defeated Waltham at Waltham. Betty Richey and Marion Stanford delivered the goods for Brookline, each of them scoring a goal.

In the second half Waltham held our fast-delivering line and the game ended in a victory for Brookline.

Final Score—Brookline 2—Waltham 0.

"BID ME DISCOURSE, I WILL ENCHANT THINE EAR."

The teachers hastened to and fro, with
scared and anxious mien,
The Court of Justice met in vain, the
Chief was rarely seen,
The marshals were despondent, for
Munroe McClellen Scott
Could never find his study room, he
constantly forgot.

They sent him to Detention, there to
force it on his mind;
They tried to help him recollect by
being firm and kind;
It was no use, he'd study hard and
try with might and main
To learn the rooms, but futilely, he
soon got lost again.

They went to Mr. Hollingsworth,
they went to Mr. Case,
To see if they'd a formula to help
him find his place;
Those two considered night and day,
and finally developed
Log x1-4 N H O 3 and said, "Your
problem's solved."

So, eagerly they pounced on it, and
quickly brewed a phial
Of hissing, bubbling, viscous mead, of
yellow hue and vile,
And then they summoned M. M. Scot,
and offered him a cup,
"It's wonderful for memories, so hurry,
drink it up."

He drank. A shudder quickly passed
throughout his waiting frame. . . . .
His memory began to dawn, his face
was all aflame
With sudden joy To Mr. Case he said,
with wondering air,
"Why, you have changed considerably,
I thought you'd curly hair!'

And Mr. Case, quite stupefied, replied
in startled tone,
"It's not been in the family since
eighteen forty-one."
The company was horrified. Then
Miss McGuire said "Oh!"
"You've mixed the dose too strong;
he thinks it's 80 years ago!"

Such was the case. McClellan Scott
disclosed in accents low,
How Mr. Kepner's young great-aunt
once let her ankle show!
And how Miss Pease's grandmama had
had a fainting shock
Because her child had stayed out late—
in fact, 'till EIGHT o'clock!

These ghastly revelations made the
teachers soon decide
That come what might McClellan
Scott must know they had some
pride,
And so they called a meeting and de-
termined then and there
That Scott must have another dose,
for it was only fair.

Accordingly they met again, and mixed
another brew,
This time 'twas smooth and rippleless
and of an inky hue,
Administered the antidote. They heard
a muffled roar. . . .
And when the smoke had cleared away
they saw Munroe no more

If there's a moral to this tale, I bid
you find it, do
Perhaps it's that it is not wise to
drink N H O brew,
But this advice: whate'er you do,
please strive at any cost
To know your study rooms by heart
and please
DO
NOT
GET
LOST!

SOPHOMORE—FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The Sophomores will welcome the Freshmen into the High School with a short entertainment on the afternoon of November 15th in the auditorium. The program will follow to some extent the plan of the Senior Social.

Ice cream will be served in the lunchroom and dancing will follow. Come, and get acquainted with these boys and girls, and the Sophomores!

The chairmen of the committees are: Head chairman of Social, Sophomore president, Robert Hall; entertainment committee, chairman, Hodee Waldstein, assisted by Miriam Hurwitz, Miss Nickerson and Mr. Newsom; dance, Stanley Cohen with ten assistants; decorations, Jane Miller; refreshments; Carola Nasmyth, assisted by Ben Sheinwald.

Miss Vanacore and Mr. Newmeister, ushers, Franklin Fox, assisted by the Sophomore marshals; invitations, Mary Clark; orchestra Sam Price or Alfred Levine.

The assembly of October 29 concerned the installation of the marshals. The first speaker of the day, Mr. Packard, vice-president of the Teacher-Student Council, told of the functions of the three ruling bodies of the school: the Teacher-Student Council, the Court of Justice, and the Marshals. The next address was delivered by Paul Meade, a former captain of marshals, who said that he considered that Brookline High School has the most efficient and democratic system of self-government of all the Greater Boston Schools he has visited. Mr. Akers introduced the Chief Justice of the Court of Justice, John Hyland, and its members; then the president of the Teacher-Student Council, Alice Werner, and the members of that organization. He added a good word for the marshals, to the effect that their positions were not merely honorary but of greatest responsibility and authority. He concluded by having the marshals, who were seated on the stage, stand up.

PRESTO!

Magician; And now, ladies and gentlemen, the next is the most spectacular of all my repertoire. In this feat, I make a human being dissolve into a puff of smoke and vanish before your eyes. Completely off the earth does the body journey to spend some time among the spirits. Is there anyone in the audience who would like to submit himself to this experience?

Male Voice. Can you wait a couple of minutes while I go get my mother-in-law?

Brown Jug

HONORARY SOCIETY INITIATES NEW MEMBERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Ethel Agoos

Scholarship	12 1-2
Activities	2
Total	14 1-2

Barbara Burt

Scholarship	7 3-8
Activities	2
Total	9 3-8

Alice Dawson

Scholarship	9 3-4
Activities	4
Total	13 3-4

Edna Friedman

Scholarship	10 3-4
Activities	3 1-2
Total	14 1-4

Miriam Naigles

Schoarship	9 5-8
Activities	2
Total	11 5-8

Helen Shooshan

Scholarship	4 1-4
Activities	2
Total	6 1-4

Blanche Taylor

Scholarship	5 3-4
Activities	2 1-2
Total	8 1-4

Elizabeth Miller

Scholarship	3 1-4
Activities	2 3-4
Total	6

GIRLS HIKING CLUB ROASTS HOT DOGS ON STICKS

The girls' Hiking Club has held three hikes under the supervision of Miss Johns and Miss Haskell. The first was taken on September 26. The girls followed a route through the Fenway. On the way they picked up long sticks with which they roasted "hot dogs" at their destination.

The next hike was on October 3 to Franklin Park. The members alternately rode and walked because the distance was a little too lengthy. At the park they saw all that was to be seen.

The following Thursday the party again visited the Durant. This time for a bacon and marshmallow roast.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

On Nov. 1 the Juniors presented in the lunchroom a mock circus for the Girls' League. It opened with a parade of the participants in the circus. Then the doors of the side show were opened. Wild animals were revealed in one corner, a tiger, a bear, and a lion in the other corners. In the main show there were musicians, a clown, a hose-race, a clown-act, a tight-rope walker, and a thrilling bull fight. Fortunes were told and pink lemonade was sold. Some girls cut for pennies in the flour tray; some were lucky enough to receive apples for bobbing. All enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.

SOME MORE SCINTILLATING WIT

Boy Friend (at sorority house): How many controls are there on that radio set?

Inmate of S. H.: Eleven—ten girls and the house mother.

—State Lion

* * * * *

"Yes," said the hard hearted father, "I'll take her back."

So they passed his plate and grandfather gave him the last piece of chicken.

—Rice Owl

* * * * *

"Just fancy bricklayers getting sixteen dollars a day! My goodness, it makes me furious when I think how hard my grandfather had to work for our money!"

—Goblin

* * * * *

A Negro was inspecting a friend's horse.

"You say dat hawse is lazy?"

"Lazy? Man—looka dat fly on his nose. Pesters him consid'able, but he's waitin' till dey's two or three befo' he bothehs 'bout sneezin' 'em off."

—Stanford Chaparral

* * * * * *

Harry: Why did you quit working for Smith?

Bill: He did something I didn't like very well.

Harry: What was it?

Bill: Fired me.

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus

* * * * *

"I'd like to buy a can opener."

"For what size kitchenette?"

* * * * *

It isn't because it's cheaper that so many people eat in cafeterias. It's because it's more home-like. You have to wait on yourself.

—Pitt Panther

* * * * *

"My idea of a cheapskate is a guy who'd reverse the charges in a long distance call to the poorhouse," said Oswald, as he stuffed another cigarette stub in his hod.

—Stanford Chaparral

* * * * *

"What are you doin'?"

"Measuring you for a coffin."

"But I'm not dead."

"Shut up! Do you want to make a fool outa the doctor?"

—Lehigh Burr

* * * * *

Some Horse

"Don't be afraid of him. He's as gentle as a woman!"

"Er-thanks. I guess I won't ride this morning."

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

* * * * *

"Has Harry traveled much?"

"Has he! He's been to half the places on his suitcase labels."

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVI NOVEMBER 8, 1929 NO. 3

MEASURING YOUR INTELLIGENCE

Admittedly, intelligence is the first essential to success. However we define it or aspire to it, success is certainly something to be attained scientifically, through the practical study and application of the new knowledge made available in the various departments of modern science. This applies to every line of work, in business no less than in the professions and arts. If one possesses the intelligence to utilize the vast store of practical information available for the execution of any task, success in any chosen line of work is virtually assured from the outset.

Therefore, the preparation of the business of life to-day begins with the measurement of intelligence and aims at its futher development. Modern psychology has given us a series of scientific intelligence tests which, when properly applied, reveal the calibre of one's mental faculties.

All of the test-scales in use to-day are based on a series of questions to be answered, or directions to be followed, or things to be learned, or intellectual tasks of some sort to be performed. The results of such tests are sometimes expressed in an "intelligence quotient" (12) which is the ratio of the chronological age of the subject and the mental age revealed by the test.

The intelligence test reveals the stage of mental development, the agility of the mind and its receptivity to new knowledge, and in this manner the intelligence test provides the modern employer with the means of scientifically determining vocational fitness.

In fine, to-day, scientifically organized knowledge places us in control of the new conditions in business and professional fields. We require only the intelligence to apply this knowledge to the circumstances of our own career to complete our equipment for success in life.

THE HONORARY SOCIETY

When the Honorary Society was introduced to Brookline High, we were the only high school which had such an institution. Today is has been copied by high schools all over the United States.

Since its founding in 1916, membership in the Honorary Society has been recognized as the Highest possible honor attainable in this school. When it was first started, an attempt was made to base it on excellence in scholarship alone thus making it correspond to Phi Beta Kappa. It was finally decided, however, to make participation in extra-curricular activities a qualification for membership. This was to make the Honorary Society truly representatives of the leaders of the school. This is as it should be, for its name, Alpha Pi, means "Excellence and Leadership" Also, participation in the various activities implies giving as well as taking. Therefore membership in this society is a proof of both scholastic attainment and school loyalty.

Alpha Pi may almost be called a barometer of the school's general spirit, because its size determines the number of students who are giving their best towards the success of the school. Alpha Pi should be the aim of every student in school.

The Sagamore extends its deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the late ELIZABETH McCAHON, a member of the class of 1933.

SAG. ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

Owing to a mistake, the Library Lines were omitted from the last two numbers of the Sagamore but they will be in every issue from now on. We take this opportunity to welcome you to the Library, and to remind you that you'll find it an ever-present help with all school work.

We also welcome Miss McIntosh of Savannah, Georgia, who is to be our assistant librarian this year.

Many of you will be interested to know that Miss Strout, who was assistant two years ago, is now head of the Braintree High School Library.

The Library Staff has been organized and officers elected. The chairman is Helen Dawson and the secretary-treasurer is Marjorie King. The executive committee is composed of the two officers and Anne Martin, who was Chairman last year.

Are you familiar with Case 4 at the Main Library? There you can find all types of books for book-reports. You will find marked on the pocket of each book, which class of books it is—such as biography, fiction, etc.

Would you like some book plates? Then see Mrs. Siebens at once, for she has a supply that has been sent to her by the Stokes Publishing Company.

Remember Book Week—November 17th—28th!

The New Books are

Hinkle, "Black Storm: a Horse of the Kansas Hills."

Firkins Index to Short Stories Supplement.

Gregory "Africa" a geographical reader.

Mauble "American Playwrights of Today".

Leter "One Hundred Narrative" Poems."

Huntington "Asia". Another geographical reader.

Brown "Supplement 1926-28 to Standard Catalogue for High School Libraries."

Massingham "The Golden Age". The Story of Human Nature.

"Dodge" Fifty Little Businesses for Women. This ought to be interesting for those girls who are undecided as to future careers.

Woman's Occupational Bureau, Minneapolis Minn. "Opportunities for Women Trained in Home Economics."

Neihardt "The Song of Three Friends"

EXCHANGES

The Sagamore wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers and magazines:

The Herald, Holyoke High School
The Huntington Record, Huntington School
The Anel, Atherton High School
Star of the North, Virginia, Minnesota
The Echo, Winthrop Mass.
The Record, Worcester, Mass.
The Distaff, Girls' High School
The Bell, Padicola, Kentucky

LITTLE SISTERS

There are many! All are annoying, but some are positively obnoxious. Perhaps the worst is the girl friend's little sister, who slides into the living room just as you are settling down for a quiet evening. She sits in the chair opposite, where she can observe every move. "Now sister, you come over and shake hands with Roger and then run along to bed and sister'll give you a nice piece of candy in the morning."

She shakes hands all right; she's evidently just been struggling with a particularly sticky piece of candy and your hand feels as if it had been dipped in glue. She is not to be placated, however, by a promise of candy. After five minutes of embarrassing silence, during which little sister stares right in your face; she resumes her sentry post opposite. The girl friend tries some more promises, but little sister seems to believe that promises are made only to be broken—she's probably had experience. You then try your hand at promises. "I'll take you to the game tomorrow with sister if you'll run along to bed now." She doesn't trust you either. You dig into your pocket to try pennies as a final resort. She doesn't like small change and you'll be damned if you'll give her a nickel so you and the girl friend go riding—on a very cold night in a very open roadster.

ALUMNI NOTES

Virginia Seavey, Betty Lee, Judith Thurman and Margaret Swartout are at Radcliffe.

At Wheaton College, Eleanor Goodspeed and Elizabeth Brigham are among the freshmen.

Florence Buxton and Evelyn Wright are at Miss Erskine's Secretarial School

Doris King and Margaret Lowel are at the Chandler Secretarial School.

Barbara Strong is at LaSalle.

Grace O'Mara and Claire Wharton are at the Boston Clerical School.

Beatrice Finn is at Boston University.

Martha Hardy, '28 is a sophomore at Mount Holyoke, transferring from the Colby School at which she was a student last year.

"Can you spell Homicide?"
"I can make a stab at it."
Texas Ranger

"Is he flat footed? Why, that boy could wax floors with his feet and never miss a spot. "
Hamilton Royal Gaboon

"I hear that you acted in this last talkie."
"Yes, I was the approaching footsteps." Stanford Chaparral

Indignant Man (who has leaned against a fence) Why don't you put "Wet Paint" on that rail
Painter: I just did.
U. of S. Calif. Wampus

"Have you ever taken Latin?
"I have"
"What's the word for wine?"
Vinum."
"Will you decline it?"
"Not by a long shot."
Penn State Froth

R Colyum

Last week's column was cut in half and in this case, we were told half a loaf was worse than none.

* * * *

In all the arguments for shortening the hours of labor, we hear no mentioning of school.

* * * *

Do you know why Charlie Nayor comes charging out like a roaring lion at the beginning of the second half?

* * * *

It was not conceit but exuberant optimism which moved the scrubs to start one of their recent games with only ten men.

* * * *

The chap who wrote Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, and many other famous volumes is not the same Waltar Scott who attends this noble institution.

* * * *

And still speaking in a literary strain, the writer of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" was probably inspired by Doug Snider.

* * * *

We wonder whether Eleaner Thomas leads with her left or right.

* * * *

According to the seer of room 320, Burkhardt is becoming senile and decrepit. Which may or may not account for any discrepancies in this publication.

* * * *

A concrete example of the influence of the press upon the gentle readers is the fact that Mr. Harbour is flunking three girls this month. We hope we receive no letters of protest.

* * * *

We were reminded of Daniel Boone when we saw Ethel Feinsilver wearing coon tails the other day.

* * * *

Mayor Bauer should see some of the statuary that graces the corridors of our fair alma mater.

* * * *

We wonder what was on the tornout pages of some of the magazines to be found in the school library.

* * * *

Following the example of Julius Roenwald and other great industrialists, the SAGAMORE has prepared itself to underwrite the accounts of the teachers should there be a reoccurence of the recent break in the stock market.

* * * *

This should make all our subscribers feel proud, for it is the unwavering support of the student body which has elevated this periodical to its present lofty position in the journalistic firmament.

Freshmen boys interested in trying out for Managing Editor of the Sagamore, report in Room B2 at 2:00 Tuesday.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

WESLEY'S LUCK TAKES A TURN

"—Now get out!" The harassed little president of the Kalb Life Insurance Co. evidently meant all his tone implied, and Leslie Brooks, jobseeker, wearily picked up his hat and left the office without further words. As he walked along the busy thoroughfares, his mind dwelt on the three previous experiences of the morning. Everywhere it had been the same thing, "Nope. Job's taken." All the possible advertisements had been answered, from that of bus-boy in a dingy one-arm lunch to secretary in one of the wealthiest insurance companies, and to his chagrin all had been occupied for the past three days.

"They might at least discontinue their ad.," he reflected bitterly, "and not disappoint a fellow so. It's beastly unfair." Although a confirmed pessimist, Leslie's steadfast cynicism had been somewhat shaken by the events of the past week. Having lost every cent on "also-rans", he had borrowed a little money from a sympathetic friend and hopefully bought a ticket to Oregon, with a vague idea of finding a jewel or metal mine, for his knowledge of western geography was pitiably meager, being confined to a few half-forgotten facts learned in his high school days. On his arrival in Oregon, he had had the good luck to secure the position of private secretary to a benevolent and welthy old gentleman, but the old gentleman had been suddenly called east, and had sweetly closed his house and left Leslie stranded with five dollars cash, no place to sleep, and a letter of recommendation which had been worse than useless. On sudden impulse he drew it from his pocket and tore it up, abstractedly watching the white fragments as they fluttered to the ground. His thoughts turned to "Madame X", a clairvoyante in his home-town, who had foreseen for him impending change of fortune, to result in his leaving home, for somewhere "Far, far west . . . ." It dawned on him that the prophecy had come true, and although far from superstitious, he was rather puzzled at the strange coincidence. His going to a fortune-teller had not been strange in itself, however, for it had been one of his weaknesses at

(Continued on Page 6)

CAUGHT

Mr. Simpson walked jauntily down the street, with a carefree stride and hummed happily to himself—he was not yet in sight of home—and hoped that Mrs. Simpson slept soundly. It had been a glorious evening; for days he had planned for that evening of perfect freedom, carefully preparing the mind of Mrs. Simpson as the farseeing gardner prepares the soil for the crop he wishes to produce.

After several days of lamentation over the accumulation of work at the office, work that urgently demanded his attention, today, when he called up to tell her he really must stay, the effects of that careful culture were in evidence. His astounded ears, burning with the shame of a guilty conscience, heard words of sympathy, instead of the barrage of suspicious questions with which they expected to be assaulted. It was plain that Mrs. Simpson did not read the sporting section of the daily papers.

Other cause had he, too, for jubilation; the evening had paid for its amusement. His partner, Harry Stearns, did not have that fine eye for the merits of rival boxers that Mr. Simpson possessed, and a pleasing amount of unearned increment reposed in Mr. Simpson's pocket to add to the joy of the occasion.

Reaching his own front door, Mr. Simpson moved with an ease and quietness that would have drawn to himself the approving eye of ony member of the Housebreaker's Union, and a far off policeman, viewing him muttered, "Huh, another late one getting in. Wonder what's his alibi."

He carefully fitted the key, and stepped in warily, avoiding the accumulation of furniture that appeared to have got into the hall for his special benefit, and located the stairway. That, at least, was in the usual place. Should he have a light? Why disturb Mrs. Simpson? She would certainly get up if she saw a light and she would ask questions, and in his present expansive mood there was a chance that he might make a slip of the tongue. Better not risk it Quiet, silence, and a speedy retreat to bed was the safer way

(Continued on Page 7)

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.

of

BROOKLINE

Gratis

Did you ever see Elsa Cohen attempting to exert her superiority complex? Watch for it sometime!

* * * * * *

We gave Hootstein all our attention in the Rindge game, in exchange for a thrill.—But it was worth it.

* * * * * *

In case you don't know it Erma Carp's nickname is "Wopsie."

* * * * * *

They say it's impossible for faces to stop traffic, but we deny it. If you believe it can't be done, look outside the art room and be convinced.

* * * * * *

Tom Ducey has more poise than anyone in his class. At least he knows how to walk out of a classroom gracefully after being ordered out.

* * * * * *

Can anyone tell us where Florence Coen gets her puppyish instincts? We say "puppyish," because she's always saying "bow-bow" in the halls.

* * * * * *

Dumb animals now have the benefit of higher learning. Miss Gambrill lets her dog come to school with her, and it's rumored that Miss Poland is harboring a cat.

* * * * * *

Judging from the way he plays at assemblies, Bobby Hall may some day be another Joe Donohue.

* * * * * *

Miss Liden may be a mathematician, but she nevertheless indulges in biological expressions, such as "Do you vegetate like a cabbage?"

* * * * * *

If you see any students with newspapers in their hands, don't get the impression that they're looking for more knowledge.—They're just keeping track of their father's stock's.

* * * * * *

Mr. McGinnis now holds the record of being the only man to ever attempt to crash the gate at a Girls' League party, and meet with success.

* * * * * *

Before the Mock Circus last Friday we never realized that Brookline High School cherished so many freaks.

* * * * * *

"Yo-Yos" seem to be the latest form of amusement for the students.—And Mr. Woodlock is taking up a collection of them himself.

* * * * * *

Now that the Senior committees have been chosen, the only thing left to wonder about is who the Class Day officers and highlights will be.

* * * * * *

The "Circular Letter" is so famous that it's even gone down in History. If you doubt it look in Forman's American History, Chapter XIII!

Plebe: Do you make life size enlargements from snapshots?

Photographer: That's our specialty.

Plebe: Fine, here's a picture I took of the Grand Canyon.

—Annapolis Log

Then there was the modest old maid who wouldn't undress with the Christian Observer in the room.

—Orange Peel.

* * * *

Willie: Pa, give me some money.

Father: Why do you want some money, son?

Willie: Well, s'pose a robber was to hold me up and say, "Your money or your life," and I hadn't any!

—Colgate Banter.

* * * *

"Did Harry insult you by offering you a drink?"

"He did."

"And what did you do?"

"Being his friend, I could not retaliate, so I swallowed the insult."

—Bucaneer

WESLEY'S LUCK TAKES A TURN

(Continued from Page 5)

home, to have his palm read by scores of experts; to frequent phrenologists, and to buy up bales of horoscopes for his particular month, which was June. Never before had a seeress guessed his immediate future so accurateley, however, and he was slightly awed.

"Oh, rot", he said to himself finally, "she just happened to think I was, well, not exactly opulent then. And she probably heard Bill ask for that ten dollars loan back. Most of these Italian sibyls, with earrings, and magic emblems, and all the rest, are fakes." Suddenly, looking up he saw that he had wandered into the heart of the city unknowingly, and was evidently lost in a quarter entirely foreign to him. Looking about for the name of some familiar street, he felt a touch at his elbow, and an old crone, garbed in the most peculiar dress, with tiny figures embroidered all over it, stood there, holding out her hand mutely, Feeling in his pockets. Leslie presently brought forth a battered quarter, but this was apparently not what she wanted, for she shook her head vigorously, setting the massive earrings to tinkling.

"No, signor; your han'," she quavered. Then as the bewildered Leslie continued to stare at her, she broke into a rapid stream of Italian, punctuated here and there with a few words of English, the most coherent of which sounded like," Tella yoong mans fortune. Read stars, tella t'ings happen." Hesitatingly, Leslie gave her his palm, and as she gazed into first the right hand, then the left, she waxed more and more voluble. It meant little or nothing to Leslie, since the greater part of her croonings were in Italian, but he heard, "Great t'ing it come for you. You need it, eh! Ah, yes'. I see so clear! Nita always see. You digga; yes, digga. Oh, such ver' big stone! Yes, yes, it all clear now." But it was indeed a sad muddle to Leslie, who listened eagerly for any sound that would clear it up. It was in vain, however, for after a few more gurgles of "star-language", she released his hands, and all his pleading in the plainest English elicited nothing more than a cold stare from the woman, who suddenly turned and fled. Wrapped in consideration of the strange happening, he continued to walk dreamily onward, and soon found himself at the mouth of a large subway. From force of habit and not noticing the sign on the car, he boarded a trolley, and was sharply awakeden from his subconscious mood when he found himself pushed from the crowded vehicle onto a lonely and totally foreign road. With a start he attempted to pull himself together and get on again, but it was to late, and so the brilliantly lighted car slid along the rails into the distance he felt that hope had deserted him, for some inconceivable reason, since he had gotten on the car purely by accident. However, there was nothing better to do than wait for a car from the opposite direction, and so, turning up his collar, for the night was raw, he sheltered himself behind a tree and half closed his eyes. Soon he was dreaming vague, troubled dreams; Someone with earrings that tinkled was calling to him in Italian, and impatiently telling him to dig. While (in the dreams) he reminded himself of the odd fortune-teller he had seen in the city, the Figure led the way to a big white stone, and was just unearthing a glittery something when it turned and said "Nah, then, if you're waintin' for this car hustle on, I can't wait all night for you to wake up." He awoke to find a conductor shaking him by the arm impatiently, and got in with the confused idea that the Someone would appear presently with what had been concealed under the stone, so vivid was the dream. He was disappointed too, when he really collected his senses, that the dream had had to end so abruptly; he might at least seen what there was. He finally arrived at his boarding house, and slept heavily and soundly all night. The next morning, however, his failure to find a job struck him heavily. His landlady irately turned him out, as a result of his turning away with soft words a demand for two weeks' rent, and he went breakfastless to the park and wandered there disconsolately, seeking vainly for a means of preventing, well, starvation was an ugly. . . . On a fruitless quest through his pockets he brought forth a horoscope, one of the recent that he had bought before leaving, and as he was

"Jack, dear, do you really love me?"

"Well—here's my check book—count up the stubs."

—Bean Pot

* * * *

First Guy—This little book tells you how to become popular with the girls.

Second Guy—What style car does it recommend? —Bean Pot

* * * *

She: So you've seen me on the stage? What was I in at the time?

He: Three feathers and a string of beads.

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about to throw it way disgustedly, he remembered the words of the seeress. "Great t'ings come for you." He reflected grmly that it had better hurry or it would find an interesting corpse; but almost leaped off the bench when he saw his problem solved. That stone he had seen when he was waiting for the trolley! It must have been what the sorceress meant! And that dream too! In his eagerness to get to the place he almost fell over his own feet, and soon he discovered it in a waste field adjoining the park. In his implicit faith in the riches beneath he seized a rusty shovel nearby, and fell feverishly to work, never noticing the silent figure that had come up behind him, and was watching closely. . . . .

"Yis", said Sergeant O'Connor to Anna, ruler of the servants' domicile at the Hale place, "funny thing what happened t'is mornin' I sees this bum jump off ta bench and beat it over ta t'is place. Course I follered him, and whaddya tink he did? He starts diggin! (Pass the doughnuts, Anna me love.) An' guess what! It was that big stone Mr. Hale importid from Nevada a wake ago, that he had whitewashed and fixed as a landmark! Honest, that guy was crazy! He tells the Judge he dreampt there was gold under it, but the Judge gave him fifty days. Disturbin' private property, or somethin'. Boy, you shoulda heard him cuss! As near as I can make out it was about fortin' tellers—whatever that is. Say, you don't want that cake. do ya now?"

Leslie's luck had certainly turned—sour.

CAUGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

And so to bed, with only one thing to mar the joy of this otherwise perfect day, Why had Harry Stearns payed him so cheerfully and smiled so widely as he did so? Losers didn't generally act that way;; something queer about it, and, pondering that point, Mr Simpson drifted off to the harbor of dreams.

Somehow, through his dreams, a feeling came to Mr. Simpson that all was not well with the world. Was it machine-guns he was hearing? Or was he in the lobby of some vast hotel and was someone paging him? What was it he heard?

"William Henry Simpson, William Henry Simpson," a cold, hard voice intoned. Mr. Simpson shuddered, he was awake, 'twas morning, and the voice was the voice of Eva, his wife, and, as shivers chased each other up and down his spine, he felt there was something very definitely wrong with the world, from his wife's viewpoint, and he was going to be enlightened far sooner and much more thoroughly than he wished to be.

"William Henry Simpson," once more the voice intoned, and Mr. Simpson arose and stepped to the door, and opened it a trifle, as if he hoped that the bad news might seep in slowly and gently, and spoke, "Yes m'dear, what is it?"

"Will you kindly step out here?" and Mr. Simpson stepped out, burying his bare toes in the rug, for the frosty glance of Eva brought a chill to the air.

Did you, or did you not, call me up yesterday, to say that you were to work late?" asked the voice of ice.

"Why certainly," answered Mr. Simpson, feeling certain of nothing except that something was wrong.

"Come here, then," said she, and led the way to the head of the stairway, while, behind her, Mr. Simpson hopped from one to another of the too sparsely scattered rugs, and decided that a new hall runner was necessary.

"Explain these, if you can," demanded the frozen lady, as she pointed down the stairs with a gesture Siddons would have envied, and Mr. Simpson, peering over the railing, saw two small insignificant ticket stubs that must have fallen from his coat pocket, though why they should have been in any pockets of his was an utter mys-

(Continued on Page 8)

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After a terrible train wreck, the professor, a passenger, telegraphed a friend: "Escaped uninjured break it to my wife."

Virgina Reel

* * * *

Mr. Henpeck: Doctor, my wife's dislocated her jaw. If you're passing out our way sometime next week or the week after, you might drop in and see her.

Washington Dirge

* * * *

She: I suppose you are on the football team?

He (proudly). Well yes; I do the aerial work.

She: What is that?

He: I blow up the footballs.

Lafayette Lyre

* * * *

"My, Johnny got bunged up at the last football game. He broke an arm wrenched his shoulder, not to mention the bruises."

"But I didn't know he played football."

"He doesn't He got into the wrong rooting section."

Pomona Sagehen

* * *

"Saved by the bell," sighed the heavyweight, as he walked out of class.

Orange Peel

* * *

Senior: What is it that lives in a stall, eats oats and can see equally well at both ends?

End Man: By me.

Senior. A blind horse.

Colby White Mule

* * * * *

Then there was the Scotchman who bought the car because the clutch was thrown in.

Boston Beanpot

* * * * * *

William: How did you break your leg?

Bill: I threw a cigarette in a manhole, and stepped on it.

Colgate Banter

* * * * * *

"I've just become engaged to an Irishman.

"Oh! Really?"

"No O'Reilly."

Amherst Lord Jeff

One day a tramp was walking down the street. As he passed the window of a baggage company, he noticed that they had a sale on trunks. One of the large trunks had a sign on it which read, "This Size for One Hundred Dollars." The tramp replied, "So do I."

Tennessee Mugwump

Booster: She's a wonderful skater. She can write her name on the ice.

Creditor: I wish she would write it on a check.

Pitt Panther

"Is your roomate absent minded?"

"Absent minded? Why, man, he'll go to the post office to mail a letter he hasen't even written."

Notre Dame Juggler

Exasperated Autoist to Garage Mechanic: I say, buddy, do you have something to stop knocking?

G. M. Certainly.

E. A. Well, will you kindly pour about a gallon of it down my wife's throat?

Black & Bluejay

Player. That makes the match two sets apiece. Shall we play the fifth set now?

Exhausted Opponent: Look, here; can't we settle this thing out of court?

Irate Theatre Goer: Usher, usher, I can't find anything about the play in in this program.

Condescending Usher: Sorry, sir, but we had to make room for two new ads.

Standford Chaparral

CAUGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

tery to him. Stearns had had the tickets, not he.

"Explain," he heard again, and he recalled the cheerful grin of Harry Stearns, and knew the cause of that leper's glee. Stearns was a bachelor, freedom was his, but Mr. Simpson, silent, gazed sadly before him into a long vista of nice quiet evenings at home, doing the things his wife thought he ought to like to do, reading the books his wife picked out for him, and the sadness of that future held him silent.

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"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 4 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 27, 1929 TEN CENTS

TEAMS READY FOR ANNUAL BATTLE

CLOSE FIGHT EXPECTED BY NEWTONITES

NEWTON HAS BAD SEASON

Strong Line Well Backed By Elrod and Furdon

Another Thanksgiving Day is near, and with the thought of the annual turkey dinner there comes to Newton and Brookline high school students the prospect of the clash of their football elevens. Newton has not rolled up an impressive record during the season; but, when the Red and Blue meets the Orange and Black, the fur is bound to fly. Before the final whistle of the game the fans are going to realize that they are witnessing a real football game. Newton has been on the long end of the tally only once this season, but every contest has been a bruiser.

The Garden City line has distinguished itself all season. Butler and McCarthy are likely to be the starting ends. Butler is a newcomer who stands nearly 6'4". McCarthy is a seasoned veteran, and to sweep his end will be a real task. At the tackles, Linberg and Kenslea hold sway, with Frechette and Hamilton ready to fill in if necessary. Linberg is a big 170 pounder who has been one of the line's mainstays. "Ed" Moore is at one of the guard positions, and little Art Boughan holds down the other. Although Boughan weighs in at the bottom of the scale, he will be a hard nut for the heavy Brookline frontier to crack. At center Fred Shipper, this year's acting captain, has played a fine game without a substitution.

In the backfield, the real shining lights are Elrod and Furden. These two have borne the brunt of the ball carrying, with Elrod doing the kicking. Furden does a mansized job backing up the line, and is the best line plunger on the squad. Layton and Strombom are the quarterbacks, with Layton likely to answer the starting signal. The other backs are Norton, Shorten, and Litchfield, all of whom have shown up well this year and are sure to see service against the Red and Blue.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL 1929 GRID SQUAD

No	Name	Position	Age	Height	Weight	Class
2	I. Nisson	tackle	16	5'6½"	175	'30
3	T. Larkin	back	17	5'10"	160	'30
4	J. Kelly	back	17	5'5"	155	'32
5	F. McCone	back	17	5'8"	136	'30
6	J. Woodward	back	18	5'6"	153	'30
7	B. Hootstein (capt.)	back	16	5'11'	165	'31
9	M. Herman	guard	16	5'11"	205	'30
10	G. Racheotes	tackle	17	6'	175	'31
11	J. Goldin	guard	15	6'1"	185	'31
12	C. Nayor	center	16	6'2"	185	'31
13	H. Levenson	end	16	5'8"	148	'30
14	G. Ford	tackle	17	6'	160	'30
15	T. Noonan	back	16	5'10½"	154	'31
16	J. Ferguson	end	18	5'10"	140	'31
17	T Sliney	end	17	5'11"	160	'30
19	J. Taylor	guard	17	5'11"	168	'30
20	F. Cavanaugh	end	16	5'5"	123	'31
22	L. Wolek	end	17	5'8"	165	'31
23	C. Litman	back	15	6'	160	'31
24	P. Goldman	guard	17	5'11½"	172	'31
37	T. Kelly	tackle	15	6'1"	172	'31
43	D. Snyder	back	16	5'8½"	165	'31
	S. Lourie	center	14	5'9"	170	'32
	I. Finn	back	17	5'6½"	135	'30
	E. Sherrill	tackle	16	5'9"	156	'32
	H. McGrail	back	15	5'9"	147	'32

NEWTON SQUAD STATISTICS

No.	Names	Position	Height	Weight	Age	Class
N.	Appleyard	back	5'10"	152	16	'31
R.	Bankart	end	5'10"	155	16	'31
F.	Barba	end	5'10"	165	17	'31
D.	Bosworth	end	6'0"	155	18	'30
A.	Boughan	guard	5'0"	128	18	'30
C.	Butler	end	6'3½"	170	15	'31
J.	Colligen	tackle	6'1½"	180	16	'31
C.	McCarthy	center	5'10"	153	15	'31
J.	McCarthy	end	6'0"	163	18	'30
L.	Doten	back	5'9"	138	17	'30
P.	Elrod	back	6'0"	160	16	'31
J.	Frechette	tackle	5'9"	162	18	'30
H.	Furden	back	5'11"	155	17	'30
W.	Giles	tackle	6'1"	162	15	'31
W.	Gowell	guard	5'11"	160	17	'31
J.	Gulian	tackle	5'9"	143	16	'32
F.	McGourty	tackle	6'0"	172	18	'31
E.	Hamilton	guard	5'11"	160	17	'30
J.	Hodgkins	guard	6'0"	175	17	'31
F. W.	Kenslea	tackle	6'0"	150	19	'30
P.	Layton	back	5'10½"	132	16	'31
G.	Linberg	tackle	6'1"	170	17	'30
G.	Litchfield	back	5'10"	155	17	'31
E.	Moore	guard	5'7"	175	17	'30
R.	Nickerson	end	6'2"	152	17	'31
W.	Norton	back	5'9"	149	18	'30
F.	Perkins	end	5'11"	156	17	'32
F.	Schipper	certer	5'9"	150	18	'31
J.	Shorten	back	5'9"	138	17	'31
H.	Strombom	back	4'6"	130	17	'31

BROOKLINE PREPARED AFTER DISASTROUS SEASON

NEITHER TEAM FAVORED

Wolek and Taylor To Play; Woodward at Half Back

by Irving Wallace '30

After having suffered disastrous preliminary campaigns, Brookline and Newton, traditional rivals on the gridiron since 1894, meet in their annual turkey clash tomorrow morning at Brookline Field.

Neither team has been judged favorite, for their respective scores this year have been very similar. Each aggregation has won one Suburban League encounter and has been defeated on three occasions by teams in this circuit. The locals have also been slaughtered by Watertown and Boston College High, while the Orange and Black have been drubbed by Medford and Waltham by scores which were almost as large. However, a victory for either team will end the season in a blaze of glory and allow it to consider its season as successful. Therefore plenty of fireworks may be expected in the morning.

Photo by Charles Wolf

CAPTAIN BERNARD HOOTSTEIN

Brookline's full squad is 'rarin to go. Woleck and Taylor, two sorely-missed cripples, are back in action, and they vow they will make up for the games they were unable to play. Woleck is scheduled to start at left end and Newton is going to have a busy time with him if he is in shape. He is an ace both on the offense or

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE READY TO DEFEAT NEWTON

Line Unusually Heavy; Average 180 Pounds

(Continued from Page 1)

defense and is a sure bet under kicks. At the other wing Cavanaugh and Ferguson are deadlocked and it is very uncertain who will receive the call. Ferguson has played in more league encounters, but "Spanky" has seen more action in the last couple of battles. They are both small fellows who have plenty of grit. The under studies are Levenson and Sliney, a fine man on the receiving end of a pass.

The line from tackle to tackle is as heavy as any college squad, averaging just short of 180 pounds. Nayor at center, is the mainstay of the inner cordon, standing out on every play. Lourie, another pivot, has shown a fine brand of ball whenever he has gotten a chance. Taylor at left guard has earned reputation as a punt-blocker, while Goldman and Goldin, one of whom will start at the other guard post, are a hard-charging, fighting pair. The tackles will probably be Tom Kelly and George Racheotes. However, Irving Nisson as well as George Ford are not far behind them, and when they are put in as replacements the team will not lose any of its power.

Woodward Shifted to Half

Coach Fitzgerald has been doing much shifting in the back-field in the last couple of weeks in an effort to get a more effective combination. Woodward who has been playing quarter all year, has been placed at a half-back post. He is a very shifty runner and it is expected he will be of more use there. He also does the punting and has consistently averaged over 30 yards. Captain Hootstein will take care of the other half, and he is the threat Newton will have to watch carefully. Once he gets past an end it will be a long time before he is brought down. At quarter back, Jackie Kelly will probably get the call with Izzy Finn held in reserve. Jackie has displayed in a couple of games the form of an "Albie" Booth and if, tomorrow is his day it will be just too bad for the team from the Garden City.

Either McCone or Noonan will be at full. McCone is a defensive back who has made the rooters forget Harry Fink However, he is not so outstanding as a ball carrier and as a result, Noonan may receive the starting assignment. Litman, Snyder, and Larkin are other back-field reserves.

CHEER!

TEAM READY FOR ACTION

Photo by Charles Wolf

To row: Left to right: Coach Fitzgerald, Noonan, Larkin, Ford, Goldin, Nayor, Taylor, T. Kelly, Racheotes, Sliney, Wolek. Middle row: Litman, McGrail, Goldman, Graves, Capt. Hootstein, Sherrill, McCone, Ferguson. Seated: Kaufman, Levenson, Woodward, J. Kelly, Finn, Cahill,Cavanaugh, Lourie.

BROOKLINE WHIPPED BY SOMERVILLE 21-0

Team Overpowered By Strong Offense

Fighting gallantly to the last minute Brookline went down to defeat by Somerville on Armistice morning to the tune of 24-0.

In the first period Brookline started off with a bang. Somerville kicked off to Brookline's 30-yard line and the ball was rushed back to the 40 yard line. Hootstein plunged five yards, but Brookline could not advance further and kicked to Somerville's 30-yard line. Somerville gained one yard and tried a forward pass which was intercepted by Hootstein." Woodward made two yards on an off-tackle play and then "Jackie" Kelly broke through center for twenty yards. This placed Brookline in a threatening position, but on the next play Brookline's hopes were dashed for a pass by Hootstein was intercepted by Ryan of Somerville.

The scoring commenced in the second period when Nayor, Brookline center on last down made a bad pass over Woodward's head for a loss of thirty yards Somerville was given the ball on Brookline's 25-yard line and Escott, their chief ground-gaining ace, went over for the first touchdown on two successive wide end skirts. He failed to make the extra point.

After an exchange of punts following the kick-off, Cross, Somerville's center, recovered a Brookline fumble on the red and blue's 22-yard stripe. Once again only two plays were necessary to put over the score. Wells taking the ball each time. The try for the extra point again failed, an attempted pass being blocked by Nayor on Brookline's 25 yard line. Somerville failed to kick the goal, making the score 6-0. Then Somerville kicked off to Brookline's 20 yard line and Brookline rushed it back to their own 40 yard line. Hoot-

(Continued on Page 6)

TABULAR HISTORY OF BROOKLINE-NEWTON GAMES

Year	Winners	Score
1894	Brookline	6-0
1895	Brookline	22-0
1896	No game	
1897	No game	
1898	No game	
1899	Brookline	11-6
1900	Newton	15-6
1901	Newton	5-0
1902	Brookline	6-0
1903	Newton	18-0
1904	Newton	16-5
1905	Brookline	5-0
1906	Newton	12-6
1907	Newton	15-0
1908	Newton	4-0
1909	Newton	6-0
1910	Brookline	6-0
1911	Newton	3-0
1912	Brookline	10-0
1913	Newton	21-10
1914	Newton	33-0
1915	Tie	6-6
1916	Brookline	16-7
1917	Newton	44-0
1918	Newton	39-7
1919	Newton	34-0
1920	Newton	13-0
1921	Newton	12-0
1922	Tie	0-0
1923	Newton	16-13
1924	Tie	0-0
1925	Brookline	6-0
1926	Brookline	9-0
1927	Newton	3-0
1928	Newton	3-0

Newton 19 Wins
Brookline 10 Wins
Tie games, 3

Probable Starting Lineup

l.e.	Woleck
l.t.	Kelly or Ford
l.g.	Taylor
c.	Nayor
r.g.	Goldin or Goldman
r.t.	Nisson or Racheotes
r.e.	Cavanaugh or Ferguson
q.b.	J. Kelly or Finn
l.h.b.	Hootstein (capt)
r.h.b.	Woodward
f.b.	McCone or Noonan

HOW BROOKLINE HAS FARED THIS YEAR

Brookline 0	Lynn Classical 0
Boston English 13	Brookline 6
Watertown 20	Brookline 0
Everett 7	Brookline 0
Rindge Tech 19	Brookline 13
Brookline 6	Cambridge Latin 0
Somerville 24	Brookline 0
Boston College High 40	Brookline 0

NEWTON'S RECORD FOR THE SEASON

Newton 13	Cambridge High & Latin 6
Malden 19	Newton 0
Newton 6	Quincy 6
Newton 0	Everett 0
Medford 20	Newton 0
Somerville 14	Newton 6
Rindge 14	Newton 0
Waltham 26	Newton 6

Won 1 Lost 5 Tied 2.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS ATTEND LEAGUE TEA

The Senior members of The Girl's League gave a reception to the freshmen, new girls and their mothers on November 22. The purpose of this gathering was to introduce the mothers of the freshmen to their daughter's teachers and to make them acquainted with the activities of the school.

The program opened with an address of welcome by Betty Richey, president of the girl's league; followed by a few words by Mr. Akers. Noma Berlow, assignment editor of the Sagamore, spoke of its usefulness in the school life. Student government was touched upon by Eleanor Thomas and she explained the principal bodies of our government. Marion Stanford spoke about the branches of athletics open to girls in the school. Leona Moss told about the Honorary Society,

(Continued on Page 4)

BROOKLINE WELL COACHED

COACH FITZGERALD

whose team will battle Newton on Thanksgiving

SUBURBAN LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Points
Somerville	4	0	8
Everett	3	1	6
Rindge	3	1	6
Brookline	1	3	2
Newton	1	3	2
Cambridge Latiin	0	4	0

B.C. HIGH WHITEWASHES BROOKLINE

Score of 40-0; Worst Defeat In Season

On Saturday November 16 the undefeated, untied, and unscored upon Boston College High School team inflicted a humiliating defeat on the Red and Blue eleven. Every man of the Maroon and Gold team carried out his assignment to perfection and consequently large gains were made by the backs. Quarterback Cronin was the star of the game, with three touchdowns to his credit. Cowhig, Saffictti, and Ott scored one touchdown apiece; Harvey a tackle, netted four points by his perfect kicking. He failed to place the ball between the bars for the first time this year.

After the kick-off in the first quarter, Kelly ran the ball back to the twenty-five yard line. Brookline fumbled and B. C. recovered on our fifteen-yard line. The latter secured a first down on the seven-yard line and from there the ball was carried across the goal. A few minutes later Cronin carried the ball across again and after the place kick the score was 14-0. Nayor, of Brookline, kicked offside and on the second try sent the ball sixty yards behind the B. C. goal but they ran it back to the twenty and then to mid-field. While the second quarter was yet young, Cronin made another touchdown but the extra point was not scored. When Brookline had the ball in midfield, Cronin intercepted a pass and ran to the two-yard line. After three attempts the ball was put over and the kick was good. Art McManus put in his second team and they ran the score up to 33 points. Coach Fitzergerald started most of his second team in the third quarter, during which B. C. did not score. In fact Brookline threatened their goal after Cahill caught a long pass from Noonan; McManus had to put back his first string team. The St. James' boys scored their last touchdown in the fourth session against our second team making the final score 40-0. B. C. attempted a fifty-yard drop kick that barely failed. Jackie Kelly, of Brookline caught a twenty-yard forward pass just as the final whistle blew. Credit is due to Noonan and Cavanaugh for their performance.

The line-up

B. C. High		Brookline High
McCann, le.	(Levenson, Cahill)	Sliney
Harvey, lt.		T. Kelly
Burns, lg.		Goldin
Blanchard, c.		Nayor
Moran rg.		Goldman
Kelly (Capt.), rt.		Nisson
Walsh, re		Ferguson, Cavanaugh
Cronin, Morris, qb.		Noonan, Woodward
Stapleton, lhb.		Kaufman, Hootstein
Saffretti, rbh.		J. Kelly
Ott, fb.		McGrail, McCone

TO LEAD NEWTON TOMORROW

Courtesy Boston Evening Transcript

ACTING CAPTAIN FRED SHIPPER

THE TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

At the November meeting of The Teacher-Student Council it was decided that the school grounds were one of the most important yet most neglected items. This may seem a trivial matter but to a visitor the appearance of the grounds is a reflection on the character of the students. The council decided that the most efficient way to proceed was to start a campaign to remedy the situation with the cooperation of the senior class and the marshals.

Another important result was the decision to organize a committee headed by Mr. Packard to work on a booklet which will probably be called "Opportunities." "Opportunities" will outline the various courses offered by the school; the requirements of many colleges and other topics of interest and use to a student in the school or entering the school.

"Did you hear the 'Desert Song'?"
"Yeah."
"Sing the last line."
"How dry I am."

* * * *

Ma: "For goodness sakes, I wonder what's holding up this train?"

Kid: "Gee, Ma, I hope it ain't that chewing gum I threw on the tracks."

GLASS BLOWERS MAKE TOYS FOR STUDENTS

The fine art of glass-blowing has become almost a lost art since the advent of machine-made glass-work. Recently, the students of the Brookline schools were given an unusual opportunity to see this work demonstrated. Under the auspices of the Teacher-Student Council, an entertainment was presented in the auditorium on the afternoon of November 6 by the Venetian Glass Blowers. A large number of students, both of the high school and the grammar schools, was present. The proceeds of the performance are to be used to pay the expenses of the Teacher-Student Council for the current year.

The first object blown was a silvered ball. Next, the method of doing filigree work in glass, which is known to only a half-dozen people in the United States, was demonstrated. Among the most interesting numbers on the program was the manufacture of a delicate ship with rigging as fine as a silk thread, and spun glass. Later several students were chosen from the audience to blow glass. An amusing prize made of glass was given to each. All the articles made during the performance were on exhibition for several days in Mr. Aker's office.

During the demonstration of glass-blowing, a talk was given on the discovery of glass and its uses.

At the conclusion of the program a souvenir was given to every member of the audience.

"Say, Mr. Policeman," said the stout man as he stood in the middle of the track, "where will I catch a West-End car?"

"Right in the west end, Colonel, if you stay where you are for half a minute."

BEN GREET DISAPPOINTS AS MALVOLIO IN COMEDY

Appreciative Audiences See Twelfth Night and Hamlet

by Herbert L. Fox

On Monday afternoon and evening, the Ben Greet Players, those much heralded exponents of England's seventeenth century drama, especially that of Shakespeare, came to Brookline High School. In the afternoon they presented the Bard of Avon's humorous comedy, Twelfth Night, and in the evening, Hamlet; the cradle of so many of the English language's epigrammatical expressions which, 'though much used, have never become trite. The performers, while they wear fine and appropriate costumes, in the manner of Shakespeare's day employ no scenery. Perhaps an argument in defence of this policy may be advanced along the line that, fine wine tastes as well regardless of the elegance or simplicity of the goblet in which it is contained; but the fact remains that the lack of sugggestive scenery made itself all too evident. Shakespeare is accepted today as a relic of the past—as something so fine that it can not be equalled, but it is felt that great advances have been made in the methods of presetnation and they should be employed. (Of course we do not overlook the fact that the simple methods used on Monday are far more adaptible to presentation conditions in a high school auditorium.)

In Twelfth Night we have a medium of fast moving entertainment—complex situations, mistaken identity, nocturnal carousals, drunken brawls and outright clowning; in short, all the devices for producing a diverting comedy. The players complied excellently with the requirements to produce these effects, interpreting the different parts with a free hand at comical pantomime not suggested by the author. However Shakespeare never wrote a play which did not have its serious angle, and here the players, so imbued it seemed, with the idea that the play as a whole is a comedy, fell somewhat flat. Those to whom the non-comical parts were entrusted did not perform with the apparent sincerity and feeling of the others. Their action, at times, appeared stilted and their speech, unnatural. We were disappointed in the manner in which Sir Phillip interpreted Malvolio, for although we knew Malvolio was supposed to be a mirth provoking character, we had conceived his humor as a sort of unconscious effect brought on by assumed dignity and austerity. Yet he made the character more or less an overgrown marionette, given to rolling his eyes like a comic Valentine. To our way of thinking, Alison Prichard as Viola and Stanford Holme as Sir Andrew gave the outstanding individual performances, while Arnold Walsh as the self-satisfied and wiseacre Fabian, Russell Thorndike as Sir Toby and Ruth Vivian as Maria did commendably well.

Hamlet, a great tragedy in its own day, now does not impress one as so

(Continued on Page 6)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
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VOL. XXXVI NOVEMBER 27, 1929 NO. 4

HEALTH, THE FOUNDATION

The baby who is born today has every chance of living twenty years longer than his grandfather. Life opens before him with the promise of health and physical happiness that no former generation has had.

The doctor is no longer content with trying to cure disease; he has a positive aim—the building up of health. In this great work, science is joining hands with practice as it has never done before. Discoveries in physiology, biology, bacteriology have given a new insight into the mechanism of the human body, a new skill in keeping it running smoothly and in overhauling it when it needs repair.

Pure food, clean cities, fresh air and sunlight can do more to make a healthy and happy world than drugs or the surgeon's knife.

America, having realized the need of strong, healthy bodies, is winning new laurels and must be ranked in the forefront of the sporting world—for its active leadership and general enthusiasm in sports and athletic games.

EDA McINDOE HEADS MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS TEA COMMITTEE

(Continued from Page 2)

Alpha Pi. Alice Dawson and Martha Lewis, vice-president of the B. H. S. Bank spoke on the clubs and the bank respectively. The speeches were followed by a social hour in the League Club room.

The organization of the Tea was as follows: Chairman, Eda McIndoe; Ushering, Elizabeth Myers; refreshments, Domestic Science Club; decoration, Art Club; Invitations, Eileen Manning; clean-up, Eleanor Fowler; publicity, Alice Dawson.

MEMORIAL BOULDER DEDICATED

Teacher Students Attend

The dedication of the John and Hannah Goddard Boulder, October thirty first; was an event of great historical interest locally. The boulder marks the site of the original Goddard homestead, laid out in 1637, and commemorates the pioneering spirit of this early colonial family.

The descendants of the Goddard family present included Mrs. George H. Wright, the Reverend John Goddard, and Miss Mary Louisa Goddard. Incidentally Miss Goddard is past 91, and truly representative of her staunch and pioneering forbears.

Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Mary Horton McDowell and Mrs. Stephen P Hurd, State Regent of the Massachusetts D. A. R., Chapter spoke. The Reverend William L. Clark rendered the Invocation and Mr. Irwin Paddock added a patriotic touch by several appropriate selections on the bugle.

Brookline High School was represented by Miss Rose D. Bliss, and pupils Elsie Perry, Elizabeth Bennett, Margaret Williston, and James Boston.

Among the good works of the Goddard Chapter of the D. A. R. in commemorating colonial relics and historical spots, are tablets in the Walnut Street Cemetery marking the graves of patriots who fell in the Revolution, The Eward Devotion House dedication and the Revolutionary tablet in the Brookline Public Library. The organization has appropriated large sums of money and worked deligently in preserving the memory of our valiant forefathers to posterity.

DR. McGRATH ADDRESSES ARMISTICE ASSEMBLY

An unusually interesting Armistice program was presented to the students on Friday, Nov. 8, by Dr. McGrath, a member of the American Legion.

Dr. McGrath opened his address with the quotation, "War is a terrible thing, Peace is beautiful." He followed this with an impressive description of the ruthless destruction of war, of the numbers of healthy, happy men who were taken to Europe to fight for Uncle Sam, and of the multitude of soldiers who returned crippled and maimed, or who did not return at all. The total number of brave American boys who were sacrificed on the altar of justice, runs up to a disheartening fifty thousand! It was for this reason that Dr. McGrath said, "Sadder than the day after defeat is the day after victory." And yet the victory we celebrate on Nov. 11 is of a sweet sadness Mr. Heine said, "It is like pain, dipped in honey."

Dr. McGrath ended his effective address with a special message to the students. "These men who fought and died fighting fifteen years ago depended on the youth of today, upon you, the members of this great nation, for the preservation of their courage and ideals. And it is your duty to see that 'these dead shall not have died in vain.'"

GIRLS' HOCKEY TIES WITH WELLESLEY

On November 8th Brookline High Girl's Hockey team played its third game of the season against the strong Wellesley eleven on Dean Road Field. Both teams scored a goal in each half. Captain Betty Richey was the star player for Brookline, responsible for both of our goals. R. Badaracco, H. Collier, B. Greenleaf and G. Norris also did outstanding work; the rest of the team held their own exceedingly well. The Hockey team now has two ties and one victory for its record but will not be satisfied until a victory over Newton is scored.

The local lineup for Brookline follows:

H. Dawson, R.; B. Greenleaf, R.; Captain, B. Richey, C.; M. Stanford, L.; H. Collier, L.; R. Badaracco, R.; G. Norris, C.; A. Werner, L.;; M. Niland, R.; A. Delano, L.; M. Carroll, G.

Score: Brookline 2—Wellesley 2.

All Boston Team

The final tryouts for the All-Boston Field Hockey team were held on November 13 on the Newton High Field.

Two Brookline High players were chosen for the team. Captain Betty Richey for the Right Inner position and Manager Rosalind Badaracco for the Right Half-Back berth. This was the fourth time Betty Richey has made the team. Last year Rosalind Badaracco was given honorable mention by the association.

Lineup of the All-Boston Team:
L. W.—O Hasenfus, Needham, L. I. —R. Spain, Newton; C. Forward—M. O'Neil, Watertown; R. I.—B. Richey, Brookline; R. W.—B. Carr Arlington; C. H. B.—N. Welsh, Newton; R. H. B.

(Continued on page 7)

November 16 the New England School Library Association held a bus excursion to the Library of the Milton Academy. In the library, the system is novel and ideal. There are no cards in the books. The pupils merely sign up and are trusted.

After a delicious lunch at the Beaver Country Day School representatives of numerous publishing houses spoke to the assembled librarians and exhibited many of the newest books, some of which we hope to have after Christmas.

We wonder how many of you observed Book Week, November 18-22?

Many of the Freshmen have enjoyed the book plates sent to us by the Frederick A. Stokes Publishing Company.

On November 26th the Library Staff had an enjoyable get-acquainted party.

The two Senior English classes which made the best records in the Library Lessons were Miss Spaulding's I N and Mr. Keegan's I E.

Some of the newest books and articles to be found in the Library are:

Poems by Henry Van Dyke

Rengll—How to Draw the Head in Light and Shade.

Barry—How to Make Etchings.

Bacon-Boston, A Guide Book.

State St. Trust Co.—Old Shipping Days in Boston.

Smith—Commerce and Industry (new edition).

Whitbeck—Industrial Geography.

Staples and York—Factors of Economic Geography.

Mussey—History of the American People.

Shotwell—War as an Instrument of National Policy and its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris.

Jackson and Jones—The Profession of Engineering.

Bridgman—Constructive Anatomy.

DeLa Mare—Stories from the Bible.

Knafft and Norris—Sea Power in American History.

Shakespeare—Three comedies—illustrated by James Dougherty.

Anderson—With the Eagles, Story of Caesar's Gallic Wars.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

The first meeting of the Domestic Science Club was held October 29th. The officers elected were: President, Priscilla Perry; Vice-President, Marion MacAskill; Treasurer, Margaret Gainer, Secretary, Mary Massey.

R Colyum

To begin with, we want to advise you never to run into a street-car, unless you are highly insured—it costs an awful lot to paint them.

* * * *

We see that the street car company has already taken its snow-plows out of the moth balls . . . so, as the poet might have said, "If the snow-plow comes, can Winter be far behind?"

* * * *

And still harping on the above mentioned public utility: Once there was a student who used his student tickets only for going to and from school.

* * * *

An anonymous correspondent tells us that the teachers in this exalted edifice are so adverse to even the slightest vestige of profanity that they call Max Van Damm, Max Van Darn.

* * * *

We only wish that we could print all the wise-cracks that we find in the "Sag" box.

* * * *

In a copy of the Sagamore that was published 'way back in the gay and glorious nineties we find that "Mr. Packard passed an enjoyable summer bicycling through the Black Forest in Germany."

* * * *

In the old days the maiden's oft whispered prayer was: God send me a man (sigh—sigh). But today a fire-drill at the right time would be more than appreciated.

* * * *

We wonder why Eddie Tonra is always seen toting a telephone book around with him.

* * * *

We wonder if the office is "in the know" about the wetting and drying (emphasis on the wetting) process which was employed downstairs on the day of the recent storm.

* * * *

We though that they would use the Cypress St. goal posts for the Newton game, but they are down too.

* * * *

The recent break in the stock market has forced the closing of the Rolls Royce and diamond factories, but not even an earth-quake or a torrent is potent enough to make old B. H. S. shut down.

* * * *

We fear that more tickets would have been sold to Monday's performances if the posters had read: COMING TO BROOKLINE — BEN GREET'S BEEF TRUST BEAUTIES.

Jackie Kelly has been unanimously elected dog-catcher. If you saw the football game Saturday you'd know why!

From one student to another: What's a casement?

From another to one student: Two little cases.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

ELDORADO IT

by James Boston

Marian had decided at last that it was no use. She had powdered her nose, rouged her cheeks and curled her hair until it frizzled! Jefferson Bartlett was still firm, and what was far worse, apparently oblivious of her presence.

But why? Hadn't she centered all her silvery, tinkling giggles in his direction whenever he outwitted his opponents in the debating class? Hadn't she presented him with her best twenty-five cent ink eraser when she saw him trying to lick an ink spot off his paper with his tongue, and hadn't he forgotten to give it back? Hadn't he, huh? And hadn't she picked up his books and rubbed his head when he tumbled down the stairs like the booby he was? And yet, sorrow of sorrows, woe of woes, and the apex of choleric chagrin, he persisted upon that perfectly atrocious Gerrington person whose sole pursuant in life seemed to be to get A plusses in all her subjects. Moreover, there was no feminine attraction about her. She eternally mimicked the "Great Stone Face" by her "stern and rockbound" expression, and repelled all attempts at sociability by a Frigidaire glance and curt and cutting remarks. And yet he, the only he in the world for her, simple, silly child as she was, preferred this dark and malignant person to her own sweet, beautiful and cooing little self.

What could be done? Marion could think of nothing, and painting her pretty lips until she resembled a little Dutch cupid, set herself to her "Rules of Successful Debating", a manual for the oratorically inclined. Then it was that an idea came to Marian. She was in the next class debate and so was Miss Gerrington on the opposing side. If only she could beat her unsuspecting rival at her own game! Revenge was a balm for defeat. Marion wriggled her nose like a pondering rabbit and pursed her lips; she would show them that there was something under that fluffy hair besides "eau de cologne."

II

The day of the big debate had arrived and Jefferson's beloved "Gerrington person" was up at the front of the room spouting unintelligibly perhaps, but in her usual A plus manner Marion tensed and her chin quivvered. She was next—and against Miss Gerrington.

Marion rose as her name was called and with head high and eyes bright and defiant walked to the front of the room. She glanced down at Miss Gerrington, half dozing and bored, confident of victory. Marion was inspired, she thundered forth her arguments, half choking sometimes but yet game, ridiculing and disproving her opponent's every theory. A hush fell on the class, the teacher gaped open-mouthed, blue pencil suspended in mid aid, and Jefferson Bartlett sat up and observed, ceasing for the moment to beam on Miss Gerrington.

Her point gained, Marion returned to her seat without glancing at Miss Gerrington, whose frozen face was beginning to thaw into a freshet of icy smiles, as she lightly applauded her conqueress.

Then Jefferson Bartlett spake, lucidly patiently as usual, but somehow lacking in effect and conviction after the burning speech of Marion . He finished, smiled wanly at the unimpressed countenances of his past supporters, and returned to his seat. After a few moments' conference, Marion rose again and stood before the class. Her team had chosen her for rebuttal and now was her chance, her revenge, an outlet for all her pent up emotions. She stamped her foot, laughed a gay laugh and burst into Jefferson Bartlett's arguments like the sea through a broken dike. Tauntingly she mocked him and his arguments, throwing the class into spasms of laughter and causing the teacher to grin widely and appreciatively. Long and lingeringly she howled over the remains of her two opponents. At last she finished and returned to the arms of her clamorous team mates, unanimously voted victor.

"By the way, Marion" querried Miss Gerrington, as they left for the next

(Continued on Page 7)

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.

of

BROOKLINE

Gratis

This column has mentioned cats and dogs before, and it now has occasion to mention another animal. The other day Miss Liden called up the office, and asked that a man be sent down to her room to remove a mouse which she had in a paper bag, before it ate its way through. We don't know whether all the men about school are afraid of mice or not, but Miss Liden was seen a few minutes later walking through the halls with a paper bag in her hand!

* * * *

We have two congratulations to offer this week. One is to Mr. Roman on his recent birthday, and the other is to Mr. Jewett.—He's a granddad now!!

* * * *

We wonder who Bernice Cohen was thinking of when she wrote the following masterpiece:

On this I have pondered
Early and late:
In front his hair's curly,
And in back it is straight!

* * * *

It's remarkable how Don Broadbent managed to stay at the dancing at The Freshman Sophomore Reception, while all the other upper classmen were requested to leave. We know he looks simple enough, but——

* * * *

They say that people are never in their glory while in school, but ask Beatrice Rosenberg whom she sat beside at the Senior Social tryouts, and see it it's true!

* * * *

The Social promises to be bigger and better than ever, if we're any judge. We are told that variety is the spice of life, and these acts certainly have variety!

* * * *

Another Dan Rollins is in our midst in the form of the latter's kid brother, and Charlie without doubt has the same sweet voice.

* * * *

Someone said that Van Crews has made good during his brief sojourn here. Someone else said that his sister had too. Now what we want to know is who this Good is.

* * * *

Two weeks ago a man came to school, and a very short time later he left with a broad grin on his face.—Eleanor Thomas had sighed on the dotted line.

* * * *

Note: Tom Ducey is a candidate for "Sally's" skirts.

* * * *

Miss Allen: What happens when you shake hands?

Holbrook: Bacteria!

* * * *

What Miss Allen meant was "What happens when one shakes hands!"—even if she didn't emphasize the **"you."**

* * * *

You may not believe it, but li'l Alvin has been swimming the English Channel every day for a long while.—We admit that it looks impossible, but you never can tell!

SPANISH CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held at the home of Miss Adams on Thursday, November 21. The President, Mary Crowley, opened the meeting with an address of welcome to the new members.

The club was fortunate in securing as guests for the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Onate, professors of Boston University. Mr. Onate played several selections on the mandolin, and led the Club in the singing of some Spanish songs. Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

BEN GREET PLAYERS

(Continued from Page 3)

tragic; but it remains as ever an agency for fine acting and a fount overflowing with the widsom of the great Shakespeare The Ben Greet Players employed the First Quarto Version which is considerably shorter than Hamlet as often presented, yet it might well have been shortened still more, for at times it progressed at a tedious rate.

As contrasted to those of Twelfth Night the parts seemed more adaptible to the individual players. Ben Greet made a far more impressive Polonius than a Malvolio; his part in the famous scene of Leartes' departure whereupon he is giving wise council to his son who is leaving him, well 'nigh approaches perfection. But unquestionably, the laurels should go to Russell Thorndike whose interpretation of Hamlet was done with a sincerity and a depth of feeling which, while it was not quite so fine as Barrymore might have done a few years ago, was much more than exceedingly satisfactory In the appeal to the ghost of Hamlet's father Thorndike rises to the height of dramatic ability. The piling up of dead bodies in the final scene is unreal and even ridiculous, but then that fault rests in the grave with Shakespears.

BEN GREET ASSEMBLY

The Assembly of November 20 was devoted to the interests of the English department's presentation of Sir Philip Ben Greet and his notable English company.

Miss Spaulding in presenting the speaker of the day, Mr. Morris Greet, very interestingly pointed out the benefits one receives in witnessing a worthwhile play: One carries off rich memories and impressions which are in no way transitory.

Mr. Morris Greet, a nephew of Sir Philip, gave a very dramatic address which gained the interest of the student body and furnished his listeners an exceedingly captivating lecture. Mr. Greet closed his talk expressing the hope that the members of the school would take advantage of the opportunity of seeing one of the Shakespearean plays to be presented by his uncle: Twelfth Night, "a rollicking afternoon's entertainment," and Hamlet, Shakespeare's immortal drama.

BROOKLINE-SOMERVILLE TRAGEDY

(Contniued from Page 2)

stein threw a forward pass. The game then seesawed back and forth, the ball in Somerville's possession most of the time until the half ended.

The Somerville band entertained during the rest period and taps was blown in memory of those departed ones who gave their lives on the battlefield.

Brookline made its only real threat for a touchdown in the third quarter. Hootstein passed to Ferguson for a gain of 34 yards, placing the ball on Somerville's 28 yard line. Kelly, rushing through center fumbled, and then recovered the ball about 8 yards further; on the next scrimmage Hootstein made a first down through center. However, immediately following a Hootstein pass was intercepted by Vitello the flashy quarter back on the opposing aggregation. Brookline had another chance to score in the final period when Hootstein romped through center for 16 yards before being brought down by Moran. Kelly added 14 yards on the next play, but a bad pass from center cost Brookline 30-yards.

A poor punt and a 15-yard runback by Wells of Somerville pushed Brookline back to its 11 yard line in the final period. Somerville was held on the next three plays but a pass from Howe to Moran accounted for the third touchdown. The final score was the direct result of an intercepted pass.

Captain Escott, Wells, and Ryan were outstanding for Somerville and Captain Hootstein starred for Brookline.

Somerville		Brookline
Ryan, le.		re., Cavanaugh
Doolin, lt.		rt., Racheotes
Winn, lg.		rg., Golden
Cross, c.		c, Nayor
Stephenson, rg.		lg., Taylor
Regan, rt.		lt. Kelly
Parker, re.		le., Ferguson
Vitello, qb.		qb., Kelly
Escott, lhb.		rhb. Woodward
Wills, rhb.		lhb., McCone
Moran, fb.		fb., Hootstein

COLLEGE BOARD EXAM HONORS

The standing of the schools in College Board Exam Honors is:

Leading Schools in List of 48: Boston Latin School—46; Exeter—22; St. Mark's School—9; Brookline High School—7 Leader in public schools; St. Paul's School—7.

The boys from the Brookline High School who were among the number of honor students are: Melvin L. Anshen; A. M. Hatch; Robert E. Levi; Josiah C. Lewis; W. C. Lothrop; Isadore Paisner; Ralph E. Shikes.

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GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

(Continued from Page 4)

—R Badaracco, Brookline; L. H. B.—B. Hendrick, Arlington; R. F. B.—M. Locock, Arlington; L. F. B.—G. Smith, Newton; Goalie—C. Mercer, Winchester.)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year awards will be given, in the form of purple chevrons, to those beginners in tennis who have given evidence of exceptional improvement. The advanced tennis tournament has been postponed until spring, as bad weather has prevented its being finished. Mrs. Wightman is still coaching the girls.

Speedball is all over for the year. Letters will be distributed after Thanksgiving. On Tuesday, November twenty-six, there will be our archery tournament between the advanced and beginners' groups. Incidentally, the latter may be expected to give their opponents a good run for their money.

The Hiking Club has elected its officers—Martha Dodge, President; Elizabeth Weston, Treasurer; Dorothea MacMillan, Secretary. Tramps have been taken to the Old Reservoir and Corey Hill. On November fourteenth the girls marked the end of the fall season by a walk to the New Reservoir which terminated in a delicious out-door lunch. The Club is planning many excursions, including skating, skiing, snow shoeing and coasting trips, for the winter.

Miss Haskell wishes the girls to understand that no awards will be given to any girl, in any activity, who is not a member of the Athletic Association.

FRENCH CLUB

The meeting of the French Club on Nov. 19 held in Shailer Hall was attended by approximately 70 members from all classes. After President Alice Dawson introduced Jean Goodale, Vice-President; Edward Chandler, Treasurer and Margaret Holt, Secretary, the club sang the Marseillaise under Miss Henry's direction.

When the business of the meeting was over, an interesting game was played, which consisted of a series of 16 well-known American advertisements printed in French for the members to guess. The first prize for the most nearly correct list of advertisements was awarded to Elizabeth Bennett. Several delightful "Fables Fontaines" were acted by Jacquelyn McGrath and Doris Reimer, and the meeting adjourned to the lunchroom, where ice-cream and cookies were served.

ELDORADO IT

(Continued from Page 5)

class, "will you come to tea at my house next Friday?"

"And may I have your company at the Senior Social?" spoke up Jefferson Bartlett, beaming at her admiringly. I've always wanted to know a girl as clever as you!" Marion gasped, and letting her powder compact drop over the banister, blushed and nodded assent.

FRENCH CLUB—SPANISH CLUB

The nomination for officers of the French Club were: president, Alice Dawson, Betty Richey; vice-president, Florence Freedman, Jean Goodale; treasurer, Alex Brown, Edward Chandler; secretary, Elizabeth Bennett, Margaret Holt. The victors are: Alice Dawson, Jean Goodale, Edward Chandler, and Margaret Holt.

The Spanish Club nominations for officers were: president, Mary Crowley, Claire Sibley; vice-president, Herbert Finn, Irving Rabinowitz; secretary-treasurer, Lola Johnson, Miriam Naigles. Mary Crowley is president; Herbert Finn, vice-president; Lola Johnson, secretary-treasurer. The executive board consists of these officers and Marion Wilband, Claire Sibley, and Irving Rabinowitz. The executive board has met and discussed plans for the next meeting, which is to take place No. 21, Thursday, at Miss Adam's home.

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THE GIRL'S AERO CLUB

The Girl's Aero Club Membership Drive will start on the first Monday after Thanksgiving, December 2, 1929. All girls generally interested in Aeronautics will have an opportunity to become members then.

The "Aerollette", the club paper, will be continued, with many new and interesting features. Through a misunderstanding, it was announced that the election would be held again. This report is wrong, and the officers for this year, who will be formally installed in their positions at the next meeting are: Mary Crowley, President; Dorothy Kelley, Vice-president; Anitra Friedman, Secretary; Mary Fitzpatrick, Treasurer; and Ethel Feinsilver, Librarian.

As announced before, many flights are planned for this spring, and many interesting speakers are being arranged for this season. Don't forget to sign up if you are interested. The place will be announced later.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Friday, November 15, was the day on which the Sophomores welcomed the Freshmen with a rousing and rollicking reception. It seemed that all the members of both classes were present, as the Auditorium was very well filled. First of all the president of the Sophomore Class, Robert Hall, gave an address of welcome. The program which followed was varied, and was very well received.

To open the program, Jane Miller gave two of the lovely little poems that she delivered at Prize Speaking last year. The next number was the ever-welcome piano solo by Ellie Kassman, and then the audience was shown a bit of old Holland in the Dutch dance by Ruth Friedman and Miriam Hurwitz.

The following number was an uproarious pantomime by five young Soph gentlemen—Jason Silton, Samuel Levine, Bernard Covich, and David Levenson. Milton Levy followed with "The Highwayman," and then Robert Hall and Stanley Cohen played "Nola" as a piano duet. Miriam Huwitz tap-danced, and the last act of all was another pantomine with four characters.

After the entertainment, all trooped down to the lunch room for dancing and refreshments. The music was furnished by the Georgians, and at four-thirty, when the party was over, all were enthusiastic in their praise of those responsible for it.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS
What There Is Left

Guest (to waiter)—"I can't eat this soup!"

Waiter takes it away and brings another kind of soup.

Guest—"I can't eat this soup!

Waiter, angrily, but silently, for the second time brings another kind.

Guest (again)—"I can't eat this soup."

Waiter, furious, calls the hotel proprietor.

Proprietor (to guest)—"Why can't you eat this soup?"

Guest (quietly)—"Because I have no spoon!"

* * * *

"I understand that Mike tore his most expensive handkerchief the other day. What on awful blow that must have been."

* * * *

He: Is she progresive or conservative?

She: I don't know. She wears last year's hat, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income.

BROOKLINE AERO CLUB

The Brookline Aero Club held its regular meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 P. M. in the Brookline Public Library. Philip Renta gave a talk on the working principles of aircraft engines, elaborating on the famous Wright "Whirlwind." Herbert Jacobs, president of the club, spoke on aeronautical events of the week and also reviewed the history of the David Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, which will be disolved at the end of this year.

The speaker of the evening was Lieut. M. R. Greer, commanding officer of the U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Squantum, Mass. Lieut. Greer spoke on naval aeronautics; his extensive flight training allowed him to speak with first hand knowledge, even in the particulars of the severe bouncing encountered while being catapaulted off a Navy ship. The latter half of his talk was given over to the questions of the club members.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday night, Dec. 4. If you're not already a member, come down as a prospective member.

Remember, the Aero Club has chartered a Goodyear dirigible for the coming spring. If you want to go up, join now.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 5 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 20, 1929 TEN CENTS

PRESIDENT MORGAN TELLS OF UNIQUE PLAN

On Thursday, December 12th, the teachers and students of Brookline High were privileged to hear a most unusual speaker—Dr. Morgan the president of Antioch College, Ohio.

Antioch is an experimental college in which the students work on outside jobs half the time, and study in college during the remainder of the year. Most of them are sent out for five weeks on a position, for which there are always alternate candidates, and at the end of that time return to college for five weeks of study while the other fills the position. Thus the place is continuously occupied, and each student has regularly five weeks study and a similar period of work. Eight men and women on the faculty are kept busy during the year determining vocations and seeking positions for the scholars.

Mr. Morgan, showed how such a course, in any vocation, develops initiative, persistence, and independence in the students, and prepares them for their life-work. He also said that no one is allowed to concentrate on one special interest, for such an action tends to put a different slant on a person's views, and a liberal mind, attained by a liberal education, is necessary in life. A sense of proportion is the beginning of fine living.

Thus, by the time the students are graduated, each is fully prepared for his trade, and many even have permanent jobs. The pupils are all hard-working, desirous of getting ahead, and although they sometimes complain of their teachers, it is always the easy-going ones who are unpopular. Athletics, too, are recognized at Antioch as very necessary and beneficial to physical health, and accordingly are stressed.

As Mr. Morgan said in closing, there is a great advantage in having a trained outlook on life. He himself has given his whole life to the execution of his ideal, which is summed up in "The Law of Diminishing Returns." He has therefore tried, in Antioch College, to train the students to get the best out of life while young, and is helping them to do it now, rather than wait, as did countless millions until old age brought experiences. And so Antioch stands unique today as a college that sees directly into the future of each pupil, and prepares him adequately and scientifically for his life-work.

FRENCH CLUB XMAS MEETING

The annual Christmas meeting of the French Club was held December 17 in the Girls' League Room.

After a short introduction by Alice Dawson, the president, the members sang two French carols. Elizabeth Bennett followed with an interesting talk on Christmas in France, where she has spent over a year.

Sherman Rose recited "Gentil Bonhomme"; Marion Stanford, "Les Sabots du Petit Albert, and Margaret Holt, "Le Ciel Est Noir." Jean Goodale concluded this delightful program with "Minuit Chrétien."

The event of the afternoon was in the guise of "Pére Noel," who appared and distributed gifts from a huge wooden shoe to the members. At the conclusion, all repaired to the lunchroom for cookies and ice cream.

T. S. COUNCIL LAUDS TEACHERS' COMMITTEE

At its last regular meeting the Teacher-Student Council, representing all the students of the school, passed by a unanimous vote, a resolution of appreciation of the work of the teachers' committee (seeking to increase the boys' scholarship fund) that brought the renowned Ben Greet players to our auditorium in two plays of Shakespeare.

Their coming marked a unique event in the history of the school and set a precedent that it is to be hoped will be followed in years to come.

GIRLS' LEAGUE MEETING

The committees under the general chairmanship were: Eleanor Pike. scrap-book, Anne Martin, chairman, Florence Freedman, Bettina Blunt, Marjorie Mills, Ruth Creelman, E. Weston, Esther Muldowney, Marion Stanford; candy bags: Katherine Plakias, chairman, Katherine Forbes, Mary Swartwout, Mary Mawhinny, Grace Higbee, S. Kelley, Mary Snyder; publicity and decorations: Josephine Blatt, chairman, E. Friedman, Frances Keyes, Martha Lewis, Jean Whittier, K. McNeilly, Ethel Mills, Harriet Dangel, Bernice Cohen; clean-up and toys: Sally Irwin, chairman, Barbara Burt, A. LeGacy, Margaret Hogan, Dorothy Alter, Myra Fritz , Ruth Blackwood, Ruth O'Neil, Mary Clark; dolls: Rosemary Loeser, chairman, Lola Johnson, Marion Myers, Helen Cooper, Norma Berlow, Alma Gould.

INNOVATION IN PLAN OF ANNUAL SOCIAL

MUSICAL COMEDY "A MODERN MEDLEY" TONIGHT IN SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTANTS

The semi-finals of Prize-Speaking were held Friday the 13th. Out of one hundred-twenty contestants in the first tryouts, and the twenty-one in the second, four boys, four girls, and two alternates have been chosen to participate the seventeenth of January. They are: Hester Blatt, Miriam Hurwitz, Ethel Feinsilver, Jane Miller, Dexter Goulston, Robert Monroe, Alvin Weinberg, Herbert Feinstein; alternates: Chester Litman, Edna Teitlebaum.

The coaches are: Miss Bliss, Miss Paine, Miss Ricker, Miss Sears, Mr. Totman, Mr. Snow, Mr. Flemings, and Miss Adams, (chairman).

GIRLS DRESS DOLLS

As is the custom every year when Christmas approaches, the members of the Girls' League get together in the lunchroom and plan to brighten the holiday for those less fortunate. Therefore on December 6, the girls resembled nothing less than a flock of busy bees; surrounded by festive decorations, they made scrap-books, repaired toys, filled candy bags, and dressed dolls. The results of their afternoon are to be given to the Brookline Friendly Society.

The work was encouraged by the presence of the Girl Scout Troop, which sang Christmas Carols; the atmosphere created by them was so jovial that eventually everyone joined in the chorus.

RED CROSS REPORT

A meeting of the Red Cross Representatives was called on December 2. The report of the last meeting was read. The treasurer's report was: in bank, $68.82; to be deposited $7.33; a total of $76.13 for the bank; for Thanksgiving dinners, $32.04 was spent. The total of all the money collected and used in some way this year is $108.17. It was agreed to ask the students to bring discarded toys to the meeting. Miss Smith read to the group a letter from Mrs. Derby, who visited them last week.

CLASS OF 1930 HOPES TO EXCEL SHOW OF LAST YEAR'S CLASS

The first big night of the seniors is on hand! Mix songs, dances, choruses, monologues, dialogues, piano and musical instrument selections together, and you have only a dim skeleton of the Senior Social! The Class of 1930, is, by way of innovation, presenting its production in the form of a musical comedy, "A Modern Medley," which will, of course, involve all the usual social procedures, plus the complications and variety of a plot.

Although a great deal of talent graduated with the class of '29, a large part of it remains, and combined with that donated by the Freshmen, this Social promises to be more than the stupendous success of previous years.

Two years ago, it was a huge success. last year it was a remarkable achievement, and this year it is to be an event so far ahead of the rest, that it will be practically incomparable.

Much time and effort has been spent towards making the evening a success, and, after many satisfactory rehearsals, we are certain that the production will be flawless.

Those who have remained in school after 2:30 last week have probably heard strains of music, bursts of laughter, and other evidences of merriment issuing from the auditorium. It is said that if a cast, after many tiring rehearsals, can still enjoy its own performance, an audience cannot fail to. This should, in itself, be an inducement.

There will be a prologue, two acts and a number of entr'acts, which will be followed by dancing in the lunch room. The music will be furnished by Fred Steinberg and his B. U. Buccaneers.

The lighting system is in the hands of Samson Price, while Dexter Wade and Armstrong Smith have charge of the stage. So remember, folks, if you want to see the elite of Brookline, be at the B. H. S. auditorium at 8:00 o'clock tonight. In the Mexican War they used to say "Remember the Alamo" and we say, "Remember the twentieth!!"

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SENIOR SOCIAL

If you haven't got your tickets get them now; if you can't, come anyway, we'll find you a seat somehow.

* * *

Now's your chance to see all the things you've been peeking through the auditorium keyholes at.

* * *

Don't mind the "knockers", their acts were probably rejected.

* * *

Same Price is taking the Social so seriously that he's growing a mustache to augment his dignity.

* * *

It's a great Senior Social even though the senior participants are in the minority.

* * *

Seriously, though, what Senior could beat little Billy Devine's singing and dancing?

* *

Mr. Jewett knows what's good. He even wishes he was taking part.

* * *

Possibly Brookline could score higher on the football field if she substituted our Football Chorus. They sure have a mean kick.

* * *

Al Weinberg's all set with two acts and his fans sure have something coming to them this evening.

* * *

Irma Carp represents a wooden doll. I guess after seeing her dance you'll agree to strike out the "wooden".

* * *

It's a good thing there's a detective element in the Social; some of the actors might lose their cue.

* * *

If you feel like criticizing an act think how YOU would look up there on the platform.

* * *

He: Why do they call the Feudal Period the Dark Ages?

She: Come to the Senior Social and find out!

* * *

So come ye all, and fare ye well,—
Midst revelry and dance.
Aw, please come on, the acts are fine,—
Come on, just take a chance!

USHERS

The following are the ushers who will seat you tonight: R. F. Burkhardt, Herbert Finn, V. Newman, D. Warren, J. Hyland, G. Hooper, C. Litman, D. Broadbent, R. Purington, C. Nayor, D. Snyder, M. Kaufman, H. Davidson, R. Monroe, B. Nielson, D. Giordano, J. Ferguson, P. Hunter. A few others may be added but you may be sure you'll find the above on dock.

All Freshmen, wishing to try for Managing Editor of the Sagamore, which nets two points towards those required for the coveted Honorary Society, report to the "Sag" Room Thursday, Jan. 2.

GIRLS LEAD ON FIRST QUARTER HONOR ROLL

Senior Boys

First Honor

Raymond Novogroski, Irving Wallace.

Second Honor

John Ahearn, David Ascher, Allan Bennett, Van Crews, Bertram Dane, John Hahn, John Hyland, Selwyn Kudisch, Thomas Larkin, Arthur Levine, Emmett Lewis, John McKenzie, Robert MacLeod, Frank Reinherz, Solomon Robinson.

Junior Boys

First Honor

William Maltzman.

Second Honor

Alex Brown, Edward Chandler, Joseph Dublin, William Hyland, Abraham Isenberg, Albert Kefauver, Harry Levi, Jr., Chester Litman, Donald MacLean, Wesley MacLeod, Kenneth Mitchell, Charles F. Nayor.

Sophomore Boys

First Honor

Robert Hall, Nelson Hastings.

Second Honor

Julian Brightman, Stanley Cohen, Charles Danforth, Richard Harding, Jr., William Harrington, Robert Hormann, Richard B. Holt, M. Jerome Hopper, Fred Howard, George Kaplan, Edward Kickham, John Lally, Samuel A. Levine, Richard McKenney, Everett Morgan, Emerson Morse, Robert Neirman, Milton Paisner Julian Rifkin, Fred Glenn Rink, Stanley Rosen, Paul Rutledge, Jack Shapiro, Richard Starr, George Stewart, Robert Warren, George Finn.

Freshmen Boys

First Honor

Charles Paul, Worth Rowley.

Second Honor

Louis Adams, Jr., Roger Bernhardt, Alfred Carroll, Irving Cohen, John Corbett, Henry Dean, Warren Fox, Donald Sleeper, Edgar Hirshberg, William Lett, Irving Lewis, George Mackey, Gordon McAleer, Edward McGee, Edward Quinn, Sherman Rose, Edward Shaw, Paul Silbert, Frank Gallagher, Sanborn Vincent, Fred Wiggin, Michio Yatsuhashi.

First Honor—majority of A's nothing less than B.

Second Honor—majority of B's nothing less than C.

Senior Girls

First Honor

Lillian Band, Eleanor Litter.

Second Honor

Ethel Agoos, Dorothy Alter, Rose Badaracco, Barbara Burt, Hannah Cauman, Elsa Cohen, Charlotte Currier, Alice Dawson, Edna Friedman, Margaret Goldsmith, Bernice Gordon, Mary Guise, Lola Johnson, Ruth Kinsman, Norma Knight, Madeline Marsh, Ethel McPhee, Leona Moss, Miriam Naigels, Mary Niland, Ruth Reimer, Betty Richey, Mary Ryan, Eleanor Sacks, Helen Shooshan, Daphne Stanislaus, Beatrice Stone, Marion Willband.

Junior Girls

First Honor

Josephine Blatt, Helene Gaulin.

Second Honor

Agatha Barron, Janice Bigelow, Natalie Broudy, Joyce Callahan, Edith Cherney, Emmeline Citron, Helen Conaty, Blanche Cooper, Helene Dawson, Barbara Frank, Florence Freedman, Margaret Gainer, Jean Goodale, Ethel Hansen, Dora Hellerman, Grace Hickey, Charlotte Hinden, Sara Irwin, Effie Knowles, Evelyn Landers, Maxine, Levin, Flora Mastromarino, Helen McIndoe, Ruth McLarnen, Katherine McNeilly, Ruth Nelson, Katherine Plakias, Audrey Price, Ernestine Rosenbush, Esther Sussman, Leona Wallenberg, Natalie Weed.

Sophomore Girls

First Honor

Miriam Hurwitz, Virginia Lincoln, Carola Nasmyth, Evelyn Roberts, Hodie Waldstein.

Second Honor

Adelaide Blumenthal, Dorothy Burt, Esther Byer, Marion Cherney, Pauline Clayton, Bernice Cohen, Barbara Colpak, Elinor Cullen, Margaret Cunniff, Elizabeth Cusick, Lilliam Enright, Gwendolyn Farrell, Ruth Friedman, Frances Gasster, Florence Gray, Phyllis Jacobs, Adelle Kelsey, Dorothea Lakson, Jean McMillan, Jane Miller, Esther Peterson, Edith Popkin, Ruth Rickard, Betty Shindler, Alma Schmauk, Sylvia Simmers.

Freshman Girls

First Honor

Martha Henderson, Elizabeth Howard, Doris Reimer.

Second Honor

Evelyn Burns, Eleanor Charlton, Rita Cohen, Maybelle Finger, Marjorie Frank, Renne Goldberg, Margaret Green, Sibyl Green, Rae Harris, Evelyn Hicks, Marjorie Hillson, Cora Jones, Madalyn Joyce, Eleanor Kaitz, Clarice Klein, Evelyn Lupton, Jeannette Mahler, Dorothy Makarewich, Norma Marcus, Eileen McElroy, Jane McKnight, Margaret Moriarty, Mary Mulvihill, Eileen O'Leary, Irene Cleary, Ruth Peterson, Hulda Phillips, Marion Phillips, Joan Rines, Eleanor Saxe, Doris Smith, Florence Stein, Mary Taylor, June Vincent, Ruth Wolf, Anne Wynner.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

At a recent meeting of the Brookline High Girl's Hockey Team, Miss Rosalind Badaracco, a junior was elected Captain of next year's team. Miss Badaracco played a star game as Right Half-Back the past season, also being given a berth on the All-Boston Field Hockey Team. The Captain-elect succeeds Miss Betty Richey, who will graduate in June.

Miss Ann Delano, Left Full-Back on the team was elected manager for next season.

SENIOR SOCIAL ASSEMBLY

A very delightful assembly was held in the Auditorium December 17, with Mr. Jewett presiding. The subject under discussion was the coming Senior Social.

Van Crews, the chairman of the Senior Social Committee spoke briefly on the object of the Senior Social, which, as is common knowledge, is to finance the Senior Class and raise money for their Senior gift to the school. Miss Perkins, gave the audience a detailed account of the type of entertainment that is to be offered. Every desire of every person in the audience will be satisfied with diverting bits of adventure; devastating danger, in the form of a wild, ferocious lion who roams about at will; enticing dancers; talented singers; and detective skits, whose detecting forces rival even Mr. Mack in perspicacity. Even football is here represented and a decidedly extraordinary game.

The divers facts are woven together to form a most enjoyable musical comedy.

"To get out, get under and push!!," was the message of Mr. Phelps, financier of the Senior Social.

Mr. Jewett enlightened the students about previous affairs of this kind.

After a rather prolonged and vain search for a pianist to accompany our withdrawal, Mr. Keegan obliged at the request of Mr. Jewett.

BANK ADOPTS NEW COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK ARM-BANDS

At the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bank on Friday 13, it was decided that the tellers in the future will wear black arm bands with the letter B in orange.

In order to stimulate interest in saving, four committees were appointed; Senior—Chairman, Beatrice Stone, Bernice Gordon, Betty Richey, Edward Dooskin, Leona Moss; Junior—Chairman, Robert Monroe, Katherine Plakias, Barbara Burt, Ruth Reimer; Sophomore—Chairman, Wallace Capron, Edgar Sherrill, Jane Miller, Anna Goldberg, Eleanor Litter; Freshman—Chairman, Pamela Moutt, Warren Fox, Dorothy Makarewich. Each is composed of two members of the class for which it is designated and three additional members from any class.

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT

The pupil was having trouble with his punctuation and was being called down by the teacher.

"Never mind, sonny," said the visiting school board president, consolingly. "They don't amount to much anyway."

"Don't they " rejoined the teacher, turning to the president. Then, calling one of the pupils, she ordered the boy to write on the board this sentence: "The President of the board says the teacher is a fool."

"Now," she continued, "put a comma after 'board' and another after 'teacher'."

—From *The American Boy*

THE MURDER OF MAYNARD VAN POPPOM

(As Read in The Saturday Morning Pole)

As I was comfortably reading a detective story in my favorite magazine, and was just nearing the terrible and mysterious murder, the story was continued over in the advertising section. It was then that the mystery became impossibly complicated!

As a mysterious hand, holding an ivory handled dagger, was thrust through the curtain, toward Maynard Van Poppom's heart, my eyes strayed over to the opposite page. "Skin blemishes ruin one's social chances," I read. "You cannot hope to avoid enlarged pores, an oily skin or blackheads without using Palsomolive Skin Soap." I shivered!

But by now Maynard Van Poppom was dead, leaving the dagger gleaming in his breast. Ah! But was not Maynard Van Poppom better off, I wondered as my eyes looked over a neighboring advertisinement, now he would not be bothered by a sallow complexion, an upset stomach, and bad indigestion and headaches, which could be only remedied by Fleshman5s Yeast. Ugh!

Sherlick Hommes, the world renowned detective, had appeared on the scene, by page 128. With a microscope he viewed the bloody thumbprints. But I could not keep my mind on Sherlick's moves. But why was it? Oh! could it be that I was a victim of halitosis which grips people unbeknown and ruins their careers? I should have to gargle Blistorine twice a day to be perfectly safe. Oh, the horror of it all!

At last I managed to return my attention to the unraveling of this beastly murder. Yes, the bloody thumbprints corresponded with those of Dick Black, whom of course no one had even suspected up to now. What could have possibly been his motive? But I did learn on the opposite page, that only Zolgat shaving cream, would penetrate to the base of the beard, and assure a clean, smooth, shave. To think I have been shaving all this time only to leave 1-16th of an inch of stubble after my daily shave. No, wonder I had lost that position selling magazines a year ago. And to think, I had never suspected. Bur-r-r.

By now they were closing in on the murder. The missing pearls had been found in Dick Black's overcoat pocket; the fingerprints matched. And then I was suddenly confronted by the startling advertisement that all toothpastes do not clean the teeth properly, only the combination of Dr. Best's toothbrushes and paste, could do it. I was never so thrilled by reading a detective story. By now my nerves were all on edge.

And now an arm reaches out from behind a door, and snatches the pearls. But yet I cannot follow the progress of the pearls, for there at the bottom of the page was the terrifying announcement that superfluous hairs detract from one's personal appearance, and would completely ruin one's personality, and only O'Neil's Zip-Zip, was the thing to use.

By now I was madly gripping the chair as Sherlick was grapling with Dick Black, in the old deserted house. Just then the trap door beside Sherlick softly, due to the famous 1-in-3 oil that allows not a squeak in a carload, opens! I trembled only to see in the adjoining column that one could not possibly succeed in high society, if he went to the Junior Log with soiled and unkempt clothes. Only by using Sivory Soap could this possibility be avoided.

Ah, yes, to think that poor Van Poppom had been fouly murdered, but what was that compared to the line that read, "your hair cannot stand this daily abuse", that universal habit of slicking the hair with water was all wrong. Use Fieldroot Tonic, and be safe. Oh, how horrible!

Well, by now, Sherlick Hommes had the murderer handcuffed, just as he stepped back through the forgotten trap door. By now I was in a cold sweat, but a near-by advertisement warned me of the social perils of body odor, and with a yell I leaped into the bathtub and drowned myself amidst a foaming lather of Deadgirl soap.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN HALT WEIHNACHTS GESCHAFT

Wednesday afternoon the German Club held its annual Christmas party. President Selwyn Kudisch said a few words of welcome and then the club sang Stille Nacht and O Tannenbaum! to the accompaniments of their improvised orchestra. Everybody in attendance received Gifts from Kris Kringle and as usual, "a good time was had by all."

MINNESOTA WILL TEACH YOU ESPERANTO BY MAIL

French, German, Spanish, Italian—it would not be necessary for you to learn any of these languages if the Esperantists had their way. All you would have to learn would be your own language, for use in your own country, and Esperanto, for use abroad or in talking to people from other countries.

High school students and others interested may now take a correspondence study course in "Beginning Esperanto" from the University of Minnesota, according to information received by the American Boy magazine. Dr. Lehman Wendell is the instructor. The charge for a year's lessons, which will enable the students to write and speak the language, is $10. Write the General Extension Division, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis. The course may be begun at any time.

Esperanto was first proposed as an international anxiliary language by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, Poland, in 1887. Its grammar has only sixteen rules—with no exceptions Its vocabulary contains about 900 fundamental words; other words are international, with 75 per cent of the roots used in English. It is very easy to learn, yet its prefixes and su xes make it the richest existing language.

There are now 85 publications using Esperanto, and 36 are printed wholly in Esperanto There are students of the language in 7,000 places and in 70 countries Radio stations numbering 168, in 33 countries, broadcast in Esperanto,

ON DEFENCE OF PHILATELY

I have seen and heard the subject of stamps treated in a manner which makes my blood boil. The disparaging attitude of his friends toward the Philatelist makes him retreat and pursue his hobby in secret. By many it is looked upon as childish, a fact which prevents many an enthusiast from admitting that he collects stamps and from showing others the interesting bits of history and anecdotes connected with certain stamps.

Everybody has remarked at the high price fetched by the first British Guiana 2d stamp. This price is not based on the fact that but one or two of those stamps exist but it is high because but two are available. In 1856 the series of stamps to which this one belongs, was just issued. The governor of the colony used the 2d on invitations to his ball and the invitations were mailed to the socially élite of the time. Immediately afterward the series was withdrawn because of an error in printing and the plates and copies being destroyed. There remain to-day but the forty odd mailed on the invitations. To be anyone socially in British Guiana it is necessary to trace your ancestry to one of the original recipients of the invitation and to show the stamp on the original cover (i.e. envelop) as evidence. Hence but two specimens in the market

In Uganda the provisional postmaster was faced with the problem of providing his department with stamps as the former German stamps could not be used under English administration. He provided himself with a typewriter and a mimeograph and proceeded to make them—25 to the sheet ranging in face value from 1d to £5. Two stamps he made to oblidge a stamp-collecting friend the 35d and 45d.

One stamp of Nicaragua had a great effect on the history of that state. The United States was at the time when this stamp appeared considering two routes for the trans-isthmusian canal. The United States had almost decided on the Nicaragua route because it was claimed that there were no active volcanoes in this country; when it was brought to the attention of a U. S. Senator that if he would compare a photograph with a Nicaraguan stamp he would see pictured on the stamp a small bay with a long wharf leading into it. If he would look at the photograph, he would be hard put to it to find the bay. It was filled with lava! The mountain in the background of the engraving for the stamp had erupted but a few weeks after the engraver's picture had been made.

Besides affecting history stamps reflect history. The story of the two republics of Transvaal is clearly shown by observing their stamps. The first issue of stamps was made under the republic. A few years after the British gained control of Transvaal and surcharged the stamps of the Republic. The British control lasted but two years and then the second republic re-surcharged the stamps of the first and issued new ones of their own. The British finally regained control early in the twentieth century and evidently had a series of stamps all prepared, for on the day they took control they recalled all republic stamps and issued their own.

Commemorative stamps do not reflect history in the manner they are issued but commemorate, as their name indicates noteworthy events of history. The United States has emitted over 60 different series and they commemorate events from Balboa's discovery of the Pacific to the birth of Lincoln in 1809 and the opening of the Panama Canal. One of the most valuable and beautiful of these sets is the Columbus issue. Its denominations range from one cent to 5 dollars and its value in rerint condition (i.e. unused) to-day ranges from five cents for the one cent to twelve dollars for the five dollar (Scott 1926 Catalog).

The design and execution of many of these little examples of the engravers' art is worthy of note. The best designed and engraved stamp ever issued is considered to be the first adhesive issued by Great Britain. The 2d black of Victoria which appeared in 1841 antedating all other adhesives in the world. To enjoy the fine balanced design and exquisite engraving is worth owning the stamp. However only mint specimens are of any use as the British postmasters of those days used heavy cancels and plenty of ink. The one dollar periodical stamp of the United States Internal Revenue Department is also a splendid example of what an engraver can do, but it cannot be rated as a postage stamp as it was used only in payment of excise duties.

The study of philately is intensely interesting and has its rewards for the one who seriously takes it up. Its educational value in history and geography have been pointed out by others but its value in the fields of art and literature are seldom noted. I have spoken above of the fine designs which are often sen and will say no more about that. However, it is not well-known that great figures of literature are celebrated in stamps, in fact not only literature but music. In 1928 Germany issued a series of stamps with the pictures of Goethe, Schiller, Bach, and Beethoven on them. There were others as the series comprised nearly twenty-five varieties but these are the four which stand out in my mind. Greece in 1924 emitted two stamps commemorating Byron's aid in the liberation of the country. Altho he was honored from a political standpoint he is nevertheless a figure in the field of literature.

I hope that I have brought together here enough incidents of historical and otherwise interesting and instructive nature to show the disparagers that philately is not alone the collection of bits of paper but the collection of anecdotes and facts connected with them.

SAG ROOM OPEN
EVERY DAY AT 2

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVI DECEMBER 20, 1929 NO. 5

WHY?

Why does a Brookline High School service flag hang in Shailer Hall?

It is there because during the great war a number of our boys made the supreme sacrifice and a still greater number served. It is fitting that in this year of the tenth anniversary of the Armistice that we consider what those boys have done for us. They should be recognized for what they are—the best of the nation's youth upholding the ideals of liberty and democracy. Their memory should be perpetuated.

It seems to us as we look at the flag in Shailer Hall that a more suitable, more noticeable place could have been chosen for that memorial. It is the time to bring that representative of the ideals of freedom into the light, to restore it to its former beauty and to preserve it forever to remind succeeding generations of students of the work of Brookline High.

Where would YOU suggest placing it? The Sagamore is anxious to receive YOUR opinion.

(Please address all communication regarding the above to The Editor, R. F. Burkhardt, at the Sag Room, or 48 Park St., Brookline.)

PRAISE WHERE PRAISE IS DUE

Did you notice the new uniforms? We mean on the Band at the game of course. This year is the first in our memory that the Band sported a uniform at the Newton game.

We were surprised to hear such fine renditions of the numbers that we felt moved to take our pen in hand and explain a few of the difficulties before the Band.

There were many rhearsals at which but a third of the Band showed up. In fact the response was so slow that the idea of playing at all this year was given up. But a few days before the game the more interested members got the Band together and practised intensively day after day.

We desire to thank those who made it possible for the Band to appear Thanksgiving Day and to state that we'll be back of them if they should enter the State Music Competition in May.

Here's to the Band and may it grow better, and stronger—and bring a prize home to Brookline!

"Say, did the English shoot Joan of Arc?"

"Naw, burned her at stake."

"Well, I thought so, too, but it says here she was canonized."

—Georgia Cracker.

* * * *

"There is a perfect gentleman," said the nearsighted lady as the beggar gracefully doffed his hat and held it before him.

And then there's the poor fellow who got a shoe shine and then remembered he had his roommate's shoes on.

—Witt.

* * * *

Of course you've heard of the Scotchman who crowned his wife because she rinsed out his shaving brush.

—Carolina Buccaneer.

IN PRAISE OF THE "NO SCHOOL" SIREN

J. Blatt

When the books are light and browsy,
When you're feeling kind of drowsy,
When the weather's simply "lousy,"
And the skies are bleak,
When the dull outside is bleary,
And the dull inside is dreary,
There is nothing quite so cheery,
As a siren's shriek.

Why the nightingales in June,
E'en the songs the fairies croon,
Or the harps the angels tune
Echo thin and weak
When they're put beside the moaning,
And the screaming and the groaning,
And the fascinating droning,
Of a siren's shriek.

When I lie upon the bier,
Dampened by the mourner's tear,
Covered by a shrowd severe,
Looking saintly meek,
This will be my dying prayer:
"Gabriel the Day decleare
Rather than with trumpets blare—
With a siren's shriek!"

KING INK

If all the bottles of ink in the world were placed end to end,—just imagine! In truth, ink is a very important factor in our daily life, and the quantity of it that is consumed per annum is prodigious. In variety this royal liquid ranges from the poison ink employed by patriotic Russians to dispatch their betters to the gummy ink used in tattooing; in color and hue it runs the whole gamut of the rainbow, having in some cases chameleon-like propensities; yet in other forms it fades away altogether after a time.

Some inks have a pleasant odor; others do not, and still others are odorless. There is ink actually pleasing to the taste; other varieties possess a pronounced "kick."

And as for the lineage of ink, its use dates far into the ante deluvian periods; by the grace of this powerfully potentrated little liquid Mankind's history and thoughts have been preserved for posterity. Ink is the blood of nations, as it were, and the wheels of human progress have been lubricated with it. Into it seeresses peer and divine the future; by its use we are acquainted with the previous exploits of the human race.

Without ink there would be no Constitution, no books (we could dispense with some right now) no paper, and in all, no adequate means of passing on our achievements to others far distant.

Ink, as a noble monarch, has his vassals: pens, blotters, desks, inkwells are all his underlings, dependent on him for their existence.

In every walk of life and condition of society we inevitably encounter ink, good, bad, and indifferent, varying from the oleaginous fluid employed by post offices to that rich, crystal-clean fluid used in banks.

As some immortal poet once said, the pen is mightier than the sword; wherefore it follows that ink is more potent than poison. Remember that the destinies of nations lie in the abyss of the inkwell; and that it rests with King Ink what shall be written on the Book of Fate when the inkwell of life has run dry.

Many high school students are to be seen at the main Library searching in vain for books they would easily have found in the high school library. Our library often has more copies of a certain book than has the main library. Moral: Patronize your school library.

Many others of the school do not realize how much there is in the library besides books. Did you know Mrs. Siebens has a cabinet of catalogues from many professional schools and colleges all over the United States?

Book lists of the latest fiction and non-fiction from many publishers are now available in the library. Some are for free distribution.

Have you seen the Library's Christmas Tree? To supplement its cheerful greeting, the library staff wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

When you make out your New Year resolutions, don't forget this one: "I wil return all my library books **promptly** in 1930!

New book:

Davis—"The Whirlwind"—an exciting story of the French Revolution.

SOB OF THE SENIOR

I

"Sobbing seniors, wailing juniors,
shaken, stricken, pale with woe,—
Why lament you, what torments
you, frightens, sickens, pains you
so?
Can'st not hear, in fancy clear, booming, crooning, class day bands?
What strange worry, makes you
hurry, scowling, howling, wringing hands?"

II

"Ah, wee freshman, naive freshman,
infant marvel, child of worth—
Ask not rashly, why we thusly,
droop our proud heads to the
earth!
Get thee from me, keep thyself, free,
from the dread scourge, break away!
Hold thy young mind, from the
dark grind, free, unfettered ever
stay!"

III

"Nay, but bold you, need'st not shrink
so, I was once a mortal too!
Gay and carefree, calm and happy,
good to look upon as you,—
'Til they caught me, held me, taught
me, shackled midst loud wailing
hordes,—
Weak and helpless, almost senseless;
I —have —done— the —College—
Boards!!

—Enough—

R Colyum

(Note: We wish right here to discredit the rumors abroad that the author of this sometimes funny column has been fired. We have only reduced his salary. (signed) Jake Sagamore

* * *

We notice that the boys who do not pay their class dues outnumber the delinquent girls about five to one. These same boys will probably turn out to be the kind of guys who have to let a woman support them all their lives, anyway.

* * *

With tears in our eyes we tell you that there will be no more teachers' conventions.

* * *

If you feel sick, the Physics period is no relief.

* * *

Vin Pollina tells us that he has to read every night until midnight in order to fall asleep—we'll wager it isn't history.

* * *

Talk about Beau Brummel—why, Charley Wolfe can't even wait for school to let out before he drops over to his locker and makes a quick change from one outfit of sartorial splendor to another.

* * *

Miss Bailey in the role of philosopher says, "All boys are instinctively girl Scouts."

* * *

As ever at this time of year, the young ladies who possess fur coats find the heating system of our school altogether insufficient, while their less fortunate sisters manage to endure the rigor, clad only in the conventional indoor attire.

* * *

Mr. Kepner admits that the SAGAMORE editorials are all too high-brow and bombastic, even for him—and all without a blush, mind you.

* * *

Don Blunt informs us that it is terribly cold getting up at six o'clock these mornings. We don't know why he gets up at that ungodly hour unless to milk the cow, or more likely, to close the window.

* * *

If you stop to pat a hoss it's perfectly all right—you are kind and thoughtful; but if you waste any such gentle caresses on an automobile, you are crazy.

* * *

Long dresses may be all the rage, but they have yet to put in their appearance at this noble institution; but we'll be looking for them tonight.

* * *

Well boys, here's hoping you can find your diamond studs when you go to dig them out for tonight.

"I hear that poor Bill got blown up in a powder factory."

"He told me he was expecting a raise."

* * * *

Minister: Young man, do you ever attend a place of worship?

Joe (absent-mindedly): Yes, sir. I am going to see her now.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

"SUMMER DAY"

Peter Sampson, the old man, sat in his chair and dozed. How tired he was! But it was pleasant in the garden and very quiet with the children away. Sylvie's birthday! They had all gone on a picnic to celebrate. Oh he forgot that people didn't go on picnics any longer. It was nineteen twenty-nine. Well, where had they gone, to the theatre?

Who cares? The grass was so green and over there near the hill the trees made lovely designs against the sky. How he loved the country! Not that this was really the country. His daughter would never consent to move any farther away from town than the suburbs. Yet he had loved the city in his youth—the rushing, the surging, as if people were really progressing. Now he was old and wanted peace. Though not so old, seventy-seven. His granddaughter, Sylvie, was six today. Still he didn't feel like a grandfather.

Soon they would return. Sylvie would run to his lap and coo ever so sweetly, "Grandad, tell me the story of the pretty lady." Then for the millionth time he would speak to her of the pretty lady, thinking all the time of Cynthia, whom he had wished to marry.

There they came now, how sweet Sylvie looked! And Martin was all excited. Funny to see the boy so stirred up but naturally on his sister's birthday. She was running to him and seating herself on his lap. "Oh Grandad, we had such a wonderful time, circus, and peanuts, and elephants, and —oh mother's calling. Will you tell me the story later of the pretty lady?" She was springing away before he could reply. Sylvie was like a cool, swift breeze.

But take her brother, Martin. There was a man in spite of his nine years. He was going to be great some day if his stubborness didn't get the better of him. Stubbornness, the Sampson trademark!

He dozed.—What had he been thinking of? Oh yes, Sylvie. She was something like what Cynthia had been. She had the same light-heartedness, the same spirit. Ah Cynthia, Cynthia of the white hands and dark eyes. He liked the phrase. There was an-

(Continued on page 6)

"THE FIEND"

Fools,—deluded fools,—vile creatures all, they little know with whom they jostle as they pass, and glare at in disdain. But they shall know and in the streets their corpses shall decay, and rot, before the burnt and blackened ruins of their homes.

* * *

Crowds of them, like blatant sheep, like swine, are surging past me now and scowling at my ragged clothes and,—Ah! young man, rash youth, you snicker, eh? and laugh! Laugh well for on the hooks your fair, round muscles shall be torn and twisted and that form so fair be pierced and riven by a thousand burning splinters. You shall lie, deep in the gutter's mud and your high, arrogant, young head be crushed to slime beneath the feet of fleeing mobs.

* * *

A woman, pretty, young and proud, she looks at me, and with contempt goes by. Perchance, we'll meet again and that proud head shall bow, those tender, supple bones be snapped and broken, as canebrake in a gale, that soft, white flesh be seared and consumed with an iron, white hot, that shall close those scornful eyes and wither black those arched and dainty lips.

* * *

Ah! Well their dying shrieks will heal the festering wounds that lie within my soul!

* * *

I will begin conservatively at first and secret, that none may know and halt my chosen works.

* * *

It would be well, perhaps, to start with grandeur and display; a train wrecked in a tunnel, shrieking women, burning coaches, scalding steam to turn the air into a living fire, or better still, perhaps, a charge of powder placed beneath some building, hall or theatre, preferably, would follow well the tenor of my plans and bury deep in bloody sand and ruins the writhen bodies of my hated foes.

* * *

Or still it might serve fair to pour into the reservoir some quantities of poisons which would run into the vessels of the rich and poor and in a

(Continued on page 6)

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.

of

BROOKLINE

Gratis

We wonder if the Majorie Mills who talks about cooking over the radio is the same one we know.

* * *

When Helen Cooper grows up she's going to write a book on "How To Stop And Regulate Hiccoughs!"—Ask Barbara Trott!

* * *

What would people think of B. H. S. if all its boys followed Irving Nisson's example when they had a toothache? —Nisson went to the emergency room.

* * *

Now that winter is almost here, one girl is coming to school with fur around her ankles.

* * *

We have more talent in our school than we suspected! Barbara Aborn writes poetry!

* * *

Heard about school:

In 315: "Open the door, I Gunga Din!"

In Mr. Taylor's class: "Is this a described or an inscribed circle?"

From Gertrude Steinberg:—"And my diet starts tomorrow!"

From Vic Newman: "What have you been telling the girls about me?"

In the girls' locker room: "Hi Jack!" They even have them in schools!)

In Mr. Harbour's room: "I was born in London at an early age.

* * *

Will the freshman who put a suggestion in the Sag box, concerning an exchange column, please come to the Sag Room, if he will consider writing it.—We mean this seriously!

* * *

It seems that track season is here again. We can appreciate our coats when we see those boys trotting about in their R. S. V. Ps.

* * *

We've heard of horse thieves, riders, etc, and now, according to Miss Wood, we have a horse writer in school.

* * *

At last we have the jump on the local newspapers. We knew that the pupils of B. H. S. were pretty well banged up before they told us so!

* * *

Let us deny the rumor that Mr. Jewett lost his voice in Pinafore.—He wants SUNshine, and oh, how he sings out for it!

* * *

—Find out from Reynolds, Rollins, and Keary, Inc. whether he got what he wanted!

* * *

When you see Billy Devine tonight, watch his feet.

* * *

After all these years Bobby Goldman is giving up his bad habits.—He's giving his picture away!

* * *

Note: Katherine McKenna got her History notebook in when it was due after all.

* * *

We wonder how she managed it!

(Continued from page 5)

other one. "Your eyes are the beckoning hands of dreams." Where had he read that line? Oh, yes, Ben Hecht—good old Ben Hecht, although these epitheticians did get on his nerves at times.

Fifty years ago. Fifty long, long years. Had he really loved her? Why had they not married? She would never agree. Yet she had loved him that summer. What a glorious summer! "Oh, no," she had said, "I wouldn't think of it. You know what married life does. It stifles one, it wipes out love. I should cease to respect you and you would hardly tolerate me. Let us remain the way we are." Funny that more than fifty years later people were only beginning to say the same thing.

Funny that she who had always preached kindness should have been so inconsiderate. An inadequate word, an inadequate world! The air was pleasant today. The warmth pervaded his spirit and stirred his thoughts.

Well why had he married Frances then? To have someone to darn his socks? When Cynthia left there had been such sorrow in his heart. He thought that marrying Frances would help to heal it. Perhaps forget her, but the pain was still there. Sometimes at night it ached so he could not sleep. He sighed.

Poor Frances, she had been a good wife to him. Careful, practical, methodical, she had managed his house well. But he could never offer her his love. She had been just the opposite of Cynthia with her wild ideas. Running off to Europe on a whim! Yes, caprice had always been her watchword. Perhaps she had grown more settled now. Even though he really preferred her the old way. Perhaps she was waiting for him behind the curtain. But the play was not yet over. In about twenty years he would be ready to go back stage. Silly, Sunday schoolish gush! Was he becoming senile?

Then one might think of life as a bottle. A stout jug with a narrow neck. When one was born one was at the very opening, one's childhood was spent in the limited neck, and as one grew older he progressed into the wider, fuller part of the jug, so that the fullest days of one's life came at old age. Quite a pleasant philosophy. H'm——

What had he been saying? Sometimes lately his thoughts got so muddled that he didn't know where he was. Was he becoming feeble minded? No, only very old men did that. Very old men——They made him think of tombstones. When he died they would put up a magnificent marble tombstone. Peter Sampson, seventy-seven. "How foolish! I'm not going to depart until about twenty years later. Peter Sampson, ninety-seven. How much better that sounds!"

Numbers were nice things to play with. Take seventy-seven, for example. What a clumsy, gawky, heavy affair! But twenty-two, there was something young, lithe, graceful, Cynthia had been twenty-two that summer.

Yes, the garden was pleasant today but why did the flies persist in settling upon his nose? There came Sylvie down the hill to call him into dinner. He wouldn't enjoy the long climb up the hill. He would pretend to be sleeping and tease her a little. He closed his eyes. Peace—heavenly peace!

"Come on, Grandad, come on in to dinner," called Sylvie. He did not answer but sighed, and taking her hand he began to trudge heavily up the hill.

manner, fitting to my aims, eat out the vitals of a million strong.

* * *

And yet, there is a romance in a liner sunk at sea, with helpless passengers, pale with fear, leaping from the burning vessel into the churning water, and the grinning sharks peering from the deep with crimsoned, shining fangs.

* * *

What joy there is to me within the multiplicity of ways that do exist to further and accomplish my fond purpose. From plans of civil insurrection to the wily trick of treating stores of food with potent capsules I have but to choose, to act and to rejoice when thousands perish.

* * *

But still, within the shadows of my brain, there lurks a plan, so perfect in its thought that ease of action cannot be compared, and yet its power rivals with the storm, to sweep all in its path, before, as leaves.

* * *

There is a germ, a microbe, small, but strong, whose presence tokens black and maddening doom, a pestilence, a blight, a poison thorn, that but its touch spells misery and death.

The lepric fungi,—bah! a patent germ, that may be bred on putrid, rotting flesh which placed within the dark will sweat and mould and multiply a billion tortured deaths.

* * *

And now to scatter through this crowded city, this which has worked my talents for a year. I'll place a bit in every public building, that all may have a full and bounteous share. A drop or two in every public market, to live upon the meats and taint them well, and mixed it shall be in the very water, that none may be excluded from my hell.

But what strange curse is this which holds ambition; what rots my flesh and festers in my eyes? My very bones do blacken, bleed and splinter and I must hasten fast ere I may die.

How heavy are my precious flasks to carry, well did my treasure grow in strength and weight, but hold—! Where is it that I now am straying? No longer do I hear the city's din nor feel the surge of crowds upon the street. I cannot see, my legs are weak and trembling, a roaring fills my ears and I grow faint!

* * *

A roaring fills my ears, a hell is ringing, a whistle shrieks like tortured souls in hell, I feel the fiery breath of heated metal, the ground is quaking, as if in a spell I cannot move, a calm, a peace, upon my soul is resting; my hates and fears are gone and all is,————!

Our idea of a pessimist is the fellow who rinses out a fresh sanitary cup direct from its sanitary container, before using it. —Rutgers Chanticleer.

* * * *

"Wipe off your chin."
"Can't. It's fastened on."
—Reserve Red Cat.

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BROOKLINE TO HAVE AIR MARKER

After many vain attempts, Brookline is at last to have an airmarker which will guide aviators to the Boston Airport. Through the courtesy of George W. McNear, Inc. the Brookline Aero Science Club will put up a gigantic airmarker atop the George W. McNear auto body factory on Station Street. The roof of this building is very suitable for such a purpose. The airmarker will consist of the word "Brookline" painted in letters 9 feet high and the word will be 62 feet long. An arrow pointing to the Boston Airport will be 40 feet long also an arrow pointing to true North, for compass bearings, will be 75 feet long.

The sign will be painted in chrome yellow paint supplied through the courtesy of George M. McNear, and will be visible from an altitude of 2,000 feet. In the early spring the marker will be put up by the members of the airmarker committee of the Brookline Aero Science Club, William Wooding, Norman LeGacy, and Philip Renta, Chairman. The marker will be constructed in accordance with the department of Commerce regulations.

BROOKLINE AERO CLUB

At the last meeting of the Brookline Aero Club, Philip Renta gave an interesting talk on the four-stroke, four-cycle gasoline engine.

Commonder Creer of the Naval Sea Base at Squantum spoke of the requirements for naval aviators; he mentioned the method by which planes land and take off on the air camers, "Lexington," "Saratoga", and "Langley." Then followed an explaination of the working of the catapult used on battleships and ship-to-coast service.

Members who wish to make a dirigible flight in April or May must apply to the president or vice-president at the next meeting.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT AT ASSEMBLIES

The Sagamore wishes to remind the student body of the frequent—and justified—criticisms of our assemblies. The freshmen have come to this school with the memory of their quiet, orderly, assembly-halls still strongly impressed on them. It seems to the faculty to be a deplorable fact that our assemblies, which should retain those characteristics, and even intensify them, by virtue of our superior age and longer training, should be so marked by noise and inattention.

From the stage, the students present a disgraceful appearance as they file in. Talking, laughing, gambolling, they take their seats in the midst of a confusion that would astound a slum-dweller. Although the lower classes start from their homerooms in single file, they usually arrive at their places in little clusters, frequently joining friends from another homeroom. This is inexplicable There is no reason why students of high school age should be unable to be separated from their friends for thirty minutes. If, however, this is really the case, they may be excused from all assemblies.

That such conditions should exist in a school such as Brookline High seems impossible. It is, however, true. Nevertheless, it is probably due largely to thoughtlessness rather than to any conscious insubordination, and may be speedily corrected if everyone will remember to conduct himself with becoming dignity at future assemblies.

"Have you not appeared before as a witness in this suit, madam?"

"No, indeed! This is the first time I've ever worn it."

* * * *

Mount Vesuvius was recently tipped with snow. Try that on your haid waiter. —Goblin.

* * * *

High Hat: Isn't this orchestra divine?

Low Brow: Naw, I think it's de berries. —Cornell Widow.

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Mr: Oh, I wondered how the flavor got out.

* * *

Salesman: Yes, sir. That's the smartest hat we've got.

Some Quick Wit (probably the dean): It doesn't have to be smart. I'll put the brains in it myself.

* * *

He: I'll go blind studying so long.

She: Don't worry, I'll donate the monkey.

* * *

"Whatever happened to Rioger College's star fullback?"

"He left college. The alumni failed to pay the last instalment on him, and his family took him away."

* * *

"What's the matter, Bobby? Why are you crying?

"Aw, my kite won't fly, and my dad made it out the fly-paper too.

* * *

Departing Guest—Now don't trouble to see us to the door.

Hostess—Oh, no trouble, it's a pleasure. —Ex.

* * *

1st One: Yesterday I stepped into the middle of the street held up my arms and stopped a runaway horse.

2nd One: That's nothing. Today I stepped to the curb, held up two fingers and stopped a taxi. —Ex.

* * *

"It's a boy!" exclaimed the doctor. And what are you going to call him?"

"Percival Archibald Reginald," said the proud father."

"That's an odd combination, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I want him to be a boxer."

"I don't see the connection."

"No? Well think of all the practice he'll get when he goes to school with that name." —Goblin.

* * *

Another idea of an easy job? Garbage collector in Scotland. W. P. P

"It's to be a battle of wits."

"How brave of you, Gerald, to go unarmed!" —Goblin.

* * * *

"Food is getting so scarce that a man lived for two weeks on garlic alone."

"Well, any man who lives on garlic ought to live alone."

Rutgers Chanticleer.

* * * *

"Did Bill ever amount to anything?"

"Sure, he provides for a town of three thousand."

"Provides?"

"Yeah, social scandal."

—Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket

* * * *

College is the place where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

—Boston Beanpot.

* * * *

He: Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?

She: Yes, why?

He: I just wondered who lifted them off the stove for you.

—Williams Purple Cow.

* * * *

Speeder: Can you change a twenty, judge?

Judge: Nope, but I can change the fine! —Goblin.

* * * *

A soldier lost his left arm in the war, and so his right arm was left. His left arm was not left since it was cut off and his left arm was right. If he had lost his right arm instead of his left, his left arm would have been left instead of his right, but that's not right for his right arm was left and not his left. —Leatherneck.

* * * *

"I got a letter from the college, that says our Nellie's been stealin?"

"What?"

"Says she's takin' home economics."

—Georgia Cracker.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 13, 1930. TEN CENTS

SENIORS PRESENT COMMENDABLE REVUE

Billy Devine Scores Triumph in "Guess Again"

by Herbert L. Fox

For some years it has been customary for the senior class in Brookline High School to present an evening of entertainment just previous to the Christmas holidays. This year, by way of deviation from the now passé vaudeville program which has been used in other years, a two act musical comedy, captioned "Guess Again, was presented. Now it is not to be expected that a thoroughly amateur and inexperienced cast should present a performance which exceeds the stages of utter embryoism; so it was with no little surprise that we witnessed the parting of the curtain on a first act which, with the exception of one unfortunate scene, would have put many professional efforts in this field to shame. The second act was well done, but it did not rise to the heights of the opening one. We think that a few repeats, further use of the saxophone trio and the two black-face comedians for example, would have been to great advantage.

As usual, a bevy of heretofore unknown cleverness and in some cases talent was disclosed to the audience. But far and above the rest of the cast stood Billy Devine, who despite his thirteen years presented a highly finished performance of singing and advanced tap dancing which was a fine as one may expect to see anywhere. His calm stage presence, his timing, and his marked general ability stamped him in the minds of the audience as a potential luminary. Doris Cohen as a tap novelty dancer, Irma Carp as a toe-dancer, and Janet Helman as an acrobatic dancer stood out as performers of prodigious ability. And of course there were the chorus girls, those libeled ladies of the pony ballet. Their work reflected diligent practice and, 'though not original, was done with the precision of good clockwork.

As the culminating thrust, the entire cast, almost fifty strong gathered in song for a grand finale.

Following the performance, the greater part of the audience withdrew to the basement for an hour of dancing.

Modern Play Chosen for 1930 Dramatics

"The Youngest," a three act comedy by Philip Bang has been chosen for The Twenty-ninth Annual Dramatics. This year the play will be given on March 28 and 29.

"This play is one of modern life," said Celina H. Lewis, faculty director "and gives opportunity for young people to act naturally and wear pretty clothes."

Try-outs are scheduled for January 22, 23, 24. People will be tested in the order of application and **all** applications must be in by Monday January 20 at 2 P.M. After that date no applicants will be received under any circumstances.

TRACK TEAM SUFFERS LOSSES THROUGH FOUR-YEAR RULE

Graduation Takes Many

After a month of extensive practice under the coaching of Mr. Hines, the Brookline Track Team is ready for another successful season.

Mr. Hines deserves much credit for developing as powerful a squad as he did, for many of last year's stars, such as Badaracco, Fink, and Duane have graduated. At present there are fifty-two candidates out for track, but before the first meet this will be cut in half. Because of the four year rule, which prohibits any student who has been at high school more than four years from participating in athletics, the team has been slightly weakened, for Hardigan and P. Racheotes are now ineligible. The loss of Dana Smith, who left school will also be felt. However, new track men have been found, who will more than fulfil expectations.

Charlie Gow, the brilliant Huntington star, has come to Brookline as a middle distance man. Captain Hootstein, Charlie French, and Sam Levine have our main hopes in the dashes. For timber-toppers there are Bob Goldman, Brigham, Kudish and Keary.

Hoostein and Nayor of football fame will have the shot. The high jump is taken care of by Hall, Ferguson, Duskin and Brigham. In the long distances, the team is not as strong. There are only a few good prospects seen as yet. These are Keary, Levinson, Litman and Brigham.

Mr. Hines has two more weeks before the track season starts. During this time he will be able to whip the team into shap and perhaps discover some more talent.

(Continued on Page 2)

ORATORS' DAY NEXT BIG EVENT IN SCHOOL CALENDAR

Eight Chosen from Record Group of 120—Poetry Favored Among Selections Chosen

Put Friday, January 17, down in your Engagement Book as the next great date in the school calendar. It is Orators' Day!

The very great increase in numbers from year to year of those who wish to try for Prize Speaking is an indication of the growing need of boys and girls to be able to stand on their feet in public and say what they wish to say without getting stage fright. The high peak in interest in Prize Speaking was reached this year, when 120 boys and girls registered for the event. To select eight from this number was by no means an easy task for the committee. Once chosen the eight fortunate ones have worked perhaps with greater faithfulness because of the unusual distinction that is accorded them this year. An old High School boy who stands out as a distinguished figure among American poets of today is doing them the honor to come back and act as judge. On the same platform where he once thrilled to his name as prize-winner, Witter Bynner will pass on the thrill to the favored boy and girl on January 17.

The program follows.

1. The Pilgrims of Plymouth—Henry Cabot Lodge; Robert Monroe.

2. My last Duchess—Robert Browning; Ethel Feinsilver.

3. Boots—Rudyard Kipling; Dexter Goulston.

4. (a) The Raggedy Man—James Whitcomb; (b) Shuffle Shoon and Amber Locks—Eugene Field; Josephine Blatt.

5. The Prisoner at the Bar—Louis R. Anderson; Herbert Feinstein.

6. Hearts Enduring—John Erskine; Miriam Hurwitz.

7. The Hairy Ape—Eugene O'Neil; Alvin Weinberg.

8. (a) The Ladies of St. James—Austin Dobson; (b) The Mountain Woman—DuBose Heyward; (c) The Road not Taken—Robert Frost; Jane Miller.

The Listeners—Walter de la Mare; The Fool's Prayer—Edward Rowland Sill; Chester Litman.

Alternates—Edna Teitlebaum Selections from John Brown's Body by Stephen Vincent Bénet.

9. Announcement of the Winners.

Judges.

SWIMMERS, LEAD BY HYLAND, IN GOOD SHAPE

The Municipal Pool at Brookline was crammed with Brookline High and ex-Brookline swimmers one sunny day in the week of December 15, all getting ready for the opening of the indoor season next month.

Many candidates, to the number of twenty-five, are seeking places on the school team, which is under the guidance of Coach McNamara, most of them being sophomores and juniors. Many freshmen and sophomores are out for the first time and these boys, unless they should make the first team, will compete for the '32 and '33 teams.

The swimming is captained by the able veteran, John Hyland, the relay, 50 and 100 yard freestyle swimmer. He (Irving Nisson, and Sidney Rabinovitz) the only seniors on the team this year. His brother, William Hyland, another veteran, will devote his time to the 100-yard free style, in which he will compete with his brother, and also in the 200 yard freestyle swim.

Brookline's diving team is pretty well broken up thus far. Bert Rich-

(Continued on Page 2)

ANNUAL XMAS SONG FESTIVAL UNUSUAL

The annual Christmas festival was held Friday, Dec. 20. As the pupils filed in, the orchestra made a charming picture, silhoutted against the beautiful stained-glass window, made by the Art department for last year's festival, and flanked by candles.

Under the direction of Mr. Cook the orchestra and Glee Club rendered "O Come All Ye Faithful" as the opening of the program. This was followed by a group of carols, notably a solo in French by Helene Dawson, assisted by a quartet. Unfortunately, owing to lack of time, the German and Latin carols were omitted.

This was indeed a charming and unusual way to fill the last day of school before the holidays with the glow of the Christmas spirit.

Aero Club Notes

A meeting of the Brookline Aero Club was held on Wednesday, Dec. 18 at 7:30 P.M., in the main library. About seventy members were present. The first half hour was occupied with matters of Club business. It was made known that Mr. Porter Adams, former resident of Brookline, (who is now at Tucson, Arizona, for his health) would act in an advisory capacity for the "Brookline Airport" project of the club. Mr. Adams is the former president of the National Aeronautic Association.

The names of all applicants who wish to go on the dirigible flight this spring were taken. Any boys who want to take advantage of this opportunity to fly in a dirigible which the club is chartering should give their names to an officer of the club as soon as possible.

After the business meeting, the usual review of aeronautic events was given by Herbert Jacobs, president of the club.

The speaker of the evening was Lieut. Crowley of the Boston-New York air mail line. He gave an interesting and amusing account of his career in military and commercial aeronautics and illustrated his talk with blackboard sketches of military airplane formations and tactics.

Several exciting incidents of air mail experiences in flying at night were also related by the Lieutenant and after a period devoted to questions and answers, the meeting was adjourned.

The Aero Club takes this opportunity to announce that it now has its own headquarters in a room in the Brookline Public Library. The board of trustees of the library have agreed to allow the Club to use this room and it will be fitted up shortly. Aeronautic magazines will be kept for the use of the members. The room will also be used for headquarters and gatherings of members for purposes of aeronautic discussion.

THE GIRLS' AERO CLUB

The Girls' Aero Club, during its recent drive for membership, signed up 40 new members, all of whom are enthusiastic aeronautes.

The new developments at the Airport have caused a great deal of comment among the club members, so a visit to the Airport as well as a schedule of flying for the spring season is planned.

The next issue of the "Aerolette" will appear shortly, with many new and interesting features. The "continued story" of lives of great aeronauts, which was so popular last year, is to be continued.

Orders for pins are being taken by Mary Crowley and by Ethel Feinsilver in Room 320. The money for the pins should accompany each order.

BANK ASSEMBLY FEATURES TALK BY MR. PACKARD

Drive for New Depositors Culminates on Thrift Day

The Bank rally held on January 6 started off the bank drive for depositors with a bang. The drive, which is distinctly not for a large sum of deposits but for a large number of depositors, will culminate on Thrift Day.

Roger Bukhardt, chairman of the Board of Directors took charge of the program following Mr. Aker's introduction. He asked John Myers, Presiden of the Bank, to speak. John stated that although he has not been able to help in the Bank work up to now, he hopes that he will aid its progress greatly from this time on.

The chairman of the Publicity committee, Leona Moss, explained that the thermometers now on display are a record of the percentage of depositors in each class The compound interest tables which will be on the home room bulletin boards may be consulted so that you can tell just how much money you will have after a few years when your money is at compound interest. She displayed the new bands which Bank tellers will wear now to distinguish them from the rest of the school. The band consists of a yellow B on a black background, and is easily distinguishable.

Mr. Packard spoke on the advisability of planning your finances for the future so that you will know just where you will come out in ten year's time. 95 per cent of the men who are in business are dependent at the age of 70. That only proves the absolute necessity of thinking and working for the future. He advocated being thrifty, but strongly emphasized the point that we should be thrifty without being stingy. We should always give as well as save, but when in the time of a crisis we have a bank account to tide us over, we realize the true value of saving. A bank is not run to make money but for the benefit of the depositors.

Mr. Cooke led the school in singing a thrift song to the tune of "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." The school responded, singing the second verse lustily.

A fact worthy of note is that the Seniors are exceeded only by the Freshmen in the inter-class competition for depositors, while the Juniors are in last place.

A new system of Home Room Representatives will be arranged at the next meeting.

Many interesting speakers are to talk to the club, among them Mrs. Kenyon of Brookline, and the heads of the aviation departments of different newspapers and High Schools.

The next meeting will be announced shortly, and a large attendance is expected.

WITTER BYNNER TO JUDGE PRIZE SPEAKING

Former Editor of Sagamore Returns to Brookline

From his home in Santa Fe, N. M., Miss Adams, chairman of our annual Prize Speaking contest, has succeeded in bringing to Brookline one of America's most noted poets, Witter Byner, to act as a judge in the contest on the evening of January 17.

Witter Bynner lived in Brookline and was a graduate of Brookline High School, 1898, so that we are especially happy to welcome him .

The Teacher's Club has arranged for a special meeting for Tuesday afternoon, January 16, in the auditorium in order that the faculty and their guests may greet him and have the rare privilege of having him read some of his own poetry.

He has taught at the University of California and contributed to many magazines; he has been a lecturer on poetry and kindred subjects. He was the Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard in 1911. He was president of the poetry society of America from 1920-1922.

Our guest is also widely known as a collector of Chinese paintings and is a rare interpreter of Chinese philosophy. Not only in the realm of poetry is Witter Bynner a rare success, also in drama has his reputation been of increasing significance.

Some of his works are "Young Harvard," 1907; "The Beloved Stranger," 1919; "A Canticle of Pan," 1920; "A Book of Plays," 1922; translation:"A Book of Love" (from the French of Charles Vildrac).

LAMENT

It was late, and I was weary, and my eyes were growing bleary, as I sat and pondered deeply on a paperfull of lore.

How I wished my toil was ended,—Morpheus with will contended, as I strove to finish quickly an interminable bore.

But alas, I labored vainly, I was "done "—less and less plainly could I read the fatal wording of the task I had to do.

Rows of letters danced before me, dim grey mists wreaths hovered o'er me, and my eyes were now so sleepy I could hardly see my shoe.

But at last I tried no longer, while the moon's pale light grew stronger, and its brightness, flowing silver, in my casement window poured.

Down I sank, with forehead humble, and as I succumbed I mumbled in a voice that swiftly failed me—"Damn that history College Board."

Landlord: This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive.

Prospective Board: I suppose those spots on the wall are results of his experiments.

Landlord: Well, indirectly, yes. You see, that's the chemist!

SWIMMING TEAM

(Continued from Page 1)

ards broke an elbow in football and cannot bend it. Robert Ritchie broke an ankle in football and is still on crutches, but hopes to join the team by February. Frederick J. Woodlock Jr. is sick with carbuncles.

Irving Nisson, diver; John Prendergast, who was on the team two years ago as a diver; Robert Weinrebe, 100-yard and 50 yard swimmer; Carleton Harvey, 110-yard freestyle swim; Donald Broadbent, 100 yard backstroke and 50-yard swim; Rabinovitz, 50-yard and 200-yard freestyle; and Silverman and Levenson; in the breastroke make up the nucleus for the other point winners. Brookline will stage its opening meet with Mechanics Ats High School, and as usual, Coach McNamara will enter a full team in the Lieutenant George R. Meehan interscholastic meet, which will be held at Gardner, on March 15.

TRACK PROSPECTS

(Continued From Page 1)

A hard schedule is ahead of the team this year. It is as follows:—

Jan. 17, Watertown at Brookline.
Jan. 25, Brookline at Newton.
Feb. 1, Northeastern Meet.
Feb. 8, Newton at Brookline.
Feb. 15, B. A. A. Meet.
Feb. 22, Andover Meet.
March. 1, State Meet.

ACTIVE WINTER SEASON PLANNED FOR GIRLS

The winter season of girls' sports is now well under way. On Monday afternoon there is gym team, under the supervision of Misses James, Haskell and Johns. Regardless of whether you care to earn a letter or not, your form in apparatus work and your mark may be improved by a few weeks' attendance. Tuesday Miss Bacon directs captain-ball, an exciting game which should interest everyone. On the same day there is advanqed tennis, with Mrs. Wightman.

Wednesday afternoon there is dancing, with Miss Haskell. At this time you may learn almost any sort of dance—tap, ballroom, interpretive, or character. Also on Wednesday there is swimming, under Miss Johns' direction. This should be a pleasant diversion after a hard day at school. Miss Johns will, this same day, from 1:30 to 2:00 help any girl in apparatus who cannot come out for gym team on Monday. Thursdays Miss James has basketball, and the hiking club is continuing through the winter with variations. For instance, there has been one skating party and snowshoeing will be in order at the first appearance of snow.

OLD GRADS RETURN TO ADVISE GIRLS

Two of the high and exalted members of last year's senior class, and two of the seniors of the class of 1928 returned to school last Thursday, humbled to the respective ranks of freshman and sophomore (at college). The mighty conquered were Edith Greenleaf, '29, Jo Smith, '28, Clarine Stevens, '28, and Gertrude Lakson, '29.

These girls gave to the members of the Girls' League interesting and helpful facts about the colleges they are attending.

Before the meeting, Betty Richey read the latest scores of the interclass race for points. The freshmen and juniors seem to excel in athletics, and the sophomores and seniors take the lead in scholarship.

Edith Greenleaf, the winner of last year's Schick Cup, now a freshman at Smith, was the first speaker on the main program. She said that in her experience at Smith she finds that Brookline High offers as perfect a preparation for college as any private school represented there. In fact, it excels a private school in that it affords opportunity for unsupervised study and encourages the girls in making friends.

Jo Smith, who is in her second year at Katherine Gibbs' School, followed with her usual peppy address. Josephine says that at her particular college a Latin and Math foundation are desired, with much training in Spelling and English. She also complimented the Girls' League on its ability to establish a more friendly basis at school.

Clarine Stevens, another heroine of 1928, spoke about her discoveries at Radcliffe College. She brought out the fact that at college a girl is entirely on her own responsibility. The courses are chosen by the students, and permit an indefinite number of "cuts". However, cutting classes is by no means advisable, because of the great advances made in each lecture.

Gertrude Lakson, former editor of this humble publication, is spending her time at Wellesley. She says that the methods of teaching there are similar to those used in the High School, but that "more is expected and less demanded of a student." Furthermore, she broke the sad news that there are two hours of outside study in each subject expected—"even" in college.

Miss Sawyer took the torch from Gertrude, and introduced in interesting discussion about "What I would do if I could live my high school life over." It is rather a sad supposition, but the general ideas of the speakers were as follows:

1. I would divide my time carefully between studies and outside activities so that neither would suffer.

2. I would not allow my home lessons to "pile up."

3. I would accept the fact that college is just as hard and harder than High School.

The Girls' League is looking forward to other similar gatherings, and requests have been invited for special alumni speakers.

"GUESSING AGAIN"

By Herbert L. Fox, Esq.

The only difference between the seniors' "Guess Again" and some $4.00 shows is that this one was good.

* * * *

The last time that we saw so much fashionable attire in one place was on the occasion of the late horse show. However we saw no equine quadrapeds at this show.

* * * *

Just before the performance started we saw some of the chorines peeking through the door and counting the house which proves their inexperience in the ways of the theatre..

* * * *

And speaking of the chorus girls, they certainly were attired differently from Ziegfeld's lady employees.

* * * *

Cohen and Hall had it all over Ohman and Arden—they got along with only one piano.

* * * *

And that Saxophone trio reminded us of the Six Brown Brothers and they didn't need the other three.

* * * *

During the pseudo-football game the ushers got the aisles all jammed with late-comers, which provided the scene with a "standing room only" atmosphere not called for in the libretto.

* * * *

Those specialty dancers can certainly thank their mammas for making them practice their dancing lessons.

* * * *

Despite the mistake on the program and the huge mutton chops, we recognized the butler as "Shorty" Richards right away.

* * * *

We expected any minute to see those electricians dump the spot light onto the heads of the spectators below.

* * * *

As for the fellow who did the singing for the orchestra—well, Rudy Vallee sings through a megaphone too.

All we can say for the wag who insisted upon tossing pennies onto the stage while the pony ballet was doing its stuff is that he is a piker. At the best burlesque houses one throws no less than a fifty-cent piece.

* * * *

And speaking in the vein of kicking kuties they certainly had plenty of kick coming. (What a pun!)

* * * *

Between the acts we wandered back stage and were surprised at the small courtesy extended us as a gentleman of the press. Those saucy chorines who happened to be waiting their turn in the wings greeted us with overtones that had all the earmarks of the Lynn Marsh Breeze. And to add insult to injury, Mlle. Perkins gently but firmly evicted us.

* * * *

However we forgive Mlle, Perkins for her action, for we understand that impresarios are always very ill-humored at the premiere of a show.

* * * *

There were plenty of empty seats in the auditorium, but the dance floor down stairs was packed.

* * * *

The patronessess of the Social sat behind the lunch counter and watched the dancing. Since our lunch room does not serve breakfast and the dancing stopped quite early anyway, they were not in the way.

* * * *

Someone wanted to know who the T. D. H. senior was. It was only Mr. Roman. * * * *

Say, did you ever notice those guys who always look like they are waltzing even to the hottest fox trot.

* * * *

With all the police standing around it looked like someone had called out the riot squad.

* * * *

And after 11:30 it was just another memory.

—ON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

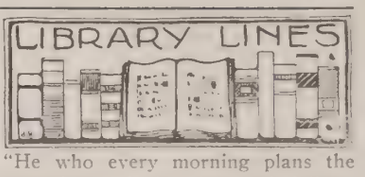
The words "I do" cause the persons who utter them to do one of two thing,—either keep the pledge or break it. Unlike a New Year's resolution, the oath of marriage, although partially disregarded, is expected to be respected "until Death do us part." On the other hand the annual resolutions are entirely too short-lived to be broken as soon as they are made.

Why is it that the two fatal words have been observed for at least a sensible length of time, while it appears to be absolutely impossible for a person to keep a resolution for more than a week. The objection, however, is not against the breaking of a resolution as much as it is against the making of it. He who makes a resolution that he knows will never be kept, must be exceedingly weak-minded. He should not make a resolution because another does, he should strive to be different,—not indifferent,—but just different.

High school students as a whole are considered intelligent creatures, but were we to line up a host of them, we should discover, after a slight cross-eaminations that a majority of them are weak-minded. Somehow they find it possible to retain a secret, to keep a promise to others, but resolutions seem to have a strange fascination,—one might even say a magnetic personality, for, as one sees the rising in the distance, he is seized with the uncontrollable desire to push them down, break them, turn his back on them,—in fact anything to prevent them from looming in front of him at every possible opportunity.

Many of you who are now reading this have made New Year's resolutions; some may have observed them for a time, or even yet, but the greater part of you have given up the ship. Many of you have made resolutions

(Continued on Page 6)



"He who every morning plans the transactions of the day and follows out that plan carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrnth of the most busy life. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidence, chaos will soon reign." Victor Hugo.

An excellent plan for the new year!

The faculty of the school enjoyed a most delightful party on January 7th, at which the librarians and the library staff were hostesses.

In the East Providence, R. I. High School, the Library Auxiliary (which corresponds to our Library Staff) publishes a small magazine, "The Book Worm," once or twice a year which contains the same type of news as does our library lines—lists of new books, library news, and in addition contributions from the members of the Auxiliary.

Library Laughs. A boy came into the library the other day in search of a book called "The Kingdom of the Isles" or "Isles of the Kingdom" It later developed that he was searching for the Idylls of the King.

Miss Brown, who had her small niece as a guest, was doing everything possible to make the visit a success.

She asked Betty if she liked strawberries.

"Yes, Auntie."

"Do you like rasberries?"

"Yes—but I like liberries best."

New Books for Art Students

"How to Draw the Head in Light and Shades"—Revagli.

"Book of a Hundred Hands"—Bridgeman.

"How to Make Etchings"—Barry.

For Chemistry students

"Fertilizers: Their Sources, Manufactures, and Uses."

"Introduction to American Civilazation"—Rugg.

The Wonderful Story of Science"—McFee.

"War As An Instrument of National Policy and its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris"—Shotwell.

Statesman's Yearbook for 1929.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergradnates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT

Existence is a struggle! It is written that the weak must perish and the strong survive and prosper. The dynamic germ of Success is embodied in every normal human. Adversity and discouragement blight this latent force and render the individual but "one of the crowd." Will can conquer this crushing factor and inevitably the possessor of it it must win.

Always open hostilities upon difficulties. Take the offensive, subjugate and forget one trouble before another puts its life-sucking tentacles upon you. It is easier to conquer from above than from below. Hope may be besieged on a height and live, but Fear attacked in the swamps of Adversity will sink and die in the oozing mire.

If you allow C's and D's to creep into your works you have so many traitors and so many insurgents in your ranks and your chances of winning are greatly jeopardized. If an E should raise its ugly head on your scholastic horizon, muster all your forces and drive it back with an A. Napoleon did it; why not YOU?

Don't be a sectional fighter; unable to gain ground in a foreign section. Steady cannonading of study will crumble the strongest fortress that Fact has ever built. A subject failed is a capaign lost, a defeat incurred humiliation and stigmatism of weakness contracted.

You have already won the eight battles of the grades. Some are now entering upon their first of the new series while some few are fighting the decision battles of Seniority. Some are winning and some have penetrated far into the enemy territory and are even now training their mental guns

(Continued on Page 6)

WONDERS OF THE SYNTHETIC AGE

Science to-day has entered into close alliance with the man in business and industry. The present achievements of the new science have demonstrated that no business or industry can be sure of its success unless it makes science and scientific research its closest allies. To-day new scientific facts are uncovered and to-morrow they be applied to some practical manufacturing method which may upset great industries and change vast fortunes. The discovery of artificial silk or rayon, a fabric having all the shine and gloss of silk and made from cellulose at far less expense than the genuine fabric, brought great changes into the silk indsutry.

Only yesterday a group of prominent scientists boldly proclaimed to the world the beginning of a great Synthetic Age. A new note of triumph was sounded in this astonishing statement in which the modern scientist assumed the responsibility to provide synthetic substitutes for the diminishing natural resources of the world.

The Synthetic age has already begun. Out of a bucket of coal tar the scientist has already produced a series of wonders ranging from the new coal tar dyes, which have revolutionized the dyeing industry, to a whole group of useful medicines including aspirin. Out of the same bucket of coal tar the chemist has constructed the scent of orange blossoms, lavender and a dozen other flowers which nature cannot provide to meet the enormous demands of the perfume industry. Yet this is only the beginning of the Synthetic Age.

This is obviously an age in which the fellow who fails to look ahead soon finds himself far behind. The

(Continued on Page 6)

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

A PRACTICAL INVENTION

Gertrude Pokorny

Two darkies shuffled noisily down the Main Street of Banansville, Alabama. According to the loud conversation and eloquent articulation, an observer might conclude that an argument was under way. However, a rudely shod foot shot out quite unexpectedly, and without any previous warning, the noisiest part of the conversation was on his nose in the dust!

Laboriously the fallen darky scrambled to his feet, muttering incoherently thru his chattering teeth. Bitterly he swallowed the mouthful of sand he had tasted in his awkward attempt to gain his equilibrium, and, once more sole possessor of his tongue, he growled wrathfully.

"Nigger, yo' shall repent this heah deed to yo' dying day——Yo'. sho' shall!"

The assailant laughed long and scornfully. "Dat merely shows you, Gohge Washington Jones, dat ah's not to be monkeyed with! Futhermoh, ah repents nothin'. Esmerelda been mah gal fo' six weeks now, an' yo' or any othah nigger that wants her there's me tah fight with. Yo' onderstand?"

The distance between the two darkies had augmented itself considerably as the speech left the orator's lips As a parting thrust to the fleeing George Washington he hinted "Tha's mah whar dat come from," and turned upon his efficient heel, wiping his hand on his coatsleeve.

"Black man," spluttered George Washington Jones, when the object of his address was out of hearing, "drat yo' hide! Ah will be rich soon. Ah's making ah inwention. W'en Ah be makin millions, Ah won't lend you a nickel, nossuh. James Russell Rice, yo' ain't got nothin' on me! "Balling his fists and thumbing his soiled nose to give the necessary emphasis to his remarks, he trudged slowly toward his abode.

His old mammy was busy washing clothes, when he entered. In dismay she raised two soapy arms. Firm wet hands grasped his dusty ears and shook the meek person of her son, until a low moan broke from his dusty lips.

"Gee, mammy," he complained, "Ah's all soah and broosed!"

Mammy eyed him suspiciously. She was evidently accustomed to her son's condition. She grasped her victim more firmly, and shook him violently, "Gohge Washington Jones, ya' ya' villain!" she gasped," yo' ben fightin' agin. Ah that Ah told yo not to fight, eh? Yo' is all covered wid mud an'

(Continued on next page)

"VENGEANCE OF RUSSIA"

by James H. Boston

Amerk Camin, the Russian, smiled. Trade had been brisk today and the streets were thronged to greet the bridal procession of Her Imperial Highness and the French Marquis. No one observed the little, crippled veteran of the Czar's as he ascended the steps of his lodgings and, pausing a moment to see that he was not followed, entered and closed the front door.

"Ah, friend Amerk, what a day it is for the Czarina's wedding!" spoke up the chore maid as he passed through the hall, "It will be strange indeed if our dear Russia does not come into peaceful times with Her Imperial Highness once again in power.'

"It will be strange indeed!" answered Amerk, "and I for one am glad that the procession is to pass our house. Already have I sold my basket of sweetmeats and go now to my room for more."

"This will be a glorious day for us Russians," sighed the chore maid as the little cripple hobbled slowly up the stairs, "a day we will long remember."

"A day we will long remember!" echoed harshly from the stairs above. "A day we will long remember!"

Amerk entered his room. Laying down his basket he removed his ragged blouse and hobbled to the fireplace. In the distance, bands were playing and already the people were cheering. Glancing furtively from side to side he kneeled before the open grate then suddenly bracing himself on the brick sides thrust his body far up the narrow opening.

Silently, digging his nails into the narrow crevices between the bricks and bracing himself with his uncrippled foot he made his way up the chimney until he reached an opening made in one of the brick sides. Stealthily he caught through it, into the chimney of the adjoining house and, proceeding downward a few feet, entered the fire place of a room.

"Ah, you are here at last!" growled a heavy bearded man who was pacing the floor nervously. "Come, we must work fast for the Czarina approaches. I have everything in readiness and await your orders."

"It is well!" replied the crippled Russian sharply, drawing the curtains from before the front window. Moving forward a shielded machine gun so that its muzzle was levelled on the street below he knelt behind it perring down at the festive throng.

"Is it certain master that we shall escape?" queried the bearded man whose eyes were following every movement of the teeming crowd.

The little Russian scowled. "I

(Continued on Page 6)

R Colyum

Here's hoping you had the merry Christmas and the happy new year that every one was wishing you just before the holidays.

* * * *

If you take the trouble to look through Scene I, Act IV of Maceth, you can find the recipe for the stew often served in our lunch-room.

* * * *

Girl behind the counter:—How do you like our ice cream cones?

Patient lunch-room patron: The cones are fine, but I don't get enough ice cream to taste it definitely.

* * * *

Alvin:—Say you, what's the big idea of throwing paper on the floor?

Quick thinker:—I didn't throw that paper there: I dropped it and my back is too lame for me to stoop to pick it up.

* * * *

The better an automobile is, the **more** it costs to keep; but the better a wife is, the **less** it costs to keep.

* * * *

We have always wanted to know what good is floating soap to the shower-bath addict.

* * * *

At this time of year, so close after New Year's Eve any prominent scars or abrasions sure look bad.

* * * *

Now that college girls who used to toddle down to this shrine of learning in their earlier days are returning to tell the girls all about their experiences, we suppose that the next step will be to send some of our high school ladies to the grammar schools to let the inmates there know what they have coming to them

* * * *

The Juniors in the Senior home rooms have a pretty easy time of it dodging the dues all around.

* * * *

The other muddy morning Miss Gambril brought her white poodle to school and she had quite a time making him look convincingly white before they made their entrance.

* * * *

Did you ever notice how smoothly and clearly Irving Wallace always speaks when there is no teacher around.

* * * *

Maurice Streletsky has been collecting a lot of dimes lately—we are expecting to see him blossom out with a diamond ring any day now.

* * * *

Santa Claus is not working overtime this year and there will most assuredly be Midyears.

* * * *

THIS SIDE DOWN

SHORT STORIES

A PRACTICAL INVENTION

(Continued from Page 4)

sand, and Ah jest cleaned yo' clo'es last week!" This statement was accompanied by a vicious thrust in the stomach of the accused. "Tell me this minute what yo' been doin', or yo' don't get nothin' to eat!"

That little word "eat' seemed to have magic in it. George Washington eagerly complied with his parent's wishes. He explained the situation fully with no particular care to accuracy, but stating his case so plaintively, that mammys' maternal heart was moved to pity. She took him in her still soapy arms, and cried over him. At supper, a little later, the dutiful son managed to hold a lengthy discourse betwen mouthfuls.

Strangely enough, the idea of making an invention had taken a firm root, if that be possible, in George Washington Jones sterile brain. He brooded day in an day out, investigating, mentally, all possible fields of invention.

"Mammy, yo' know, Ahs gotta make a invention,—Ah gotta be rich 'n' pow'ful, 'n' an inventor!".

One day, he rushed into the cabin with unusual speed; mammy at her tubs, was attacked violently by the excited son.

"Ah's got it, mammy, Ah sho' has!" Mammy looked at him fearfully.

"Got w'at chile? Yo' aint got the feber agin has yo?"

"De invention mammy, Ah's got it, Ah told yo' "

He shoved several watermelon seeds reposing in his pinked palm.

Mammy was immediately suspicious.

"W'ar yo' get dem water-melon seeds? Yo' ain't been stealin' agin aftah all yo old mammy's said? George, tell me!"

George did, he assured mammy that he had not been stealing again; he had discovered those seeds in his ears and down his back, where they had evidently been lodged since last week; possible he could find more to prove this to mammy, but at any rate, he had not had any melon since last week. Mammy seemed convinced, and George Washington hastened to explain the invention in detail.

"Yo' see, mammy, its gonna be a collar, wid ear-muffs on it. Yo' slip this ovah yo' head and' button it in de back. Den Yo' eat melon all yo' want, an' de seeds won' go down yo neck an' ears!"

(Continued on Page 6)

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For young men Burdett College offers intensive two-year courses of college grade: Business Administration and Accounting—for young women, Executive Secretarial and Normal Commercial Courses. Also specialized Office Management, Bookkeeping, Stenographic and Finishing Courses for those wishing a business training in shorter time.

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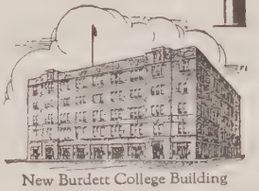

New Burdett College Building

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.

of

BROOKLINE

Gratis

According to current rumors, it might be well for Gloria Housen to keep away from persons in History [B ror at least a week.

* * * *

Marjorie Tager's latest is collecting the pictures of seniors.—If they don't come out well, the seniors can find out Marge's home room at the office.

* * * *

The late vacation seems to have done some good. Many of the members of Brookline's casualty lists have returned, and many added to it. However, the ones added are at school just the same.

* * * *

During the past week the girls have had countless opportunities of seeing uniforms about school.

* * * *

The boy from Michigan took Doris Saxe's voice, as well as her heart. We wish he'd return it soon.

* * * *

One unknown correspondent has suggested that the school committee install incinerators in all the desks in Shailer Hall.

* * * *

After deliberate consideration, it has been decided that the word "gum" has been censored from this column more than any other. We wonder what's in a piece of gum that makes Mr. Harbour so vindictive.

* * * *

No more will Manny Koufman's pink spats be seen wandering about the corridors.—Manny is a man now, —goes to Lawrence Academy.

* * * *

Bells are somehow not appreciated by Mr. Phelps. You should have seen him jump when the last firedrill sounded.

* * * *

One of the boys at school tried to set a record by being the last one to leave, and the last to enter, but Miss Gambrill spoiled his chances.

* * * *

At a recent assembly, the boys certainly brightened up when Mr. Packard started to talk about marriage. The Chief Justice seemed to be quite absorbed.

* * * *

The pupils in Miss Bailey's fifth period class tried to bribe their teacher by giving her a gift,—but Miss Bailey, not believing in Santa Claus, calls on them just the same, only more often.

* * * *

The prize for breaking the most dishes in 1929 goes to Miss Louise Hampton. The pieces were so numerous that it was quite impossible to count the exact number, but we feel certain that no one will begrudge her our token of esteem.

* * * *

The latest plea heard about school was made by Lord Feffer.—"Aw, Henry, gimme a dime.—I want to go bowling!"

A PRACTICAL INVENTION

(Continued from Page 5)

Mammy beamed at her brilliant son; 'Gohge, Ah's allus said yo be a great man some day. De town'll be proud ob you! De boys'll all buy our collar and we'll be rich—We'll have chicken ebery day!"

George Washington Jones set about preparing his invention. Mammy did most of the work, it is true, but it was the one and only time that George Washington was ever seen to be active.

In due time, a number of the collars were completed. They were proudly displayed on the Jones front porch in all colors and sizes. Curious darkies crowded around counting their pennies and the days or weeks when they might be wealthy enough to purchase one. George Washington lolled majestically in something that resembled an armchair, and surveyed the scene.

Business proved to be good. Mammy gave up washing, and only manufactured collars. George Washington found it necessary to organize the George W. Jones, Co. Inc., appointing himself unanimously, President, Vice-President and Board of Directors.

One fine day James Russell Rice walked up to the Jones establishment leading on his arm Esmerelda, his bashful young bride.

James Russell noticed with a pang of envy, the luxurious arm chair and its occupant. Indeed, George Washington was sufficiently elegant to arouse the envy of any mortal. He wore a handsome checked suit, a red flower in his button hole and even spats! But his crowning glory was a tall silk hat! James Russell swallowed hard (we may conclude that it was his pride he swallowed, since that is the hardest of all to swallow) and solemnly regarded his erstwhile enemy.

"Gohge Washington Jones, Yo' an' Ah was enemies," The speech had evidently been well prepared, and went smothly.

"Harr-hem, Ah is a successful married man, yo' is a successful business, man. Ah admires success. We is both successful. Ah admires yo collars, an Esmerelda, an me, we wantsta be fren's. Come, lets be bretheren and sistern.

Shake yo' hand wid James Russell Rice Esq."

George Washington, although he had listened superciliously at first, was now heartily pleased. He smiled benignly at the blushing bride, and grandly shook hands with the noble James Russell.

Suddenly three noses rose simultaneously. Three mouths stopped chattering. A delightful fragrance issued from the sacred regions of the kitchen. Nothing more was said, but Esmerelda and James Russell mutely accepted an unworded invitation to remain to supper.

George Washington, hero of the occasion, presided at the banquet table. He wielded a carving knife with marvellous skill, cutting lavish slices off a roast chicken. He tactfully dropped the largest piece on his plate, but nevertheless, served his guests well. For dessert, water melon was produced which required the wearing of the collars. These they ate to their hearts content without having to spend many trying hours in the weeks to come, extricating the seeds from annoying places.

At the end of the perfect meal, the collars worn by the guests were ceremoniously presented with congratulations and many wishes for future happiness.

As he departed with Esmerelda, James Russell whispered to George Washington.

"Mah fren," yo' mammy sho' can be proud ob you!"

THUS
ENDS
THIS
TALE
!!

RESOLUTIONS

(Continued from Page 3)

formerly, but saw no reason for it in 1930. Possibly you were unable at the time to think of a convenient one—a promise to yourself. Below are a few we believe that certain individuals ought to make today, if they have not made them already.

Barbara Richey:—I hereby resolve to keep off of crutches, and to keep my arms out of slings for one year, unless an extremely urgent case should present itself.

Alvin Weinberg:—I hereby resolve to stop giving the freshman girls breaks. After all, it's my own class that needs me!

Francis W. Muldowney Jr:—I hereby resolve to give all my future political opponents, a chance,—to treat them with endless consideration and patience.—I ought to do somthing for them.

Chester Litman:—I hereby resolve that, if I cannot be President of the class of 1931 IN 1931, I am at least try

(Continued on Page 7)

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

on the battlefields ahead. Some are lying sick and wounded in the trenches of Despair while others, still fighting bravely, are ensnared in the forked entanglements of Defeat. But they will win; day after day they are slowly cutting through the wires that hold them back. Defeat will not inpede them for long and one day they will smash through and gain, a diploma,—and more,—character.

There is only one way to win. Fight! Fight! Fight! Life is a war! School is a battlefield! Class Day is the triumphal march of the victors. Each monthly card is a report from the battlefront and 1.30 dismissal is a furlough, as it were, for the valiant.

For Distinguished Service we get Honor Pins and some few of us are pensioned into college with scholarships. Battle it is and battle it must be to succeed.

Fight! Fight! Fight! No foe can long withstand the combination of determination and work. Brush down the barriers of human Fate and plant your banners on the heights of the fiery sun.

SYNTHETIC AGE

(Continued from Page 4)

man who insists upon staying so close to a thing that he can no longer see it in its true perspective is likely to look up and find himself left far behind the general march of progress. Only the best informed minds can hope to forecast the effect on life of any notable invention of to-day or some greater marvel which may be brought to life to-morrow. A minor discovery made to-day in some remote laboratory may mean the birth or death of a great industry elsewhere when it is applied to practical use. Therefore no one to-day can afford to neglect a knowledge of the scientific progress of our times.

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VENGEANCE OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 4)

should not imperil my life even for revenge!" he snapped, putting his hand to his crippled leg. "The Czarina shall die and I shall mourn her death with the others. It is Fate!"

A trumpet sounded above the babbling and hushed in awe the crowds drew back as the Imperial Hussars preceding the Czarina's carriage, came into view. Amerk's thin lips parted, his grey eyes narrowed and grasping the handle of his machine gun he leveled it at the open carriage of the Czarina. His companion drew up the window sash and with a burst of fire the air was rent by the sickening tattoo of a machine gun.

With a stifled cry the Czarina half rose, then fell back on the velvet cushions. Royal blood gushed from that white bosom and the head of the beautiful Empress was pierced and shattered by the withering fusilade. Shrieking wildly her Marquis bridegroom, bullet riddled, fell beneath the feet of the maddened horses while the screaming crowds fought insanely with one another to escape from the path of Death. The Hussars were falling back slowly and a company of Imperial Infantry that had opened on the ambushed regicide were all but annihilated. A waithing mound of dead and wounded had been formed around the fatal carriage and the iron shod hoofs of the horses were red with blood as they stamped in their terror of pain.

"I have accomplished my purpose!" hissed Amerk as bullets began to bite deep into the steel shield of the machine gun. "Take my place!"

The bearded man's eyes were flashing as he leapt to the hilt of the gun and grinned as he saw the Imperial troops fall beneath his bullets.

Amerk stepped back from the window and edging to the fireplace stared amusedly a moment at his companion then snatching up a pair of fire tongs struck him over the head. The bearded man lurched forward and with a deft stroke of the tongs Amerk had overturned the machine gun and its shield. The bearded man rose and the bullets of the Imperial soldiers drilled him through and through. He fell and his eyes glazed in hatred as they fastened their dying gaze on the fireplace where Amerk had disappeared.

"What has befallen! What has befallen!" gasped Amerk as he burst out the front door of his lodging house and onto the front steps, candies falling from his basket in his haste.

"Ah, my poor friend, the Czarina has been assassinated!" sobbed the chore maid as she rushed to his side. "Karminoff, the revolutionist, shot her from his window but they have killed him and the soldiers are even now driving their bayonets into his body."

Amerk reeled and his face was as that of a corpse.

The chore maid grasped his arm to support him. "Ah, Amerk how great must be your sorrow. There can be no solace for your grief but revenge. Go, perchance they may let you drive your knife into the throat of the assassin and drink of his blood.

RESOLUTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

to get Weinberg's present position.

Van Crews:—I hereby resolve to refrain from all further participation in amateur theatricals!

Milton Herman—and others:—I herby resolve to cut down on the sweets, (girls and otherwise), and on the weight, in order to look my best at all times.—I am a man now!—I take a man's place!

Elsa Cohen:—I hereby resolve to give others a chance to talk, should the occasion arise, on condition that they speak intelligently.

James Boston:—I hereby resolve to write a story (short) that the ENTIRE Sagamore board will appreciate.

Rebecca Brodsky:—I hereby resolve to exert my complex in gym only on the Freshmen,—My talents must not be wasted!

Elinor Pike:—I hereby resolve to be more pessimistic in the future.—I laugh too much.

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"Smith is a man who takes off his hat to nobody."

"How does he get his haircut?"

—Va. Reel

She: College Boy?

He: No, couldn't get where I wanted to.

She: What did you try for?

He: Vassar —Columbia Jester

"Why did you cut the sleeve out of your overcoat?

"So I could put it on without taking my books out of my hand.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

Lecture Hall

"Corking good lectures! He's been lecturing for thirty years."

We'd better get out; he'll never stop." —C. C. N. Y. Mercury

Little Sandy: Hey, pa lets' go to the Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar.

Sandy: Next time, laddie next time.

—Va. Reel

1st Collegian (singing): Do-de-da-ump bump!

Roomate: That reminds me: I meant to buy a gun today.

—Penn State Froth

Our idea of a man truly going down in defeat is one with falling arches.

—Cojoles

Artist: This is my latest picture, Builders at Work, it's very realistic.

Friend: But they aren't working.

Artist: I know, that's the realism

A little girl was asked by her teacher whether she resembled her mother or father.

"I don't know," replied the little girl, "but I will find out." That afternoon she told her mother what the teacher had asked.

"Tell your teacher that you have your father's hair and my features.

The next day at school, the teacher asked her if she had found out whom she resembled.

"Yes, ma'am. Mother says I have my father's hair and her fixtures.

—Carilina Buccaneer

Little Mary (getting her first sight of a peacock): Look quick, Auntie! One of your chickens is in bloom.

—Wash Couger's Paw

"That's a chip off the old block," said the man when a bullet grazed his head. —Carolina Buccaneer

The doctor says I'm as sound as a dollar.

She: The cheapskate! I'll take you to a real doctor.

—Chicago Phoenix

"I have faith in this watch," said the Bishop of New York, although he had just missed a train on account of its inaccuracy.

"Yes" answered the Bishop of Chicago, "but what is faith without good works?"

She reminds me of an almond bar—sweet, but nutty.

—College Humor

He: See that fellow taking the hurdles now?

Well, he'll be our best man in a week.

She: Oh, Charles, come let us tell Father. —Arizona Kitty-Kat

When he speaks, a whole nation listens"

"A man of importance?"

"No, only a radio announcer."

—Goklin

"How would you like to see the best pictures in America?"

"Silent." —C. C. N. Y. Mercury

"Say did the English shoot Joan of Arc?"

"Naw, burned her at stake."

"Well I thought so too, but it says here she was canonized."

—Ga. Cracker

Some classes in college are just like dreams—you have to sleep to enjoy them.

She: What's your name?

He: Rainey.

She: Well, Rain, your patter sure is terrible.

—Notre Dame Juggler

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. No. 7 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 24, 1930. TEN CENTS

WEINBERG CAPTURES PRIZE SPEAKING

Miriam Hurwitz Wins Laurels in Annual Contest

PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual J. Murray Kay Prize-Speaking contest was held this year on January 17, with a record number present. Witter Bynner, former editor of the "Sagamore" who won prize-speaking as a freshman more than thirty years ago, was the chairman of the judges, and took great pleasure in awarding the prizes to his sucessors, Alvin Weinberg, and Miriam Hurvitz. The other judges were Mr. Edward Goodnow, a dramatic coach and also a former winner of the declamation contest, and Miss Maud Appleton Hartwell, one-time member of our English department and present head of the Dorchester High School English department.

In spite of the fact that seven of the eight speakers were new to declamation, their performances deserve much credit. Because four of the speakers and two alternates are from the present Junior class, the future outlook is extremely promising. The Sophomore and Senior classes each had two representatives. This is a marked difference from last year, because at that contest there was but one Junior and three Freshmen.

After a delightful overture by the High Schoool Orchestra, Robert Munroe opened the program with a stirring speech by Henry Cabot Lodge entitled "The Pilgrims of Plymouth." Although the speech itself was long and difficult, it was mastered amazingly well, and held the attention of the audience from beginning to end

"My Lost Duchess" by Robert Browning was the selection next offered by Ethel Feinsilver. This piece, a thing of unusual vigor, was given its proper depth of feeling by Miss Feinsilver, but nevertheless, was a bit indistinct.

In reciting "Boots," a remarkable war poem by Rudyard Kipling, Dexter Goulston displayed extraordinary skill. Although his pauses were perhaps rather unfortunate, he delivered the selection with much power, force, and ability. With but a bit more practice, numbers of the audience felt that he would have received the prize.

The two very pleasant country dances then played by the Orchestra were succeeded by Josephine Blatt, who kept up the attractive, cheery spirit inspired by the old-fashioned music in reciting the charming poems, "Raggedy Man" and "Shuffle Shoon and Amber Locks." She spoke well, but her voice was rather weak. Herbert Feinstein followed her with a clearly

(Continued on Page 2)

STUDENTS SUFFER IN LOSS OF MR. PHELPS

Former History Teacher Goes To English High

One of our most highly esteemed teachers and friends is leaving us shortly to fill a vacancy at Boston English High School. In departing from Brookline High, Mr. Phelps, our History teacher, is leaving an influence that will be enduring to those who had the great fortune to be under his tutelage. History of the past eras has ben made alive and interesting through witty presentation.

Mr. Phelps, during his three and one-half years at Brookline High has been most helpful to the students, besides academically, in giving advice while serving on four Senior Social and one Dramatics Committees. He has shown his own histrionic and vocal ability, appearing in "Pinafore" and Faculty sketches in the Senior Socials.

We wish to congratulate the students of English High School, it is their gain and our loss.

JUNIORS WIN INTERCLASS SWIMMING MEET

Sophomores Second

On Thursday, January 16th, the Juniors won the interclass swimming meet with a score of 27, before a record crowd. The class of 1932 was second with 20, '30 was third with 11, and the class of '33 fourth with 8 points.

It was a closely contested meet all the way and at one time it seemed as though the sophomores would win. However the juniors pulled out of this tight place and maintained their lead to the end.

Robert Ritchie scored seven of the eight freshmen points, figuring in a dead heat for first place in the 100-yard breaststroke and landed third place in the dive.

Donald Broadbent '31 and William Hyland, also '31, were high scorers—ten points apiece. Broadbent got his in the 25-yard freestyle, placing first, and also a first in the 50-yard backstroke. Hyland pulled out firsts in the 50 and 100-yard freestyles. Coach McNamara says that there was a great deal of promising material shown in this meet which may develop into first-class swimming and diving. The summary is as follows: 25-yard freestyle—Won by Broadbent, '31; Caplon '32, second; John Hyland '30 third; C. Nyhan, '32, fourth. 50 yard freestyle—Won by William Hyland, '31; R. Weinrebe, '31, second; F. Rabinowitz, '30, third; J. Mathews, '32, fourth

(Continued on Page 2)

PRINCIPAL RESIGNS; TO LEAVE IN JUNE

School Board accepts resignation of Mr. Akers, Head master for 17 years.

Mr. W. C. Akers seventeen years principal of Brookline High School is to leave in June.

Last Monday evening the School Board accepted his resignation to be effective at the close of school in June. It is with regret that we see Mr. Akers leave.

Seventeen years ago he came to Brookline from Connecticut and took up his duties as principle here. He has been of great help to the students of Brookline in making out courses and advising them as to what college to go.

His successor has not as yet been appointed, but no matter how good a man he may be he will not displace Mr. Akers from our lasting esteem.

WITTER BYNNER READS TO TEACHERS' CLUB

The Teachers' Club was unusually fortunate in having as the speaker at their open meeting, Thursday, January 16, Mr. Witter Bynner the well-known poet. Mr. Bynner is a graduate of the Brookline High School and a former editor of the Sagamore. Indeed, his first efforts at poetry were written during his editorship.

Before commencing his reading, he gave a brief review of contemporary American poetry, mentioning Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, T. E. Eliot, ond Elinor Wylie. He spoke of the two rebel schools of poetry, the first, that of Amy Lowell, with which he allied himself; the second; an exaggeratted imitation, which though accepted unquestioned by the general public, was rightfully regarded with amusement and contempt by Witter Bynner and his friends. In connection with this, he told of the "Spectra" hoax perpetrated by himself and a friend, in which they out-rebelled the rebels.

After brief readings from "Spectra," he turned to his more serious work, reading from his "Ode to Harvard," "A Farmer Remembers Lincoln," selections from "The Beloved Stranger," "The New World," and "Caravan" of this group, "The Lunatic" was by far the best.

A large part of his program was devoted to the reading of his translations from the Chinese, on which he has worked for over eleven years. Although the brittle clarity so characteristic of the rarely fine Chinese poetry cannot be translated into English without some loss, Mr. Bynner has achieved a translation which retains as much as possible its original form.

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE OPENS SEASON WITH WIN

Tracksters Defeat Watertown 56-21 In Opener

On Friday, January 17, the Brookline track team won a decisive victory over Watertown in their first meet of the season. At the end of the field events the score was twenty-four to three in the former's favor.

Captain Hootstein heaved the iron pill forty-one feet, closely followed by his team-mate, Nayor. The first three places in the broad jump were taken by Brookline men; Bob Kenswill with a jump of nine feet, three and three-quarter inches, George Racheotes, four inches behind, and Charlie French.

Edward Dooskin high-jumped five feet five inches, the best jump in his career, and Kenswill tied with Lowney one inch lower. Stan Cohen easily won the dash in four and four-fifths seconds and second place was awarded to Larkin of Brookline and Gallatly of Watertown. Captain Van Keuren of the invaders won the hurdles to the tune of six and one-fifth seconds; Bob Goldman was able to get only a third place in this event. The "300" was run on time, Litman winning over Hootstein in thirty-seven and three-fifths seconds.

Charlie Gow, the ex-Huntington "60" yarder, was in the lead all the way but slowed up to let his team-mate Lindsey Brigham, finish first in one minute, twenty-five and three-fifth seconds. The thousand yard run proved to be the most exciting race of the day although Thurber of Watertown won it to the not very fast time of two minutes and forty-one seconds. Little Jimmy Keary followed the Watertown boy bravely for the first few laps then at the fourth time around Anthony Dean, a tall, thin runner from the Red and Blue contingent, plodded his way past to second place and managed to stick there till the end of the grueling grind. Keary collapsed ten yards from the finish. In the relay,

(Continued from Page 2)

CHESS COMES BACK

After a lapse of two years, the Brookline High School Chess Club has been reorganized.

After two weeks of extensive training under the guidance of Mr. Case, the team has arranged a contest with Cambridge Latin. The players will probably be as follows:—Norman Sondheim, Saul Levine, Albert Lock, Ralph Plotkin, William Marcus, alternate, Howard Mason.

WEINBERG AND HURWITZ VICTORS

(Continued from Page 1)

enunciated rendition of Anderson's "Prisoner at the Bar."

Miriam Hurwitz, with her calm voice and quiet attitude, made her "Hearts Enduring" a decidedly impressive performance, fully meriting the prize awarded her.

Almost every year some sort of dialect selection is given. This time Alvin Weinberg's "The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neil, was a really remarkable performance. No other word than "excellent"—and that but poorly—can describe his masterful performance.

Jane Miller, closed the program with two charming little poems, spoken clearly, and with great feeling. These poems were of a much lighter type than the rest of the selections on the program.

Miss Adams introduced Witter Bynner, who awarded the prizes, and the winners won their merited applause from the satisfied audience.

APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE HEARS FORMER EDITOR

(Continued from Page 1)

He completed the hour with two poems from his latest book,"Indian Earth." He has long been known for his interest in, and sympathy with, the Indians of Mexico and the Southwest, and much of his poetry deals with them. "Indian Earth" is in this category.

Although his earlier poetry lapses into a sentimentality almost maudlin, his later work reveals, on the whole, a genuine ability and power.

Mr. Bynner believes that poetry is the rightful possession of youth, that it is the natural and spontaneous outlet for the exuberance of emotion which belongs to youth alone. He believes that poetry writing has been too long neglected in our education system and urges that it be encouraged in our high schools.

JUNIORS WIN MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

50 yard backstroke—Won by Broadbent '31, H. Solomon, '30 second; J. Weston, '33, third; Burt Richards, '32, fourth. 100-yard freestyle—Won by W. Hyland, '31; John Hyland, '30, second; Rabinowitz, '30 third; Meiniebe, '31, fourth. 100-yard breastroke—Tie for first between R. Ritchie, '33, and Howey, '32; Modlack, '32 third; and Killam, '31, fourth.

Diving—Won by Burt Richards, '32 Fred Woodlock, '32, second; R. Ritchie, '33, third; M. Silverman, '32 fourth.

MISS SAWYER TO SPEAK OVER WLOE

January 25th from six-thirty to seven-thirty will be Brookline High Night on station WLOE.

Miss Spaulding will discuss extra—curriculi activities; Frances Muldowney will speak on the coming Dramatics and the Honorary Society. The winners of Prize Speaking, Miriam Hurwitz and Alvin Weinberg will give their selections; the latter will also relate his experiences as Captain of the Marshals.

The Aero Club will be discussed by Charles Wolfe. The orchestra and the Glee Club will render musical selections.

THE BUSINESS OF CHARACTER RATING

Apropos of the applications to college by the Seniors, character rating sheets are being filled out by Miss Sawyer and Mr. Jewett for the members of that class. The Sagamore has an idea that if the underclassmen but realized what close scrutiny their four years in school undergo, they would be a little bit more careful in the future. And so we reprint some of the outstanding personal qualities that are supposed to be possessed by persons of college calibre.

It might interest you to know that this business of rating characters is not confined to student bodies but is extremely popular in social circles originally used to while away time, now more or less of a serious class for the determination of character.

The selections of question and characteristics have been made from a variety of applications issued by the colleges themselves—and are therefore representative of what the would-be college student is in for:

1. What character of college would the previous accomplishment of the applicant lead you to expect (a) superior (b) average (c) weak.

2. What interest has he developed to the point of success?

3. What positions of leadership has he held?

4. Indicate outstanding mental qualities, alertness, concentration, self-reliance perseverance, industry.

5. Indicate outstanding personal qualities: loyalty, courtesy, initiative, refinement, self-control, idealism.

6. General culture: reading habits, home background, travel.

How does his appearance and manner affect others?

Does he need constant prodding?

Does he get others to do what he wants to do?

How does he control his emotions?

Has he program with a definite purpose?

Can you recommend the applicant unqualifiedly for admission to college? If not, with what reservations?

RECORD ATTENDANCE AT GIRLS' GYM TEAM

Round Robin Tournament to be Played

On January 13, there was a record attendance of sixty-six at gym team. Everyone is urged to come out and break this record. There is still time to come out for captain-ball on Tuesday afternoons. Wednesday there is dancing, to which new recruits are always welcome. Advanced swimming comes on the same day. Basketball, on Thursday afternoon, has been divided into the following teams: the Freshmen have two, with J. Cooper and E. Howard as captains; the Sophomores have one, whose captain is Gladys Norris; Rosalind Badaracco and Helen McIndoe are captains of the junior teams and Marion Stanford is that of the senior. Later on a round robin tournament is to be played.

The hiking club has taken several short hikes around Chestnut Hill, on the past few Thursdays. Friday afternoons there is swimming for beginners and intermediates. There is no admission fee for members of this class. Freshmen and Sophomores are particularly urged to attend, in anticipation of an inter-class meet.

EXCHANGES

The Huntington Record, Huntington School, Boston. Very good, we thought and so well put together.

Central Recorder, Central High School, Springfield, Mass. We noticed that you do not devote much space to girls' athletics, why not?

The Record, Mamaronek, N. Y. High School, Mamaronek. A good paper, but a bit difficult reading as the type is so small.

The Lookout, Weaver High School, Hartford, Conn. Your news of other schools is a very good idea. So many students know nothing of any other High School but their own. (They can't all be Exchange editors!)

Aerial, J. M. Atherton High School for Girls, Louisville, Ky. We couldn't find a recent issue of your broadcasting so we took the Dec. 3rd one which we could find. Your Elsie story we enjoyed greatly, especially as we are now reading at a feverish pitch of excitement "Elsie's Holidays".

New Hampton Manitou, New Hampton School for Boys, New Hampton, N. H. Why so serious?

The Buzzer, Baton Rouge High School Baton Rouge, La. Good luck to you on your hunt for an ideal student.

"Come, come, my man, you've been looking around here a long time without buying. What do you want."

"I guess I want an other floorwalker. "I'm the new owner."

BROOKLINE WINS OPENER

(Continued from Page 1)

Stan Cohen again opened a gap between himself and the first runner of the opponents which the latter were not able to close up on Gow, Hootstein and French; the time was two minutes twelve and three-fifths seconds.

Despite the final score, the Watertown boys are to be commended for their good work. They put on a remarkable performance considering the fact that they have no circular track to practice on. They manage to keep in trim by running in the school corridors after recitations.

YE SOPHOMORE SPEAKS

Why? Oh anything for the sake of variety.—Well, now that the noble males have become "Esq." we (we for tradition) suggest that the other sex adopt it with articles by Mlle. Just can't keep up with the men around here!

And these short stories. Although this labeled "End" custom is becoming boresome we have to credit the author's with some intelligence. It's to keep the Freshies from hunting for the conclusion. Beside it covers a multitude of sins!

Have you heard about those scrupleless juniors who ran out in the rain with the hope of snatching a faculty member's cab? Better luck next time girls.

Just to be different we're not going to mention mid-years. They are too evident. But a suggestion for the desperate: If you are willing to stoop to childish diseases Whooping Cough might do. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

And about this younger generation. Teddy Taylor's eyes and smile are going to be troublesome. Like father like son! You just can't resist them.

As for Charlie Gow's proverbial expression "There goes my other girl," he would save breath if he announced those few unfortunates who aren't.

If you will observe closely you'll find that each fair B. H. co-ed, escorted to our affairs by a Latin school Esquire, is accompanied by the football captain, class president, star trackman and editor-in-chief of the Latin, well what is it girls?

You are all probably ready to agree that this is quite enough for one time. And so do we.

ALUMNI

Edward R. Langenbach, a member of the junior class at Dartmouth College, is listed in the Honors Group in English. High scholastic standing is required of Honor students who receive special privileges and individual instruction in their chosen subject.

Eugene Record '28 was recently elected vice-president of the Sophomore class at Harvard.

BROOKLINE HIGH SWIMMING TEAM

Back row (left to right)—Irving Nissin, John Killam, Mortimer Silverman and Joseph Weston. Middle row—Fred Woodlock, Sidney Rabinovitz, Glenn Churchill, Andrew Liden and Wallace Capron. Front row—Don Broadbent, Robert Weinrebe, Capt. John Hyland, Bert Richards, Bill Hyland and (in front) Myer Jacobs, mascot.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS MECHANICS, 39 to 27

Brookline High swimming team defeated Mechanic Arts High by a score of 39 to 27 in their meet yesterday afternoon at the Brookline municipal pool. Mechanic Arts, considered to be the best in Boston, pressed our swimmers in nearly every race. The relay race however, was easily won by the Brookline team.

Don Broadbent, leading backstroker, won the 50-yard free style easily, while Robert Weinrebe, took second place.

Johnny Killam out-touched Hollander of Mechanics to win the 50-yard breaststroke, furnishing the surprise of the meet. Gordon Connolly of Mechanics easily won the "200," but was harde-pushed in the "100" by Bill Hyland of Brookline.

Fifty-yard free style—Won by Broadbent (B); second, Weinrebe (B); third, Ford (M);. Time—27 3-5s.

Fifty-yard breaststroke—Won by Killiam (B); second, Hollander (M); third, Silverman (B).

Two hundred-yard free style—Won by Connolly (M); second, Rabinovitz (B); third, Capron (B); Time—2m, 40s.

Fifty-yard backstroke—Won by Russell (M); second, Weston (B); third, Rudack (M). Time—36 2-5s.

One hundred-yard free style—Won by Connolly (M); second, W. Hyland (B); third, J. Hyland (B). Time—1m, 1 1-5s.

Relay—Won by Brookline; W. Hyland, J. Hyland, R. Weinrebe, Broadbent). Time 2m 7 2-5s.

Dive—Won by Richards (B); second, Carr (M); third, Woodlock (B).

LIBRARY LINES

The annual drive for books for the sailors of the Merchant Marine is on. All kinds of books are desired, especially technical books, and good novels. Bring all your old magazines, too, and put them in the box in the Library.

There are many books at the Main Library about the Tercentenary of Boston.

The following books have been added to the Library: Millay: Edna St. Vincent Millay's Poems, Selected for Young People. Gladstone—Chemistry in Daily Life. Eaton—A Daughter of the Seine, the Life of Madame Roland. Rogers—The Fine Art of Reading. Maitland—Knights of the Air.

A New Jersey matron in paying her family's bill at the town book store objected to a charge for one'harness'. "You see," she said in a positive tone, "even though all the family use the account there would be no occasion for anyone to buy a harness for we haven't even a dog." The cashier as gravely as possible explained that the item was A. Hamilton Gibbs' latest book, **Harness.**

WIT FROM EXCHANGES

He who hath money and refuseth to buy the "Sagamore," but looketh over his neighbor's shoulder to behold the contents thereof, is likened unto an ass, who, having his manger full of straw, eateth that of his neighbor and brayeth with glee. Exchange

* * * *

Mary was a little lamb who wrote
books that were good,
And she lived in a garret as all struggling authors should,
By accident she wrote a play the censors chose to bar
—Now Mary has a sealskin coat, a chauffeur and a car. Exchange

* * * *

A tailor had a great desire to hear one of his patrons, a famous tenor, sing. So the tenor gave him tickets for the performance of Tosca, and later asked him how he liked the show.

"O, it was awful," replied the tailor.

"Awful? How so?" asked the tenor.

"Your coat," groaned the tailor, "was too tight under the arms.

THE CAMERA CLUB SHOULD TRY THIS!

Perhaps this item from the Evanstown High School will suggest a diverting assembly program.

Students who attended the second Camera Club movie November 21 in the music hall had the unique experience of seeing a reel of film being run backward. In the comedy reel, the custard pies flew from the face of the villian into the hands of the thrower, and the hero dashed madly backward in what seemed to be an attempt to extract himself from the heroine's arms.

Beside two fine comedies there was the added attraction of a local color movie. The Camera Club will continue to give these shows as long as the interest of the student body continues.

DESPAIR

Meter bores me without measure,
Blank verse is my only pleasure.
I JUST LOVE
To write odes without "rime nor reason"
Writing late and out of season.
I scorn any point or action
(Greatly to my friends distraction!)
So the Sag staff hates to see,
Poems writ by little me.
Some are martyrs to good causes,
I'm the victim of my clauses.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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"A SHORT CUT TO SALVATION"

About this time of year a great "Reign of Terror' sweeps over all our cherished high schools and colleges. Mid-Years! This word carries as much ghastly significance to the mind of the average student as the word "Inquisition" bore to the tyranny-oppressed Nethenlaudeas. In a way the practices are markedly similar and the results too often identical.

You may recollect that your Inquistova have darkly observed that there is no salvation for the miscreant who "has not studied." But there is one way,—and ah! what a gruelling experience it leads one to. The way is dark and harrowing but leads the stronghearted and brave eventually, to success. Listen intently,—and gain salvation, thereby. I speak!

I refer, in short, to the genteel practice of cramming by which practice, through diligent and super-human effort, a year's education has been known to have been stuffed into one 6 by 8 inch skull in the phenomenal period of 42 and 3-8 hours. It can be done and has been done and while not an entirely legitimate means of passing the examinations, nevertheless serves the purpose.

The principle and the pratice of the thing are as follows. It has been observed that water poured into a sieve will run through and out (this very erudite observation takes some time to comprehend in his entirety.) But and thereby suspends the appendage, if water be poured (or pourn) into a sieve fast enough the sieve will remain full as long as the flow continues.

That's the principle; now for the procedure. Eat a hearty meal, sign your will, take all your scholastic paraphanalia into your den, lock and bar the door securely,—and swallow the key. Now for the concentration and ultimate digestion of all the knowledge contained in all your class books. Take them, one by one, read them through and through and through, again, masticate every rule and conundrum propounded therein and try to understand their purport, if any.

Above all! Plug! Plug! and Plug! Plug until you're cock-eyed! Don't give up! It can be done! Anything can be done and YOU can do it.

As soon as you have learned a page thoroughly, tear it out and eat it (books cost very little, compared to the satisfaction this habit affords the subliminal ego.) Chew your eraser and, ever and anon, refresh yourself with copious droughts of ink, it facilitates the brain cells to a remarkable degree. Practice how to write words and dates so they are indistinguisable but yet suspicious, you'll have a comeback then. Perfect yourself in trick accent marks that might be 'most anything, it helps.

And lastly be sure that knowledge flows into your brain faster than it flows out. True, it will all be gone within the day, anyway, but if you can only let it drip out on your examination paper,—and!Well, its worth trying, at any rate, and besides, if you pass, your way ahead is clear for worthwhile study and in June you'll find you're OVER, and not OUT!

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2:00

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

NOVEL?

Would you like to have an original, romantic, adventure novel by a new author, run serially in conjunction with our usual short story.

Opinions concerning this innovation may be addressed to the Editor, or Karl LaMevle, and dropped into the Sagamore Box in the Library.

"DIM EYES OF THE FOG"

By James H. Boston

"So you're yellow, huh? Well there, you cursed skunk! Take this!" The man struck the youth across the mouth and drew back his hand, reddened with blood. "You're going! Get me? You'll run the launch out to the schooner for the San Cayetano load and then the Hell with you! Get below!" he roared, menacing the youth with his crushing fist. The boy glared defiantly at the man for a moment then slunk forward to the craft's engine.

"What's the matter with the kid?" spoke up the third member of the group, who, with arms folded, had been silently watching the pair from the boat's stern.

"Matter!" snapped the irate bully. "The dog's yellow, through and through! Curse his hide! Wants to go straight! Thinks rum running's too good for him,—!" He ground his heel ominously on the deck, then stalked to the door of the engine compartment and roared down several curt commands and threats.

The engine started. Slowly its steady, rhythmical chug grew and slowly the craft, nosing its way out from the banner, sand-duned shore, headed seaward, steered by the man at the stern.

"What's the schooner's signal?" spoke up the helmsman,—"rockets same as before?"

The other turned abruptly and, glancing a moment towards the throbbing engine, walked to the stern and seated himself on the railing by the wheel. "No, something better!" he replied. "Last time, the rockets called out the coast guard. Had to sink the devils—! this time we're not going to have any chance of interference. No more slips!" Leaning forward confidentially, he continued: "The Elsie Wray is anchored about eight miles out from the headland, four miles east of Grey Ledge Light. She's carrying three thousand cases of whiskey and rye,—a fortune for us all,—except, him!" He glanced towards the bow

(Continued on next Page)

ALL A-SEA AT SEA

By James H. Boston.

"It looks like one!"

"Sure does, Fred! What say we follow it,—?"

"O. K. Take the tiller!"

With the muffled roar of its powerful engine the sleek, grey power boat shoots out from among the tall reeds and heads seaward.

"Well Fred!" grinned Jack, seating himself in the stern and grasping the tiller, "We didn't get any ducks, but maybe we can overhaul this rum runner.

"Yes!" rejoined the older youth, "Then we'll bring her in,—per-r-haps!"

Flipping his cigarette over the side he rolled up his sleeves and tackled the purring engine.

R-r-rh-rh-rrr! The smart craft cleaves through the gently rolling waves, her sharp stem spouting up snowy white geysers of glistening spray. Slowly she draws nearer her objective, a dark, almost black craft which heading toward the open sea at a leisurely pace is dully silhouetted against the misty horizon.

"Just like privateering, isn't it." murmured Jack as several figures appeared at the stranger's stern, "I wonder what they're up to."

"Probably getting ready to pot us—!" drawled Fred, "Can't blame 'em if they do! None of our business whether they're rum runners or not!"

"Yes, I know!" retorted Jack impatiently, "but think what fun it is—And anyway, if they get too much for us we can always out-distance them. See how slow they're going! Probably loaded to the strake with liquor."

Dimly a pale autumn moon shines through scudding banks of fleecy clouds and the low, even swell of the tide forms a dazzling chain of silver beams stretching faintly away to the lustrous jewel at the horizon's edge.

Suddenly a sharp report is heard from the grey craft and a wisp of blue smoke floats over her.

"I've put a shot over their bow!" yelled Jack gleefully, lowering his hunting gun, "Maybe they'll stop now until we come up!"

"Stop!" screamed Fred as the stranger's bow swerved aside then came about, "They're coming after us!

Swish! The bow of the grey boat turns sharply and heads for shore like an irascible puppy that has attacked a bantam cock.

Faster approaches the dark craft, tearing through the water with the mighty growl of the super motor.

"But how should I know they had an engine like that?" whined Jack meekly.

(Continued on Page 7)

R Colyum

The last issue certainly was replete with typographical errors what with **Philip Bang** (nee Barry), **Maceth** (nee Macbeth) and many, many others we have forgotten. The editor read proof early Saturday morning, which fact may or may not explain the situation; but we wonder where he was the night before.

* * *

Upon perusing a copy of the Somerset, Kentucky, High School paper, we found a column of advice to the lovelorn—and apparently in a serious vein, mind you. Furthermore it seemed that most of the advice-seeking correspondents were young ladies. If there are any enamoured maidens among our readers who need wise counsel, we of the Sagamore will be only too glad to prescribe the correct course of procedure. Address all communications to Jake Sagamore.

* * *

Still another of our exchanges advise us that we are possessed of "many skilled short story writers." If anything should happen to James (Fight, Fight) Boston we fear that "many" of our skilled writers should be lost.

* * *

'Way back in 1920 when the Marshal System was introduced, it was thought that "Mr. Case will no longer have to direct traffic in the lower corridor." However that was only ten years ago and the Marshal System, a truly noble experiment, is still in its infancy.

* * *

In 1922 Brookline did things in a big way—they sent the relay team to Pennsylvania and, besides, they had a crew (coaching launch and all) and a hockey team. But then, that was before the "break."

* * *

If a fellow is seen leaving the building at 2:00, that doesn't necessarily mean that he flunked something, anymore than it means he passed everything if he is seen going home at 1:30.

* * *

We hear that the more expensive year-book covers will be made of **synthetic** leather this year. However the mixture is quite simple—just a composition of woodpulp and some more pulp.

* * *

They tell us that Jarvis (Tangerines) Woodward has solved the fuel problem out West.

* * * *

At last we have discovered Kenneth Goodyear's whereabouts. Kenneth went to Vt., to finish high school, and found it so easy, that he passed his exams and entered Middlebury College.—After hearing that, we're sure that many of you will want to know more about this place!

* * *

Mr. Harbour deplores the decline of the culinary art among our modern maidens. All they seem to be able to make is fudge—and even that isn't alway good.

SHORT STORIES

DIM EYES OF THE FOG

(Continued from Page 4)

and tapped the revolver in his belt significantly. The helmsman nodded and winked.

Shyly the man on the railing leaned forward and half-whispered: "The signal will come from the schooner's upper shrouds, flashed to us by a searchlight. The code number is "four long, three short." Get it?" he hissed, "four long, three short!" Grinning fiendishly he drew fourth from his pocket a huge flask and half-emptying it at a gulp handed it to the man at the wheel who drained it to the bottom.

His eyes shown brighly for a time then gradually dulled. Slowly he slumped forward on the wheel and the spokes clattered through his fingers, the compass needle spun round and round and water broke over the craft's railing and flowed down the scuppers. The man on the railing had risen and was staggering forward; he stumbled and, falling headlong on the deck, lay there breathing heavily.

The sky was gray, long-winged gulls circled screaming overhead and a cold, salt wind was white cresting the rolling lines of waves that frothed and tumbled like the boiling seas of a volcano. Wallowing in the trough of the restless waves like a shattered derelict, the motor launch would tremble under the terrific impact of a breaking comber, then half submerge. Banks of fog, like steam, rose from the water and whirling into the vaporish sky, now blanketed the world in an impenetrable mist, now scudded away before the easterly breeze like a retreating boat.

Far out at sea a schooner was rolling under the heavy sea and from her upper shrouds a searchlight was stretching its powerful beams across the banks of fog, "four long, three short."

Nearer shore, a motor launch, was slowly being drawn towards the Gray Ledge reefs, dragged on by the relentless current that ebbed and flowed through the dreaded rocks and sand bars of the roaring maelstraom. A figure was emerging from the craft's hatchway and slowly as it rose to view, edging along the deck, it revealed itself as a boy, bent, haggard and thin, with the eyes and demeanor of a hunted beast.

With glances of terror he passed the man at the helm, passed the man on the deck and reached the stern. There he turned once again to make sure that he had not been seen then

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of

BROOKLINE

Gratis

Before going any further, we have an amendment to the last column.—The boy was from New York,—not Michigan.—Furthermore, the girl concerned loooves orchids!

* * * *

According to P-hysical T-raining Kepner, Armstrong Smith is to be taken to a sycopathic hospital to be syked,—whatever that means.

* * * *

—And speaking about this gentleman, it's strange that he doesn't grow, considering all the sunshine and fresh air that streams into 320.

* * * *

The boys about this school are at last growing up.—Their families have given them permission to wear derbies.

* * * *

Wanted: A new Marshal band for Elinor Pike.

* * * *

We feel quite safe in saying that most of the audience at Prize Speaking was content with the decision of the judges.

* * * *

Watch the bulletin Board Monday, and see who the Brookline dramatists are.

* * * *

Esther Muldowney—believes in sunbaths for teddy bears.—If we remember correctly, the **Sagamore** has mentioned that animal before, in connection with another member of that family. We wonder——

* * * *

We read recently that the only difference between a cow chewing his cud, and a girl chewing gum, is that the cow has a contented expression. We don't like to insinuate that the girls here are cows, but they seem pretty content just the same!

* * * *

In spite of Freddie Woodlock's carbuncles, the swimming team is getting on all right.—And our tracksters have had a successful beginning too!

* * * *

After seeing Witter Bynner, our idea of poets in general is completely shattered. We pictured someone with long flowing locks,—but oh, how we were disappointed!

* * * *

We wonder what the town of Brookline is coming to, when its girls are seen pushing a car home late at night.

* * * *

It's about time Bea Lisher resolved not to talk about her appendix any more. Two doctors have already told her she hasn't got any!

* * * *

If you see a crowd of boys gathered together, look for the blond.—She comes from Newton!

* * * *

In the next issue, GRATIS will be under new management,—SO,—if you have any grievances in the future, don't blame its former manager.—We also wish her successor luck,—she'll need it, and plenty!

DIM EYES OF THE FOG

(Continued from Page 5)

vaulted over the craft's counter. Sliding down the tow-rope he jumped into the dorry, which rocked and strained at its tether as if dumbly conscious of its convoy's illicit purpose. Joyfully he cut the rope with one frenzied slash on his knife, then drew two oars from under the thwarts. He dipped them into the water and the dorry shot away, —free! Once again he dipped the oars and as the fog closed down the motor launch was,—alone!

Shortly the man at the helm stirred. The launch freed of its drag, was rolling heavily and its motor choked and sputtered as the waves churned around the propellor. He grasped the wheel and steadied it. Gradually the craft nosed into the wind and the engine regained its normal, pulsing beat.

The man on the deck had rolled over on his back and was now groping awkwardly to his feet. Suddenly he forced himself erect and stared intently into the fog. "Look! Look!" he croaked hoarsely "The light! Count those flashes!"

Intently the helmsman followed his gaze into the fog ahead where a sickly, yellow gleam kept flashing dimly. "Four long, three short," he half-whispered, counting the flashes of the beam. "It's the schooner!"

"Yes!" nodded the other hoarsely. "It's the schooner alright!"

Steadfastly the two men stood gazing toward the light. Now the helmsman would twirl the wheel to avoid some onrushing comber and then right it again to the course. Now the other would utter some curt order or ejaculation to which he would reply by a half-expressed nod or mumble.

This continued for a short time until, suddenly, the craft began to pitch violently and white crested waves began to break across her bow. Higher and yet more violent grew the waves as the launch approached the light. It was only by the greatest exertion that the helmsman could steady the wheel while the other man was clinging to the rail to escape being swept over the side. Momentarily the waves ran higher and from every direction as if they were a part of some gigantic whirlpool.

"Curse me, if there's no rocks beneath those waves!" snarled the helmsman, staring with terrified eyes into the seething water. "Look ahead at those breakers! I tell you there's rocks under there!"

"Rocks? Rocks!" The man by the rail rose and with a voice of horror turned to the helmsman. "Do you hear, that," he hissed clutching his arm.

The helmsman listened and then started. His face blanched and the spokes of the wheel spun unheeded through his fingers.

Ominous, deep and warning the hallow blow of a fog horn reverberated across the heaving water. A bell was clanging in cadence with the lashing waves and the raucous cry of gulls rose shrilly above all.

"We've,——we've lost!" moaned the man by the rail, wringing his hands, as the seething walls of water broke over the craft, tearing off long lengths of railing and bursting in the hatchway. "Do you remember the signal number of Gray Ledge Light?" he asked, as if half-fearful what the question might call forth.

The helmsman thrust a hand into his breast pocket and drawing forth a notebook, opened it with trembling fingers. Silently he gazed at a pencil scribbled page while the wheel before him whirred and spun at will and green sea water licked hungarily at his boats. With an effort he stifled a cry, the notebook was swept from his limp fingers, and away,—away into the fog like a white bird. He tried to speak but gazed at the flashing light ahead, now very near, and shuddered. Finally he spoke, in a hallow, lifeless voice as if speaking in a dream. "Gray Ledge Light. Flash number, four long, three short!"

The man by the rail swore terrifiedly under his breath and gripping his hands madly onto a deck bolt crouched on his knees like a beaten animal. The helmsman grasped the kicking wheel and laughed maniacally as the seas grappled with him for its mastery.

Then, with a cry of amazement, the two gazed once again towards the light. The fog had cleared from around it, revealing a lighthouse, situated on a small, rocky ledge over which the waves were thundering with steady, muffled roar and reaching their cruel arms high up into the air as if to tear down the tell-tale beacon and extinguish the warning flames. Around and about it the turbulent waters were rushing, frolicking and lashing madly over the jagged rock spires of the half-sunken reef like water sprites at play.

Gradually the fog closed down again before it as a veil before a vision of doom. Slowly the launch swept on half filled and sinking. Now high on the crest of a raging wave, now buried deep under a mountain of green water. Then like a fleeing animal, stricken by the arrow of the hunter she faltered, thrust her bow far into the air, then staggered upright again. Water burst forth from the open hatch and the engine choked and died. Two screams resounded above the hellish medley and a green wave rolled over the foundering craft.

The gulls wheeled and shrieked more wildly about Gray Ledge reef that night and the hungry waves seemed to break more gleefully on the rocks of the storm-tossed ledge.

Far out at sea a schooner was signalling, "flash, four long, three short.

Finis

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Students Co-operation Scored In Marshall Meeting

A Marshal meeting was held January 15, in the Auditorium.

Francis Muldowney spoke first on the general work of the Marshals. In his speech he touched on the various phases of a Marshal's duty.

Eleanor Thomas spoke of the girl Marshals in the corridor. Betty Richey followed her and told about the work of the girl Marshals in the lunchroom.

Mr. Packard closed the meeting with a short speech on the attitude of the Marshals.

The keynote of all the speeches was the appalling lack of co-operation on the part of the student body.

Mary Ann—"Please, mum, I wish to give notice. My cousin has got me a place in a munitions' factory."

Mistress—"Dear me, Mary! Well, of course, you know that if you go dropping shells about as you do our crockery, you won't remain long in your situation."

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ALL A Sea AT SEA

(Continued from Page 4)

"Can the jawing and steer!" snapped the older youth giving the boat an extra burst of speed, "We've got to get out of this!"

Boom! A flame darts from the pursuing craft and a shell shrieks through the air, hissing into the water a few feet ahead of the fleeing motor boat.

"Speed! More speed!" shrieked Jack from the stern, "Give her everything!"

"Boom! Boom! Two shells circle through the air and skimming along the water to the grey craft's bow, explode, tearing off a portion of the sharp cutwater.

"Here they come!" moaned Jack as the staccato growl of a machine gun rent the air and jagged splinters began to fly from the craft's side, "I'll give 'em one more shot, then its quits!"

Pop! A sickly spurt of flame darts forth from the grey craft, answered instantly by a withering barrage of shell and machine gun fire from her pursuer.

"Well!" said Jack as the shattered rudder no longer obeyed its tiller and the engine choked to silence, "At least we gave them a good run! We came out for adventure and we've certainly got it. Wonder what those fellows will do with us when they get here.—! Wonder what they'll say at home." he mused, "when they hear how we attacked a rum runner single-handed,—Mm-m-m! Why we'll be regular heroes!"

"Sit down and shut up," roared Fred vehemently, staunching a hole in the planking with tow. Suddenly straightening he stared intently at the pursuing craft. "What's that lettering across her bow?" he gasped huskily.

"Probably just her name." replied Jack, gazing languidly at the onrushing craft, "The Lizzie or the Sue or something like that. Well, let's see," he continued, shading his eyes with his hand.

"U——S." Wh-h-ut!" His hands grip the useless tiller. "U—S—C!! Good God! United-States-Coast-Guard!!"

THE END

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If you know your airplane models—and the opportunity to learn all about them is open to every high school student—you have a chance to do just what Joe Culver, of Oakland, California, did last June when he won for himself the William B. Stout trophy, a gold medal, a silver cup, and a trip to Europe offered by the American Boy magazine.

Culver won the indoor event of the Second National Airplane Model League of America Contests at Detroit with a model that was, to say the least, unconventional. Experts said it was aerodynamically all wrong. They're still talking about it, for they haven't been able to explain its world's record-breaking flight of eight minutes and thirty-three seconds, and Culver hasn't talked. Soon, however, the mystery will be solved, for Culver tells the whole story in the coming December issue of the American Boy.

Culver tells why his ship was different. He counted on the curving wing and the curving tail surface for stability and steadiness; the long tail boom provided fore and aft balance; the 14-inch pitch propeller used the power slowly, evenly, and very efficiently. There was a purpose behind every freakish feature.

Anyone may join the Airplane Model League of America at no cost, except for two cents to cover the mailing the membership card and button, and members may buy a kit of parts for the Culver plane at 85 cents. Write the . M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich., giving your name, age, and address

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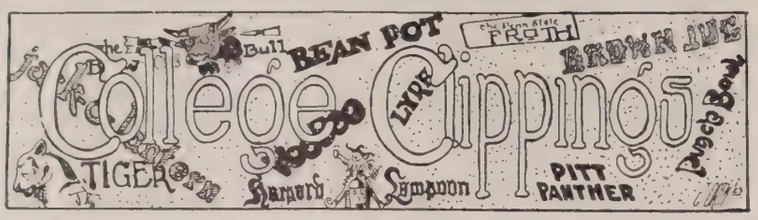

He: I knocked that quizz cold last night.

Him: I bet that's why it was so stiff this morning.

Cornell Widow

* * * *

Oh, yes, and about the golfer about to be hanged. He asked, as his last request, for a few trial swings.

Grinnell Malteaser

* * * *

Then you know that studious boy who, just from force of habit, took notes on the commencement lecture.

Notre Dame Juggler

* * * *

When A Smile Is Not A Smile

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

* * * *

"Girl fasts for 20 days," reads a headline. It is reported that she has already received more than a dozen proposals of marriage from Scotchmen.

* * * *

Mutter: "Do you know how often a person drowns in Venice?"

Mumble: "Sure, just once."

Mutter: "Say, did you know they named a town up in Massachusetts after you called Marblehead?"

* * * *

Senior: "Gosh! it was enough to take one's breath away."

Nosy Frosh: "What's that, huh,, what's that?"

Senior: "Listerine."

* * * *

"Tell your teacher that you have your father's hair and my features.

The next day at school, the teacher asked her if she had found out whom she resembled.

"Yes, ma'am. Mother says I have my father's hair and her fixtures.

—Carolina Buccaneer

"George Washington once dined at this very table," said the proprietor of the wayside inn, proudly.

"I see," said the guest, "that you haven't changed the tablecloth since."

* * * *

She was a careless girl to put the subscriber on the wrong number. Being in a hurry, the subscriber promptly asked for a box.

"But we don't have boxes for two," said a startled voice at the other end of the line.

"Why, isn't this the theatre?" he inquired?

"No," was the reply, "this is Gilligan's the undertaker."

* * * *

Nit: "Ouch! I just bumped my crazy bone."

Wit: "Never mind, just comb your hair different and the bumps won't show.

* * * *

"Daddy, why is that man running up and down in the smoking car with his mouth open?"

"My son, that is a Scotchman getting a free smoke."

* * * *

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally, one of them, himself an author, said to the other:

"No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John," and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen."

* * * *

Mrs. N. was giving instructions to her new servant: "Before removing the soup plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam."

Next day, Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests inquired:

"Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There ain't none left."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., February 14, 1930. TEN CENTS

MR. AKERS TO LEAVE AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE

Decided To Teach When At Preparatory School

GRADUATE OF WESLEYAN

Confronted With Difficult Situation When Taking Up Work At Brookline In 1913

After more than fifteen years of faithful service, Mr. Winfred C. Akers, the principal of Brookline High School, has resigned. His departure is regretted equally by teachers and students, for he is a leader of unusual ability and unfailing kindness. He will not be forgotten, for, though an exceedingly modest man, his influence has been strongly felt, both here in the High School for which he worked so tirelessly, and in the community itself.

Mr. Akers was born in Andover, Maine, and was educated first at the grammar school there. He entered Kent's Hill Seminary, the equivalent of the High School, to prepare for college, and it was there that he determined to become a teacher, a determination from which he never wavered. After being graduated from the Seminary he taught in a Maine country school for several years, and then entered Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Conn., in order to be better fitted to teach.

Receives honors at College

His advent to this college was attended with honor, for he won the Ayers prize, an award given annually to the students who passed the best entrance examination. He played end on the varsity football team for three years, at a time when Wesleyan stood third in the New England Football League, of which Harvard and Yale were respectively first and second. He was initiated into the Psi Epsilon fraternity, and in his senior year represented this fraternity in the "Mystical Seven," an organization composed of the seven leading members of the senior class, election to which club was the highest honor of an undergraduate career. He was graduated from Wesleyan with greatest honors, ranking "A" as an average, and he then turned his attention to teaching.

(Continued on Page 2)

NEW STAFF EDITS 1930 SAGAMORE

Lindsey Brigham Heads Organization As Managing Editor

Margaret Holt In Charge Of News Staff—Monroe, Circulation

Maragaret Holt heads the news staff of this issue of the Sagamore. The Managing editor is Lindsey Brigham, who has been filling that position in place of Kenneth Goodyear since September. Two of this year's seniors will continue with us in their present positions; They are: Hannah Cauman and Harriet Dangel.

James Boston, prolific short story writer of the Sagamore will be Feature editor during the coming year. Anyone who wishes to break into print in phrase or verse will be taken care of by him.

The Business staff suffers with the loss of Dorothy Alter but under the leadership of Maxine Levin and Audrey Price we hope to see a steady improvement in the financial matters of the Sagamore. Robert Monroe is in charge of the circulation department.

Roger F. Burkhardt, the retiring editor said to-day that with a closer co-operation between the faculty advisers and the members of the staff a more interesting paper might be forth-coming.

The retiring staff feels confident that its work will be well carried out by the new incumbents.

GIRLS ATHLETICS AWARDS OLD ENGLISH B's

Twenty-six Girls Receive Awards

The following girls have earned their "Old English B's," but have not received them:

Agatha Barron, Natalie Brondy, Barbara Burt, Myra Fritz, Helene Gaulin, Gloria Hansen, Sally Jones, Mary Niland, Helene Vigeant, and these have been awarded theirs:

Rosalind Badarracco, Betty Richey, Ann Delano, Eleanor Fowler, Charlotte Hinden, Frances Keyes, Carlotte Levinne, Martha Lewis, Dorothy Manning, Marion Myers, Eda McIndoe, Gladys Harris, Elsie Perry, Barbara Wallace, Leona Wallenberg, Helen Cooper, Helen Collier.

(Continued on Page 2)

N. U. BAND PLAYS AT ASSEMBLY

Director White Pleads For Support For B. H. S. Band

The band of Northeastern University entertained the school at the Assembly of February 11th, with several popular selection. The assembly was primarily for the purpose of stimulating interest in our school band.

Mr. White, who has been the band director of the school for several years, entroduced Mr. A. K. Wright, the student conductor of the Northeastern band.

The first selection from Susa's repertoire, was very ably conducted and played by the group, which is composed entirely of students.

The main program was composed of a medley of Victor Herbert tunes, including the "March of the Toys" a careful harmony, not only of snappy white uniforms but also of interpretation. The school wishes to thank the boys who played, for their thoroughly entertaining program.

GIRLS ADDRESSED ON AIMS OF JUNIOR COLLEGE

All Benefits Of College At Junior Institution

On Thursday, February 4, the girls had the privilege of hearing Miss Maude P. Thayer, Dean of the Junior College at Westbrook Seminary at Portland, Maine, who told them about the advantages and aims of the Junior College.

Miss Thayer said that there were four hundred Junior Colleges in the United States, only three of which are in New England. They take care of the girls who wish only two years of college, those who need a few years more of a small school, and those who are undecided as to what vocation they will choose.

A girl going to one of these colleges can have all the benefits of first two years of college and have also the advantage of studying and working in a small group, where the individual is considered more important than the group.

Miss Thayer spoke about the three factors which have made it easier for the woman of today to be pleasant: vocation, vacation and penetration.

In conclusion Miss Thayer said that in all forms of work the need for being pleasant is an important one. The pleasant woman in life gets more than the unpleasant one.

NEWTON NOSES OUT BROOKLINE TRACKSTERS

Brigham, Confused By Missfire of Pistol Gets Third in "600"

NEWTON TAKES HURDLES

Brookline was edged out by Newton, 39-38, in the second dual meet of the season between the two rivals, which was held at Brookline last Saturday.

The affair was a closely contested one and would have been won by Brookline if it had not been for an unfortunate break in the "600". Lindsay Brigham was leading by a good margin when a miss-fire of the pistol was mistaken for the beginning of the last lap. Lindsay spurted ahead, thought the race was over, and slowed up. When the last lap did come, he was passed by Hall of Newton and Charley Gow, Hall winning the race.

The Red and Blue decisively overwhelmed Newton in the indoor events, winning two first, two second and one third place for a total score of 17-10. Kenswell won the broad-jump and took second in the high jump.

In the field events, Newton cleaned up in the hurdles, taking all these places. Stanley Cohen fulfilled all expectations in the dash by winning second place and almost taking first. The relay, which was won by Brookline, almost tied the score.

The results are as follows:—

Shot put—Won by Hootstein (B); second, Nayor (B); third, Holmes (N). Distance—42ft. 5in.

(Continued on Page 3)

GIRLS AERO CLUB PRESENTS PIN

Faculty Adviser, Miss Nichols Receives Emblem

Last Friday, February 7th, the Girls Aero Club held its first meeting under the new officers. Miss Nichols, the Club's faculty adviser was presented with her pin.

After ths ceremony an open discussion was held. Among the subjects considered were honorary members, the flights the club plans to take this spring and model airplane buildings.

A new system of Home-room representation was decided on, and from this meeting on the form of procedure will be different.

The Aerolette, the club magazine, will be published before the next meeting, with Mary Crowley and Ethel Feinsilver, from last year's staff and two new editors.

MR. AKERS RETIRES AFTER 17 YEARS

Arranged Present School Curriculum And Student Government System

(Continued from Page 1)

Meets Difficult Situation

In September, 1913, he took charge of the Brookline High School, and was soon confronted with a particularly difficult situation. The ninth grades (later abolished) of all the grammar schools were combined in one and given a permanent place in the Old Building. Construction was going on for the future New Building, and part of the Old Building was being torn down. Mr. Akers accomplished what was almost impossible. Disregarding the confusion, he brought it about that pupils came to school regularly, and teachers performed the accustomed tasks, while the construction was going on. Many teachers may remember what an extremely difficult feat it was. He established the system of student-government that has attracted the attention of schools all over New England. He arranged the present curriculum of the school, and provided a special course for motor-minded or backward children. The Honorary Society was incorporated during his regime, and he himself introduced new and efficient lunch-room facilities and services. His attitude toward teachers and students has been intensely understanding and sympathetic, and he has always welcomed and carefully considered any new ideas offered him.

Serves School Seventeen Years

He has built his fine qualities into the very fibre of B. H. S. Many are the scholars of his seventeen years service who now know they were fortunate to have had his example and leadership.

It has been said that every human institution no matter how large reflects the character and earnestness of one man. So it must be that the splendid repute of Brookline High is the truest and noblest testimonial to the work of Mr. Winfred C. Akers.

REYNOLDS RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club met again on January eighth for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year.

Thomas Reynolds was again elected president, and Frederick Woodlock Jr. was made vice-president, while Charles Wood took the position of treasurer. The Glee Club sang over W. L. O. E. sometime ago, and expects to follow a most interesting program this year.

GIRLS LEAGUE NOMINATES 1930 OFFICERS

Annual Meeting Held Today

On Friday, January 20, 1930, a business meeting of the Girls' League was held in the Girls' League Room, for the nomination of officers for the following year.

Alice Werner, the secretary, read the minutes of all the meetings of the Board of Directors held in 1929. Florence Dawson, chairman of the Pin Committee gave a list of the kinds of pins available for members of the League, and the prices of them.

President Betty Richey announced that the President must be of the Junior Class, the Vice-President of the Sophomore class, and the Secretary of either the Junior or Sophomore class. She suggested that the qualifications for secretary include skill in English, and those for Treasurer a training in bookkeeping, since the latter office requires bookkeeping and accounting.

Miss Sawyer added a few words about the qualifications of the President: A girl who is popular, tactful, and capable in every way, and well up in scholarship is required to lead a club of six-hundred and fifty members. It takes an all-round girl to fill sucessfully the office of President of the Girls' League, which is second in importance only to the Chairmanship of the Teacher Student Council.

The nominations were as follows: for President, Betty Greenleaf, Helene Dawson, Helen MacIndoe: for Vice-President, Sylvia Simmers, Jane Miller, Katherine Forbes, and Dorothea Lakson; for secretary, Dorothea MacMillian, Carola Naysmith, Ruth Tischendorf, and Florence Freedman; for treasurer, Katherine Plakias, Clara Wallenberg and Mary Mahinney.

EXCHANGES

Laboremus, The Albanian Vocational School, Tirana, Albania. We certainly like to exchange with your paper. The articles almost always have something in them of value, even thought three thousand miles are between us.

The Record, North High School, Worcester, Mass. We noticed particularly your splendid Girls' Sport Section, although your correspondent seems to be more enthusiastic than journalistic.

U-Hi-Lights, University High, U. of K., Lexington, Ky. Your class notes are a very good thing.

The Acorn, Upper Darby High School, Upper Darby, Penna. Your paper is certainly a **news**-paper!

Golden Rod, Quincy High School, Quincy Mass. How fortunate you are in having such clever cartoonists, and one of them runs your "What Would Happen If?" column very well.

SAGAMORE PRESENTS HISTORICAL MOVIE

Film Given By Selma Basch '29

Mystery appeals to nearly everyone, and "The Black Watch," a thrilling picture of Scotch army life, in India was greatly appreciated by high school students, who atended it in large numbers when it was given in the Auditorium on Thursday the 13th. The film was donated by Selma Basch '29 of the Fox Film Company, and for a picture that would ordinarily cost forty cents admission, the twenty-five cents paid by high school students was surprisingly little. Everything was delightful, the picture was admiriably filmed and presented, and the audience was properly appreciative of it,—a thing not often found. The Sagamore takes the opportunity here to thank all those who so materially aided it, and will endeavor to present even better issues for the coming term.

BROOKLINE ON THE AIR OVER WLOE

Miss Spaulding Speaks On Extra-Curriculum Activities

On Saturday, January 24, during the Daily Record High School hour broadcasted over station WLOE, Brookline High took a prominent part. Miss Spaulding spoke very interestingly on extra-curricular activities and their relation to education. Francis Muldowney told about the self-government features of Brookline High School.

A musical interlude was furnished by our Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, assisted by soloists from other schools. The Glee Clubs rendered selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "Pirates of Penzance.

Alvin Weinberg did extremely fine work in presenting his prize winning selection from O'Neill's "Hairy Ape." His presentation was very finished and was appreciated by those who heard him. Miriam Hurwitz sang a charming little French song, and the program was concluded by two delightful selections played by the High School orchestra.

GIRLS RECEIVE AWARDS

Hiking Club Skates at Arena—Dancing Class Takes Up Snappy Jazz Number

(Continued from Page 1)

The hiking club has taken several enjoyable hikes recently, including one to the Art Museum. On Thursday, February 6th, there was a skating party for the club in the Arena. The Wednesday afternoon dancing class is taking up many new dances, including a snappy jazz number. The round robin tournament in basket-ball is yet to be played off.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOL

The American girl who suddenly finds herself in an English school is up against quite a proposition to become accustomed to it.

Take for instance any American girl who goes with her eyes open and eagerly to an English boarding school,—so suddenly that her uniform was ordered by mail and she never saw the school. At the end of her first day her evening soliloquy would probably be along these lines.

"The train was awfully nice, so warm and the tea so good,—and hot. Then over that blinking road I nearly died of cold. That prefect said it wasn't far—humph only 2 miles—only! How could the beast have been so cheerful, she seemed to be liking it! And that hideous black beaver hat, why it looked just like a frying pan. And those awful long stockings—cotton and black of all things!!! Gosh,

The school looks all right. I didn't mind the beginning at all. Thought I would though. My room mates, or dormitory mates I should say, were awfully decent and how we did run when the bell rang.

An appetizing supper was on the tables, boiled mutton—last year but one's spring lamb—boiled potatoes and boiled carrots, a boiled milk pudding accompanied by dank cold-looking bread. Oh what a supper! No wonder the English sense of humor is low.

Those girls, during the meal, seemed very nice and included me in the conversation, though what would my friends at home say to hear them going on about "last term" instead of last year, and — saying games instead of sports, and mistresses instead of teachers. Why one girl told me that English teachers do not like to be called teachers as it is so old sounding.

After supper, a mistress showed me my form room. How those kids did yell and screech and run around; but it was awful fun though. Then another bell rang and off the whole form trouped to prayers. At prayers I got my first glimpse of the headmistress, a forbidding creature with large feet.

After prayers the Matron nabbed me, introduced me to another red-nosed creature called "Sister," the school nurse it seemed, and together the hauled me off to their sanctum, where they fitted my uniform. And what a uniform! The tunic was lovely and short, 8 inches above my knees, the blazer large and the black cotton stockings properly scratchy. Altogether the uniform fitting was satisfactory—but as for wearing it!

Then off I was sent to bed. I found my three roommates reclining in their hard narrow beds. They watched my preparations for bed with avid interest. I suppose they had never seen any American "undies" before, and announced that the floor prefect had said we could put out the light ourselves.

Because I had heard that the English are so clean I even washed be-

(Continued on next Page)

FOUR-MINUTE SPEAKERS APPRECIATED BY TEACHERS

Have Spoken On Six Subjects

The four-minute speaking organization is having a most successful season. The officers, who were elected at one of the first meetings of the year, are as follows: Eleanor Sachs, President; Audrey Price, Vice-President; Ruth Norman, Secretary, and Evelyn Levenson, Assistant Secretary. Speeches have been made on the subjects of the Ben Greet Players, the Venetian Glass-Blowers, the Red Cross, Tardiness, Prize Speaking, and Books for Seamen. Under the direction of Mrs. Henderson and Miss Mallon, the members are rapidly gaining ability in both extemporaneous and prepared speaking. The following notes have been sent to Mrs. Henderson in appreciation of the work done by the organization.

My dear Mrs. Henderson,

Will you please convey to the Four Minute Speakers my very cordial thanks for the effective work they did for Prize Speaking? The order and attention in the Friday night audience were better than they have been for years. I congratulate you and the entire group.

Sincerely,
Nala Giralda Adams

January 27, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Henderson,

Will you please thank the Four Minute Speakers for their good in helping the drive for Books for Seamen? I appreciate their cordial cooperation at such short notice. A Standard Ship Library Box full to over-flowing bears testimony to their effective presentation of the cause.

Yours gratefully,
Caroline B. Siebens

ENGLISH SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 2)

hind my ears and my neck in that cold water. The roommates were very sympathetic when I discovered hard, red burning swellings on my feet and pronounced them chilblains. It seemed sort of interesting to have something I'd only read of before.

They put out the light, talked a few minutes contrary to rules and now they are asleep,—all four of us quite friends despite a few differences.

I feel as if I were living in a story book, one of the kind the girls read here. Everything is so different, but I know I shall like it.

Gee, whiz, how my chilblains itch—Oh for hot water bottle—

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2:00

NEWTON DEFEATS HOME TRACK TEAM 39-38

(Continued from Page 1)

High jump—Won by Green (N); second, Kenswill (B); third, Dooskin (B). Height—5ft. 3 3-4n.

Broad jump—Won by Kenswell (B); second, Obbut (N); third, Witney N). Distance—9ft. 4 1-2in.

Forty-yard dash—Won by Holmes (N); second, Cohen (B); third, Green (N). Time—5 seconds.

Forty-five yard hurdles—Points divided among three Newton heat winners, Hall, Fine and Green. Time of each heat—6 1-5 seconds.

Three-hundred-yard run—Tie for first between Larkin (B) and Litman (B); third, Cuzzy (N). Time—38 seconds.

Six-hundred-yard run—Won by Hall (N); second, Gow (B); third, Brigham (B). Time—1 minute 21 4-5 seconds.

One-thousand-yard run—Won by A. Signore (N); second, C. Signore (N); third, Levenson (B). Time—2 minutes 41 seconds.

Relay—Won by Brookline (Litman, Gow, Larkin and Hootstein); second, Newton. Time—2 minutes, 10 seconds.

"LUCK—A FACT OR A FALLACY?

There are reputed to be two kinds of luck, namely good and bad. There are also said to be two distinct types of people, the good and the bad. Unfortunate as it may seem, good luck often pursues the unworthy while the more deserving soul, as it were, is too frequently accompanied by its malignant twin. To our sense of righteousness this is wrong, but nevertheless is known to be true.

Thus it seems that there really is such a thing as luck, fortune or fate, call it what you will, which motivating our condition of life gains for some who may not merit or seek it the coveted garland while others of far greater determination and ability encounter almost inconceivable vicissitudes in their dogged struggle for success. This fact is apparent to even the most skeptical denouncer of the existence of "luck" and for those who can not follow the Fatalist's or the Psychologist's train of thought we will try to reason it out more scientifically.

First, having discarded the possibility of there existing a preconceived mode of operations and plans for the individual mortal and the argumentatively granted non-existence of physical and psychical vibrations, similar to those of the wireless and telegraphy, we will proceed to the discussion as to how much of a part coincidence plays in the success or defeat of the man. Incidentally everything not to be explained according to the accursed geometric principles of the bigoted modern scientist is smoothed away as coincidence.

As a devotee of Arcinism, not Arnachism, mind, which, by the way, is but a perverted form of the former cult, we like to see fair play and those who grossly and blindly combat new inventions, progress and new thought in general are little better mentally than their brother extremists aforementioned. In the words of a great savant: "How many coincidences constitute a rule?"

Here is an example of so-called coincidental misfortune and fortune taken from the diary of a student of this school. For the first instance the person rises early in the morning, completes all the homework left unfinished from the night before and having begun the day right, so to speak, scores a week's detention in gym, for the fault of another, gains an E in Latin through the unaccountable loss of a notebook, and having succeeded in losing his lunch tickets, falls down stairs and gets an attack of indigestion from the lunch he didn't get. Yet another time he rises late with all his homework undone and the day's outlook as black as a bottle of India ink in the dark and, oddly enough, unprepared lessons collar A's and everything turns out sublime with the precision and nicety of a cinema's ending. Is this coincidence? We wonder!

Surely something deeper, something more subtly relative to the subliminal ego must influence our conditions of life so strangely. It is not for us to preach, theorize or philosophize on something we know nothing about save from cursory observation, it would be the most profound impertinence on our part to do so but still we would like to see some theories advanced which would at least bear on the subject in a sane manner. Neither the Bible, the Koran or Kabala has any definite explanation of this question, and modern psychiatrists persist in waiving its solution to their colleagues.

Our opinion is as follows. As is known and admitted, like begets like. Why might this rule not work in regard to thought? Suggestion is of course an embryonic form of material manifestation in action and as our thoughts sub-conscious and otherwise affect the delicate, invisible but apparently existent life power of others, of conditons and of inanimate objects, why might this not be applied as an explanation of these mysterious, so called, "streaks of luck"? We know that electricity exists and we have knowledge of its potency but no one knows just what it is. What less proof have we in regard to this vastly more powerful energy. None! It works in its silent, invisble way and we know only of its results.

EXCHANGES

The Broadcast, Everett High School, Everett, Mass. What talented editorial writers you have, but why not have one at least, of them write a short story for you?

The Chimes, Bell High School, Bell, Calif. We haven't heard from you for a long time. Where are you?

Mrs. Siebens wishes to thank the students for their generosty in giving books to the collection for "literary" seamen. The box in the library has been more than filled, and, what is more important, has been filled with interesting and worth-while books.

To whom it may concern: The Scholastic Magazine is sponsering a contest in Literature and Art. The literary subjects include Short Stories, Essays and Poems, while the works of Art submitted are to be classed under soap sculpture, fabric design, and metal craft. The prizes offered total $4500. Here's luck to any literary aspirants who want to take advantage of the competition.

The banner sections of Mrs. Siebens' library classes are IVD, Mrs. Henderson's classes and IVB, Mr. Seamans' division.

A very sorry-looking youngster poured into the main library one day and asked for Shakespeare's play on Abraham Lincoln. Sorry sister, but haven't you got your dates scrambled?

New Books at High School

Barnaby Lee—Bennett — Sea tale of Colonial days.

The Prince and the Page—Yonge—Story of the last crusade.

Spirit of the School—Barbour—Baby Elton, Quarter-back—Quirk—Boys of St. Timothy's — Pier — Three good school stories.

The Red Prior's Legacy—Bell—Adventures of an American boy in the French Revolution.

O Pioneers!—Cather

Boy Captive of Old Deerfield—Smith—Tale of the Deerfield Massacre by Indians.

Mistress Wilding—Sabatini—Historical romance.

The Sea-hawk — Sabatini — Pirate Yarn.

All Quiet on the Western Front—Remaekque—German War Story.

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man—Sassoon—English country life and then the war.

Jack Ballister's Fortunes—Pyle—Pirate story of Colonial days.

Courageous Companions — Freeger Around the World with Magellan.

A Boy of the Lost Crusade—Sterves—Tales of the Children's Crusade.

Jeremy by Walpole—Ill. by Sheperd.

Westward Ho! by Charles Kingsley—Ill. by Wyerh.

Hildebrand—World's Greatest Overland Explorer (Marco Polo). National Geographic Magazine for November 1928.

Prichon—Les provinces de France—illustreés et leurs divisions departementales.

Fries and West—Chemical Warfare—Little—The Handwriting on the Wall—A chemist's interpretation.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
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VOL. XXXVI. FEBRUARY 14, 1930 NO. 8

WE MENTION THE SERVICE FLAG

A number of weeks ago the subject of the proper preservation of our memorial to the boys who gave their lives in our defense, was taken up in these columns. To date the number of suggestions as to placing it and preserving it are NIL.

In the upper corridor of the new building there are placed numerous photographs of those who lost their lives in the great war. It seems fitting to us that the Service Flag be placed in that alcove already given to perpetuating the memory of the boys of B. H. S.

MUSIC

Last Tuesday afternoon Mr. White, the Brookline High Band director, made a plea to the student-body which deserves your attention. Our "Band" has come thru on many occasions when we despaired of having any music—at Class Day last year, for instance. A great deal of credit is due to those who have proved their ability in the pinch BUT—

A pinch-hitting band is of no use during the year. It would be possible if those among us who can play instruments would show their spirit, to have a band to play at the beginning and end of every assembly.

Our rivals at Newton show themselves much more capable in music altho we usually show them our heels in swimming and track. They have a large band which distinguishes itself at Interscholastic Band Contests and all city affairs where good music is desired.

We can have a band of which the school and the town may be proud if **you** will give a little of your time to your school. Let us see a Brookline band at the annual band contest this year!

Students at the University of Alabama are studying foot-prints in a rock said to be forty million years old. Mother earth cannot be accused of being a young flapper.

When a road wide enough to accommodate several dozen autos running abreast has been laid across the country it will probably be called the colossus of roads.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

PATRIOTISM

George F. Hawley

It was in the year 1789, during the reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, that an inconspicuous peasant trudged the dreary streets of Paris.

Some talk of revolution had been rife among the lower classes, but all resistance from that quarter had been silenced by Louis' forces. Though the city was alive with ill-feeling toward the king and queen, there was no open friction, as treason meant death.

Jean Duceau had been one of those who had tried to arouse discontent among the people, and had occasionally made impromptu speeches to any interested group of passers-by trying to convince them that they were unjustly treated by the upper classes. "Why should we bow to nobility? Why should we suffer under oppression and tyranny only to perpetuate this race of tyrants?" Taxes were far above a just rate and those who could not pay them were thrown into dungeons never to see daylight again.

He was not the only one who was sensible to these injustices, and not only he but dozens of others who dared to express themselves found sympathetic listeners. Indeed an atmosphere of revolt began to pervade the city, growing more and more pronounced as days went by.

Then one day Jean entered a tavern and while sitting there with several of his companions he was suddenly conscious of a grip on his shoulder. He wheeled and faced a squad of his Majesty's men. He hesitated a moment, then his iron fist shot out and laid one of his opponents low. One blow after another fell on the guards. An irresistible whirlwind smashed its way through the crowd and out into the street, only to fall into the arms of the squad stationed there. A musket soared above his head and fell with a crashing blow. A black curtain seemed to fall before his eyes and he sank to the ground.

When Jean came to his senses he found himself in a dark room the sole light of which came through a small window far above his head. As his eyes accustomed themselves to the dim light of the cell he perceived chains hanging from the ceiling in which hung the parched bones of a man who had been left hanging there to die.

By means of these chains he pulled himself to a sitting position but became dizzy from lack of strength and fell back, where he lay for several moments. The wound on his head throbbed terribly. With his handkerchief he sopped the blood from his matted hair. On attempting to stand he found he could keep his balance only with the aid of the wall.

(Continued on next Page)

"THE ACCURSED OF GOD"

By James H. Boston.

"It is a strange justice, a strange justice,—" smiled Ley Dulah, resting his eyes on me languidly for a moment, as if appraising some rare, foreign carving, "and you are a strange race."

I half rose at the insult but the Oriental was on his feet before me.

Pray be seated, my friend,—" he apologized quickly. "I mean no offense but speak perhaps a bit too hastily. Pray be seated!" he urged, rearranging the heap of silk cushions. "It is not often that I have a man of the West for my guest and you are welcome."

It was with some resentment, however, that I sat down again while my host, with his set and implacable smile, beamed on me like one of the ebony idols that grinned forth from the dark corners of his ancestral temple. I wondered vaguely whether he could have been implicated in any way with the strange disappearances of several European tourists during the past year. Surely I thought, he was as wily a devil as could be found in all India and not at all likely to succumb to the questioning of a Karachi police sergeant.

"You say," he interjected suddenly, "that in your country the penalty for murder is Death,—electrocution, hanging or possibly some other forms of the 'perfect punishment.' and yet," he continued, "you profess to be a civilized, a human and,—oh, yes!, an economic nation."

He sipped his tea daintily and followed with his eyes a coil of incense smoke that was swirling above our heads like some listening, half-invisible wraith.

"You say," he spoke up suddenly, "that your country has advanced to that stage of evolution and perfection in Justice where the ultimate goal of Heaven is in sight,—and yet,—you practice capital punishment, murder, the 'eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth' procedure of Justice that my people, back in the dim days of the great Sadhu Aghomine, abandoned,—abandoned for methods that served the ends of revenge and Justice, to the utmost, and yet did not rob a life from the Divine God."

A great cloud had overspread the sky and in the distance the eerie chant of Hindoo priests was echoing through the craggy hills. Black tapestries rustled softly on the stone walls and the low moanings of the wind through the ancient towers brought confusion even to my cold, Occidental mind. A strange, weird terror was overcoming my assumed reserve and abstraction and it was with no little trepidation that I reflected that I was possible the

(Continued on next Page)

R Colyum

Don't worry if you flunked your mid-years. You'll have another chance next year.

* * * *

We are told that one of the questions on the chemistry exam concerned bleaching agents. Now all the chemistry that we know might easily be written on the back of a postage stamp, but we feel certain that we could have discoursed at length on one bleaching agent, namely peroxide.

* * * *

One of the proctors at one of our exams told us that she was under the impression that we were a P.G. So that just goes to show how less then three years of arduous study has aged us to a point which belies our true years.

* * * *

We can furnish you the name of the above proctor upon application, but through the efforts of a former member of this staff (a lady of course) the regulation has been established that no longer shall the names of our faculty be aired in this place of levity.

* * * *

The gymnasium department has asked us to take this means to commend publicly, the untiring efforts of that department's two star pupils, the Messrs. Pollina and Cusick.

* * * *

It was often said of Ben Franklin that he was a veritable walking encyclopedia; we feel that that venerable soubriquet might now be justly applied to the esteemed late editor.

* * * *

And while we are confering these honorary literary titles, may we take the liberty of dubbing Hannah and Harriet with the merited degrees of B.L. (Boy lovers? Ed.)

* * * *

Do not misunderstand us, the above degree does not stand for boot-legger, nor has it any association with the name of a popular plug of masticant. "B.L." but in our mind has only one significance, that is Bachelor of Lexicography.

* * * *

Some of the young society matrons who condescend to grace and honor us with their association in the common pursuit of knowledge may in a **small** measure succeed in impressing us with ther profound "snootyness," but it has just occurred to us what is really lacking to firmly establish this impression. We are looking everywhere for the appearance of a pair of gold lorgnettes.

* * * *

And as for the ingénue of our acquaintance who thinks that "Bradstreet" is the name of a thoroughfare, all that we can say is that, unless she shows a marked improvement, she would never be a success as a chorus girl.

SHORT STORIES

PATRIOTISM

(Continued from Page 4)

After some exploration of his cell he judged it to be about twelve feet long and three feet wide. He could neither see nor reach the ceiling. Who could tell how long he would be in this dismal place?

He had spoken his last words for the benefit of his friends. They would be working for him outside and in a few days either revolt would break out or those who had, like himself, dared to speak would be silenced in a like manner and all hope of freedom would vanish. Probably the king had prepared for an outbreak and planted extra forces in the Louvre and the Bastille.

Jean had been in prison about two weeks when the storm of rebellion broke. Though it was a little longer in starting than he had anticipated it came with great fury.

The Governor of the Bastille had been ordered by his Majesty to fire on the people should any uprising begin. The lower classes became furious at this and led on by several upholders of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" the enraged citizens rushed through the streets robbing wine shops and bakeries and destroying every thing they could lay their hands on, always with cries, "Vive la France," "Vive la Republique," "Aux Armes," and "Prenons la Bastille."

Thousands of people attacked the Bastille. The Royal Guards held the mob off for hours before the drawbridge was dropped across the moat. But then a mad onslaught bade fair to carry the dark fortress by one attack. But then cannon opened a terrible fusilade on the besiegers and the tide ebbed. Suddenly a maddened patriot dashed forward but was shot down before he had advanced a yard. This daring act lent courage to the people and they swarmed in upon the guards. The walls of the hated prison rang with the yells of the pursuers. The mob wove through the dungeons liberating prisoners, who joined the mob.

Jean although helpless was not idle; He raved about his cell with mad cries like a man insane. Cannons boomed ominously. A well aimed ball struck the south side of his cell and shattered the rock into fragments. A few moments of backbreaking work in removing pieces of rock disclosed to him a world of confusion. He dashed through the aperture thus afforded and was soon running on level ground.

Jean snatched a musket from a fallen soldier and waving the weapon above his head rushed through the excited mob. His dominant courage soon brought the people under his leadership. He found that the south-west, and north walls had fallen into the hands of the revolutionists. The east wing was now the only strong-hold of Louis' men and that was fast becoming fuel for curling red tongues of flame that licked the walls of the doomed fortress. The excited crowd ran on firing their guns at random. A stray bullet hit Jean in the chest. He was seen to clutch at his heart, reel and fall with the cry on his lips, "Vive la Republique."

The people poured in through the doors and windows where the remaining guards were murdered under pleas of supplication.

At last the Bastille had fallen, Liberty had won! But Jean, though not able to see the outcome of his patriotism, died satisfied, as had many of his companions. He had accomplished his purpose; that was enough.

Finis

ACCURSED OF GOD

(Continued from Page 4)

only European within fifty miles. I was, as it were, within another world, another sphere, as far removed from my own in thought and feeling as some terrestrial planet.

Ley Dulah's eyes were fastened upon me intently but yet he appeared as oblivious of my presence as the stone Vishnu which, with snarling lips, was glaring fixedly towards the West.

"My friend," he continued, "the faces of Justice are as the four faces of Siva, inscrutable. It is written that Truth will ever cower from man's grasp,—and so it will be forever!"

Forever! The magic terror of the word rung in my ears and shrilled my

(Continued on Page 6)

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.

of

BROOKLINE

HEARTFOAM

Ed. note.) The board of the Sagamore is always glad to receive contributions that express true deep feeling. The poem we are printing here is one which expresses the real fervor of a mind seeking the vital expression of its ego.

I saw a cloud,
But it passed away.
I saw a picture,
But the artist scratched it out.

Is my Soul so
Banal?
Is my aura so
Ruthless?

"PLAYING SAFE"

I.

O, I hear the weather prophets, thro' New England, loudly scream that spring is here, ahead of time, to rule the roost supreme—that winter is passé, as an overcoat in May—gone forever coasting, skating—gone the snow-plow and the sleigh.

II.

Shall we hock our flannel "undies,' all our overshoes and gloves—sell the dog-house, stove and furnace, burn the long haired Persian rugs? No! We've heard this tale too often—we'll not get ourselves "in Dutch"—tho' the robins loudly chirrup, we will yet feel winter's clutch.

III.

The violets are blooming deep within a wooded dell; a bull-frog loud is croaking in the old moss-covered well Let the trees burst forth in bloom, let there come a planter's moon,—none can force me, or persuade me, to believe spring's here so soon.

IV.

If a squirrel's tail is scrawny, should I cast my cloak aside, plant the garden full of carrots, shave the hair from my dog's hide, purchase hammocks, fans and screens, lay the table for string beans? Nay, I'll buy twelve tons of anthracite and don my horse hair jeans.

V.

L'Envoi.

Although the sun burns brightly and mosquitoes blithely dance, I'll not gamble with the weather tricky lottery of chance. "If winter comes," I'm ready and will have no frosted nose—when spring comes, I will have no little chilblains on my toes.

James H. Boston

Reprint from the Boston Post, December 3, 1927).

(Written for the Boston Post and printed therein on December 3, 1929).

Try the Country Gentleman
The Ladies' Home Journal
1930

ACCURSED OF GOD

(Continued from Page 5)

very soul. Forever! Eternity! Dully I sat there in the gloom, thinking, until at length my host rose and, gazing at me quietly a moment, spoke.

"My friend of the West," he said, "I have something to show you that will, perhaps, open before your eyes new vistas of thought. Come you shall see!" he urged, motioning for me to follow. "You shall tell your people of Sadhu Dulah and his strange temple."

He gazed at me slyly and grinned and the cool black fiends in the shadows grinned too.

I rose somewhat nervously and followed him. Slowly, almost solemnly, we passed through a series of vaulted, stone-paved corridors until we reached the outer wall of the monastery and there, passing through a heavy bronze gate, entered into an open field surrounded by a thick grove of fruit trees. I noticed immediately, with some surprise, that near the middle of the field, a struggling mass of bent, apelike creatures were milling around a huge granite block, as long and large as a railroad car.

They were half naked and at first I could not distinguish whether they were men or some weird beasts of labor, native to the strange country I was in. As I watched, the heavy stone began to move, gradually it rose, towering above the Lilliputian slaves like some fabled monster rearing to strike.

I could now see that the laboring mass was composed of men, starved, bony creatures that shrieked and chattered, pulling at the knotted ropes that were slowly drawing the granite block on end, like toiling slaves of an ancient Pharaoh.

On the outskirts of the struggling mob a line of low caste Hindus were running back and forth, spurring the miserable creatures on with long, leather, bull whips.

Ley Dulah spoke. "There," he said, "you see the 'Accursed of God!'"

I was about to inquire what he meant when a sudden furor broke out around the base of the granite block. A rope had broken and with an earth quivering roar, the stone tottered,—the fell!

Squealing like pigs the uncouth slaves ran from the scene in mad confusion, pursued by the cursing Hindus who were felling them like cattle, with their leaden whip handles. Others, crushed and with broken backs, were trying vainly to drag themselves from under the edges of the granite block. Fully half of their number had been caught under it thus and their dying shrieks echoed through the thick rock as if from the bowels of a tomb.

Ley Dulah smiled, partly in amusement, partly in disgust.

I turned to him, all my fear gone, every thought of doubt swept away by my indignation.

"Sadhu Dulah!" I managed to choke out in my rage, "Do you intend to leave those men to die like swine? Fool! They are your people, slaves if you will, but your brothers,—aye yes, and your betters too!" I stood and waited, my tongue parched and dried and my limbs trembled with the horror and madness of it all.

He looked at me coldly, amused and not a little amazed.

"I see that you have compassion, my friend of the West," he said. "A very acute and rash kind, true, but nevertheless admirable, if somewhat unmerited at the present. Friend," he continued, pointing toward a group of the slaves that lay gasping on the ground, not twelve yards from us, beaten down by the whips of the Hindus, "those creatures are not men. They are lower than the swine; they are beasts without souls or thoughts. The are a type of life that your people have never seen and, to us, they are 'the scourge of Heaven,' 'the Accursed of God.' Look!" he interjected suddenly, drawing my attention to the creatures. "There! Do you see?"

I followed his gaze, dully curious. Two Hindus were standing back to the fallen slaves talking heatedly and absorbedly. As I watched, one of the creatures rose to its feet and with the agility of a leopard leapt onto the shoulders of the nearest Hindu and with a fiendish snarl, buried its teeth in his neck. Impulsively I started to the Hindu's aid but with a firm grasp on my arm, Ley Dulah held me back. "Wait!" he said in a hushed voice. "You can do nothing. Wait! You shall see more.'

He was right. The other Hindu turned and with a shriek of rage struck at the creature with his whip. Again and again he beat it about the head until it loosed its hold and slumped to the ground, dying.

The ghastly scene that followed killed what pity I still felt for the wretched creatures. With bestial and primitive howls they swarmed over their mate, tearing at his flesh with their gnarled fingers and sinking their teeth in his body in a dozen places, gurgling and growling in savage contentment.

At Ley Dulah's nod I averted my face from the awful scene only to perceive one more sickening and abhorrent. Many of the beasts that had fled at the falling of the granite block had now returned and were engaged in devouring as many of the bodies of their comrades as they could succeed in extricating from beneath the rock. Some, yet pinioned beneath it, were being eaten alive and their gastly shrieks added still another horror to the fiendish pandemonium, Maddened by the lust for blood the creatures were pursuing the Hindu guards and

(Continued on Page 7)

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(Continued from Page 6)

even turning on one another.

It was a scene to sicken even the most phlegmatic and my host, observing my discomfiture, quickly led me back through the shadowed stone corridors to the inner room of the temple, which we had left such a short time before. The ebony fiends within the gloom were still grinning, silently, impassively and I thought, somewhat derisively. My head ached dully and my hand trembled as if with the fever.

Ley Dulah seated me on the cushions once again and handing me a cup of black tea, reposed himself, grinning, in partnership with his Gods. After a time he laid down his cup and, setting back comfortably among the velvet cushions, began to talk.

"You have seen," he said, as if trying to arouse me from my stupor of dread, "the true instincts of man, the animal bared."

I looked at him curiously as he said this for I felt, on reflection, that these creatures, were, indeed, unlike anything in the realm of existing humanity. They were not merely cannibals, maddened, starved slaves but, as I considered it further, they were truly animals of the lowest and fiercest type.

"Man," proceeded the Sadhu has reached his present position of evolution through the potency of his brain, alone. Remove this organ and you leave a living body that cannot think, that cannot remember or learn, a creature guided only by its own bodily designs and hates, a creature that is comparable only to a wild beast of the forest and jungle and even then the comparison is lacking. A beast can learn and in time be tamed."

He saw that I was hanging on his every word and with the true instinct of the narrator sipped his tea for a moment to heighten the suspence.

"A creature of this sort, he continued at last, "with the body of a man and yet, in truth, but a beast, is capable of doing work which no man could do,—and live, work of which animals are wholly incapable, due to their bodily construction. Accordingly," he said with a pause, "we have solved a great economic problem of our country, while ridding ourselves of the demoralizing and stigmatic burden of harboring murderers and potential vandals of peace. And yet," he addel, "in doing this we have been enabled to obey one of the most sacred mandates of God, at no loss or inconvenience to ourselves."

I looked at him in wonderment, grasping and yet not quite daring to believe the truth at which he was hinting.

He hitched forward, discerning my perplexity, and grinned broadly—and a bit ominously it seemed to my terrified mind.

"Yes," he said, "those creatures were once men who could think and reason. Visited by an unhappy Fate they committed crimes or deeds of violence meriting only death. But we of the East," he spoke up suddenly, "do not believe as you of the West believe. Instead of cruelly submitting these convicts to the agony of mental torment and finally death, we left them alive, but killed all that was human in them. The fear of Death is a primitive terror; they were spared it. The soul of man cannot die though his body be destroyed and rendered unto dust. This you grant, do you not?" he questioned, waiting in silence for my answer.

I nodded my agreement and he continued.

"By a simple operation the brain of a condemned man would be caused to wither and die, thus freeing the immortal Soul and changing utterly the instincts of the being. In short, while releasing a tortured and perverted soul we yet conserved the potential energy and power of the body. Do you see now my friend, he contin-

(Continued on Page 8)

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"So many men marry now for money," she said. "You wouldn't marry me for money, would you, Harry?"

"No," said Harry, absently; I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

And he was amazed when she exclaimed: "Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch!"

* * * *

"Seven years' penal servitude," said the Judge to a consumptive criminal.

"Thank you, my lord; I thank you from the bottom of my heart," cried the man. "My fool of a doctor only gave me six months."

* * * *

City Scout—"I once knew a man that was turned into wood."

Country Scout—"Nonsense!"

City Scout—"Not at all. He was taken on a vessel and then he was aboard."

* * * *

Mrs. Jakker—Doctor, my husband talks in his sleep. What can I do to help him?

Doctor—Try letting him talk a little in the day time.

* * * *

Mrs: Henry, the food at this hotel is awful.

Mr.: Yes, and just think that we dined out for a change.

* * * *

C. B. A.—Yeah—I gave my boyfriend the air.

P. A. L.—How come?

C. B. A.—Oh, he signed up for that course in Self-Management!

* * * *

First year at college—all that I am, I owe to my mother.

The remaining three years—All that I owe is paid by my father—

* * * *

"He done me wrong," wailed the math problem, as the freshman handed in his quiz paper.

ACCURSED OF GOD

(Continued from Page 7)

ued. "why I feel no pity for the creatures that must perish in the construction of our temples? They are but living clods, machines of flesh and blood, incapable of emotion and mental feeling, beings of our own hands shunned and abhorred by God and man, alike."

I rose to my feet, fire coursed through my veins and the sight of the leering fiends, writhing in the shadows, wrought me to laughter. Louder and madder the hellish mirth gripped me. Wilder and wilder the shrieks of the "Accursed of God" grew, joining and merging into one wild, discordant medley of fiendish glee. Round and about me the black fiends danced, howling and cavorting in mad ecstasy and in their midst there stood the white, grinning face of the Sadhu. He lifted his hand and I saw that it dripped blood and sweat. It approached me, the long fingers quivering like a hungry animal. I shrieked in madness and the black fiends and Hell shrieked with me.

A great block of granite stood towering on its edge; I laughed; I was chained to it and it was falling.

Finis

Prof: Mr. Green, who wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes?"

Frosh: Why—a—It was Volstead, wasn't it?

* * * *

When a man reached for his hip, in the old days, it meant death. Now, his intentions may be better, but the result is usually the same.

* * * *

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"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. 9 BROOKLINE, MASS., March 7, 1930. TEN CENTS

POPULAR BROOKLINE TEACHER SETS FINE EXAMPLE FOR STUDENTS

Mr. Taylor Well-known Authority On Electricity

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John Bellamy Taylor was graduated from Brookline High with the class of 1893, and went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the class of 1897. Since his graduation from Brookline High School he has spent the greater part of his life in developing two major interests. These are physics and electricity which he studied here with Mr. Packard, and musical instruments where Mr. Cole furnished him with encouragement and inspiration.

During the summers while he was at college, Mr. Taylor worked with the Hutchins Organ Company, and the building of organs had so strong a lure that he very nearly decided to go into it permanently. However, after college he entered the New England Telephone Company, where he was manager of their Burlington office, and where he received excellent training in locating line troubles. In 1899 he transferred to the General Electric Company's Boston office, and from there was shortly sent to their headquarters at Schenectady.

In Schenectady his first work was with the railway engineering department, and next with the foreign department, and then with the lighting or central station department where he is still a consulting engineer. Mr. Taylor is something of a free lance and has perhaps always been, and if his best work is to be done he will ever remair one.

He has taken out a goodly number of patents which belong of course for the most part to the General Electric Company. One of the earliest of these was in the nature of a safety device for men working on high tension lines. He was awarded a prize for this patent from France.

Perhaps Mr. Taylor's main contribution to electrical science has been on the co-ordination of telegraph and telephone lines with high power lines. On this he has written and discussed in the various scientific bodies to which he belongs. He is tireless in searching and experimenting of the realms of physics and electricity and his evenings and so called "free time" are spent thus in his laboratory at home. This has been a wonderful atmosphere for his boys to grow up in, two of whom distinctly share this interest, and another has had equal assistance and encouragement in music.

(Continued on Page 2)

GIRL'S GYM TEAM PLANS SCHEDULE

Holds Play Day With Cambridge

Three inter-class gym team meets are scheduled for this season. The first, which has already been held, resulted in a tie between the Juniors and the Sophomores. The other two will occur in the near future. The Varsity Gym Team engaged in a Play-day with the Cambridge Haskell School on Monday afternoon, March 3rd. The participants were divided into four teams, the red, green, blue and yellow. Games of Come-along and Field-ball were played, and there was the usual apparatus work. The reds were victorious, with a score of 341 points. Refreshments were served in the lunch room. The Varsity Team is as follows: Manager, D. Burke, Captain, E. Manning, D. Burke, E. Manning, M. Stanford, A. Barron, R. Badaracco, D. Burt, A. Delano, N. Fisher, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Larkin, E. Mills, G Norris, E. Charlton, J. MacKillop, M. Mulvihill, A. Geoghegan; subs, J. Cooper, M. Marsh, L. Wallenberg, E. Agnew.

On Wednesday, the 5th of March, a Play-day will be held between Lasell Seminary and Brookline High School. The participants will be announced before the meet, and also those who will swim in a meet with the Sargent Freshmen on the 12th.

The Round Robin Tournament in basketball will start on Thursday, March 6th.

Parties in dancing and hiking have been planned, but the dates are as yet indefinite.

BROOKLINE LOSES CLOSE MEET TO ST. GEORGES PREP.

Brookline lost a very close meet with St. Georges Prep., at the tank on Thursday, February 27th with scores 29 to 25. The teams had tied until the relay, which could bring victory to either side. Due to the absence of Broadbent, who was ineligible St. Georges won that event by four yards.

Bill Highland turned in the best performance for Brookline by getting first in the 50 and second in the 100 yard freestyle. Richards easily took first in the dive. The backstroke was hard-fought between Jones of St. Georges and Weston, the former winning by a hair's-breadth.

The full results are as follows:

50-yard freestyle—Won by W. Hyland (B); second, Clark (St. G.);

(Continued on Page 3)

BROOKLINE ALUMNUS GIVES STIRRING SPEECH ON AVIATION

Urges Support of Aero Club

At the beginning of the assembly of Tuesday, February 25th, three books of poems, sent as awards, by the poet, Witter Bynner, who judged prize-speaking, were presented to three participants in prize-speaking, Miriam Hurwitz, Alvin Weinberg, and Dexter Goulston. The speaker was Charles Buck, of the Curtis-Wright Flying School in Boston. Mr. Buck is a former graduate of Brookline High and once had Mr. Case as a homeroom teacher. The subject of his talk was the progress of aviation and the encouragement of the Brookline High School Aero Club.

Mr. Buck gave much interesting data on the history of aviation and the Harvard Aero Club, and realistically described one's sensations while flying.

In closing, Mr. Buck earnestly urged the co-operation of all the students in boosting the B. H. S. Aero Club, as a worthwhile organization that could do nothing but progress, and that rapidly.

GIRLS' LEAGUE HOLDS ANNUAL ELECTIONS

Betty Greenleaf President

On February 14, the Girls' League held its annual business meeting in the Girls' League room. Betty Richey, presided and brought out the idea of girls' assemblies unsupervised by teachers, an idea strongly approved of by Miss Sawyer. Miss Saywer continued the discussion of the merits and advantages of the League to the whole school. The news that League room was to be decorated during vacation was a welcome announcement by Florence Freedman.

Miss Saywer called to the attention of the members the fact that the Girls' League must show the League room to be indispensable for its purposes and those of other clubs, otherwise it will be utilized as a classroom, as the necessity of space grows.

Elections of officers for the ensuing year took place. The nominations were: president, Helene Dawson, Betty Greenleaf, Helen MacIndoe; vice-president, Mary Clark, Katherine Forbes, Dorothea Lakson, Jane Miller, Sylvia Simmers; secretary, Florence Freedman, Dorothea MacMillan, Carola Nasmyth, Ruth Tischendorf; treasurer, Mary Mawhinney, Katherine Plakias, Clara Wallenberg. The officials elected were: president, Betty Greenleaf; vice-president, Mary Clark; secretary, Carola Nasmyth; treasurer, Katherine Plakias.

BROOKLINE SCORES AT INTERSCHOLASTIC MEETS

Failure To Win Due to Inexperienced Team

On February 1, 1930, at Northeastern University, an interscholastic track meet was held.

In spite of the track team's heroic efforts, Brookline scored only 3 points. Brigham took active part in the 600 yard run, placing third against a wonderful field, and thereby scoring 2 of Brookline's 3 points. The other point is credited to Charles Gow, former Huntington runner, who placed fourth in the 300 yard dash.

Brookline placed eighth in the ranking out of the numerous entries. However this showing, although quite poor, served as experience for the team for the future meets.

Every team, no matter how good needs support to push it through. It's up to Brookline students to give this team the support it needs very badly. It is unfair to take credit for a track victory when few if any have turned out to support a meet, and students should realize this.

Defeated at Andover

On February 22nd, at the Andover Interscholastic Track Meet, about 300 of the finest athletes of New England competed for the Andover title which Brookline won last year.

However, history did not repeat itself since Brookline scored only 5 1-2 points. Two of these points were earned by Chester Litman and Charles Gow, scoring fourths in the 300 and 600 yard runs. Our relay team brought in the other 1 1-2 points in the team race with Brockton.

Although the team secured only 8th place it served to experience the boys for the coming State meet.

(Continued on Page 3)

FLORENCE DAWSON ELECTED PRESIDENT OF GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club met in the Auditorium on Monday, Feb. 24. Officers were elected to serve until next February. Those elected were: Florence Dawson, president; Adele Kelsey, secretary; Natalie Browdy. treasurer; and Evelyn Levenson, librarian. The Glee Club has made itsef a successful addition to several of the performances at school this year, and it is hoped that it will be able to be on the program at this year's dramatic performance.

MR. TAYLOR FORMER ENGINEER FOR GENERAL ELECTRIC

Mr. Taylor gives occasional lectures every year at Union College, both in physics and in musical appreciation (including the acoustics of musical instruments). He has accumulated quite a collection of musical instruments, especially wood wind.

A few years ago he gave a substantial amount of time to sound in motion pictures and optical work in motion picture projection. Certain features now in use are his contribution to this modern art.

Recently the General Electric Company used Mr. Taylor almost constantly to fill dates for lectures and demonstrations all over the country, on uses of the photo-electric cell. He shows how sound can be made to travel along a light beam, "narrow casting" he calls this in contrast to the "broadcasting" of radio some of the same principles being involved. As with many others of the Research Laboratory, Mr. Taylor has lots of ideas always waiting for time and opportunity to be tried out. One lecture-demonstration which people everywhere seem to enjoy, he terms "Audible Light and Visible Sound."

The life of John Bellamy Taylor should furnish inspiration to all those students who are contemplating a technical career, and with this outstanding success made by a boy who had the same opportunity that we all have ahead of us we are sure to set ourselves anew to the trials of physics, geometry and other in the same category.

SAGAMORE HOLDS CARTOON CONTEST

Now is the time for Brookline High's Russell Pattersons, and John Helds, to get out their drawing boards and sharpen up their pencils. The Sagamore has decided to run a cartoon contest from March until April, a contest free to everyone and anyone. The awards, which are to be announced later, will be made to the persons submitting the best drawn, most original, and most humorous cartoons of High School life, and the winning cartoons will be published. If you see something funny in the lunchroom, in the corridors, in assembly—cartoon it. You may send in as many cartoons as you wish, but all must bear your name, class, and home room number in the top right-hand corner. If you can draw superlatively, the prize for the best-drawn cartoon may be yours; if you submit something uproariously funny, you might get the "humorous" award,—and you might be original. There you have your contest—all you have to do is to go ahead and draw.

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Second Quarter

First

Ray Novogroski
Irving Wallace

Second

John Ahearn
David Ascher
Allan Bennett
Bertram Dane
Paul Graves
John Hyland
Dean Johnson
Selwyn Kudisch
Thomas Larkin
Arthur Levine
John MacKenzie
Francis Muldowney
Frank Reinherz
Elliott Shapira
William Webb

Mid-year Examination

First

Ray Novogroski
Irving Wallace

Second

Allan Bennett
John Hyland
Dean Johnson
Thomas Larkin
Arthur Levine
Robert MacLeod
Irving Nisson
Frank Reinherz
Eric Thomson

JUNIORS

Second Quarter

Second

Joseph Dublin
Donald Hirshberg
William Hyland
Abraham Isenberg
Chester Litman
Julius Litter
Weslay MacLeod
William Maltzman
Charles Nayor
Norman Sondheim

Mid-year Examination

Second

William Hyland
Abraham Isenberg
Harry Levi, Jr.
Chester Litman
Julius Litter

SOPHOMORES

Second Quarter

First

Robert Hall
Nelson Hastings
Fred Howard
John Lally
Robert Neuman

Second

Julian Brightman
Stanley Cohen
Alvin Covitz
John Crankshaw
Charles Danforth
William Harrington
Robert Hermann
William Lee
David Levinson
Richard McKenney
Everett Morgan
Emerson Morse
Milton Paisner
Julian Rifkin
Stanley Rosen
Paul Rutledge
Albert Sack
Richard Starr
George Stewart
Leslie Street
Robert Warren
Leon Wish
Frederick Woodlock

Mid-year Examination

First

Robert Hall
Nelson Hastings
Fred Howard
John Lally
Robert Weirman

Second

Charles Danforth
William Harrington
Robert Hermann
David Levinson
Milton Paisner
Thomas Quinn
Julian Rifkin
Glenn Rink
Paul Rutledge
Albert Sack
Richard Starr
George Stewart
Robert Warren
Frederick Woodlock

FRESHMEN

Second Quarter

First

Charles Paul
Sanborn Vincent
Worth Rowley, Jr.

Second

Louis Adams, Jr.
Roger Burkhardt
Theodore Bradley
John Corbett
Warren Foz
Herman Freedman
Frank Gallagher
Paul Jacobs
Paul Lally
William Lett
Irving Lewis
George Mackey
Joseph Malone
Gordon McAleer
Edward McGee
Fred Monahan
Edward Quinn
Sherman Rose
Paul Silbert
Donald Sleeper
Donald Spears
Frederick Wiggin
Harold Wyer

Mid-year Examination

Second

Foster Burton
John Corbett
Paul Jacobs
Paul Silbert
Sanborn Vincent
Harold Wyer

AERO CLUB HOLDS INTERESTING MEETING

The assembly held last week was sponsored by the Brookline Aero Club Mr. Buck of Curtis-Wright Flying Service gave an interesting history of "Aviation." He also urged those who were interested in aviation to visit the enlarged airport and also to support the Brookline Aero Club, which he said had a great future as an organization of the school.

A meeting of the Brookline Aero Club was held last Wednesday at 7:30 in the main Library. About 30 members were present. A debate between Herbert Jacobs and Victor Merolla on Airships vs. Airplanes for Commercial Use has been postponed until next meeting. A series of regulations written by Leslie Small and recommended by the executive committee was presented to the club and adopted. Philip Renta, was present and projected upon the screen about 50 pictures he has taken at the airport.

He gave a very interesting talk and description of the pictures, which were of airplanes that were or had been at airports near Boston. The next meeting will be, Wednesday night, March 12th, at 7.30 in the main library. A speaker is expected to be present.

THE JOHN A. CURTIN PRIZE ESSAYS IN CITIZENSHIP

Open to Seniors

A first prize of fifty dollars and a second prize of thirty dollars will be given (to be awarded at graduation) for the best essays on the following subject:

SIGNIFICANT PHASES OF BROOKLINE'S HISTORY, 1630-1930

The **conditions** of the contest are as follows:

1. The contest is open to members of the **senior** class.
2. The essays are due May 1st, at 2 o'clock.
3. The minimum length of the essays is 2000 words.
4. Each essay must be written or typewritten on paper of regulation size, and on one side of the paper.
5. A list of references used must be appended.
6. Each essay must be bound in a neat, suitable cover.
7. The author should write on the cover the subject of the essay an a nom de plume.
8. Each contestant should enclose his name in a sealed envelope inscribed with the same nom de plume as that on the cover of the essay.
9. FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY. **No essay will be considered by the judges that does not observe the above conditions.**

THE J. MURRAY KAY PRIZE ESSAYS IN HISTORY

Open to Juniors

A prize will be given (to be awarded at graduation) for the best essay on **each** of the following subjects:

1. WHAT PART SHOULD BROOKLINE HAVE IN THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION?

(Continued on next Page)

J. MURRAY PRIZE CONTEST

(Continued from Page 2)

2. ELLIS ISLAND: WHERE NATIONALITIES MEET AND AMERICANIZATION BEGINS.

The **conditions** of the contest are as follows:

1. The contest is open to members of the **junior** class.
2. The essays are due May 1st, at 2 o'clock.
3. The minimum length of the essays is 1000 words.
4. Each essay must be written or typewritten on paper of regulation size, and on one side of the paper.
5. A list of references used must be appended.
6. Each essay must be bound in a neat, suitable cover.
7. The author should write on the cover the subject of the essay and a nom de plume.
8. Each contestant should enclose his name in a sealed envelope inscribed with the same nom de plume as that on the cover of the essay.
9. FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY. **No essay will be considered by the judges that does not observe the above conditions.**

BROOKLINE TIES WITH BOSTON COMMERCE

Kenswil 4th in Broad Jump

(Continued from Page 1)

Brookline landed in a tie with Boston Commerce for tenth place in the annual State Meet, at the East Armory last Saturday, with a total of 4 1-2 points.

Kenswil received one point in the standing broad jump, getting fourth place with the distance of 9 ft. 4 5-8 in.

The other points were due to Litman, French, Larkin, and Gow who defeated Newton in the relay and almost nosed out Malden in the fast time of 2 min. 58 sec.

THE PURITY OF THE SEA

How I long for the open seas,
  Away from the rush of cities.
Oh, for the roar of the ocean,
  With its restful, rhythmic motion.

Still unsmeared by the stain of sin,
  Peace abounds without and within;
My heart o'erflows with love of God,
  As ne'er it did on trampled sod.

Oh, if my mind were free from care,
  As I will promise 'twould be there,—
Then would I know true happiness,
  Then forget man's wickedness.

Could I go where I wish to be;
  I'd start now for the open sea.
There I'd live in its purity,
  And death would come more peacefully.

Sagamore extends its deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the late Barbara Pike, Brookline High School, class of '25.

SWIMMING MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

third, J. Hyland (B). Time 2 min. 7.3 sec.

100-yard breastroke—Won by Morrison (St. G.); second, M. Silverman (B); third, Richey (B). Time—1 min. 20.1 sec.

200-yard swim—Won by Robinson (St. G.); second, Baxter (St. G.); third, Richey (B). Time—2 min. 29-4 sec.

Dive—Won by Richards (B); second, Dwade (St. G.); third, Woodlock (B).

100-yard backstroke—Won by Jones (St. G.); second, Weston (B); third, Wiggin (B). Time—1 min. 9.5 sec.

100-yard freestyle—Won by Devans (St. G.); second, W. Hyland (B); third, Weinrebe (B). Time—1 min. 22 sec.

IN DEFENS OV FONETIK SPELING

By J. Blatt

We, the people of the United States waste precious time, paper, ink, and effort writing the word "altho" with as many useless letters after it as the name of a college graduate.

Everytime an innocent citizen wants to spell "height" he first writes it incorrectly, then he has to write it correctly, next he must decide which looks better; and anyhow he usually crosses out the correct one. What is the result? He begins to use "altitude" instead. Thus the average person's vocabulary is adjusted to fit his orthographic ability, and it becomes stilted and inexpressive. It is no wonder that we are called "those ambiguous Americans. Why do I say "ambiguous?" Because I don't know whether you spell "unintelligible" with an "e" or an "i". Is this just? Emfatikaly, NO!

But not only does the spelling of a word prevent our writing it correctly, but it often leads into incorrect pronunciation. If you're just a harmless citizen, you say "markwiss"; if you try to be smart you prounounce it "markee"; but if you have any sense, you'll probably call him a grandee of Spain."

And yet, there is a cure for all this sorrow, this worry, and this dissension. Fonetik speling is guaranteed painless, and brainless. (Stop me if you've heard this one). Even a child can work it. No more colds, I mean no more worries about whether "i" becomes "e" except after "c"; no more "Exceptions, if you please, are "either," "neither," "leisure," "sieze"."

Furthermore, by actual experiment, phonetic spelling is found to require exactly one half the time of "correct" spelling. That is, we now spend half of each day doing unnecessary spelling. In other words, by the time we're eighty, we've wasted forty years writing extra letters. My Gosh, there's half a lifetime gone and we haven't accomplished anything.

But why does this country hesitate to adopt fonetik speling? Because they think it is something new and unconventional? Nay, do they not realize that one half the words we use today are merely condensed forms of other words? Take, for instance, the expression "ham and eggs." Fifty years ago they reversed it to "eggs and ham;" thirty years ago they simplified it and took out the "and;" ten years ago they took the "h" out of "eggsham;" and then some algebra bug on simultaneous equations substituted "x" for "eggs": hence, "exam." If that isn't a very much condensed plate of ham and eggs, I'll eat the plate.

But that isn't all. Ladies and gentlemen, think of how many people will be made happy if fonetik speling is introduced. Think of how glad it will make the little freshmen who flunked their English exams. Think of how happy it will make the man who is printing this trashy article. And is the Sagamore going to be thankful? Oh boy!

UP ABOVE

'Tis a lake—
A blue—a faintly-moving lake
I see from up above.

A spot of white
A path of gleam,—
These wonders by the sun are caused—
Which shinging from up above.

A fleecy, puffy cloud,
A gorgeous, ever-changing cloud,
I see from up above.

And on this cloud I 'light,
And rest there—lone, and unafraid.
—Ethel Feinsilver

I LOVE THE WIND

I Love the wind,
The gentle, awaying wind,
The pulsing, breathing wind,
The stirring, whirling wind,
The rushing, biting wind,
The damp'ning, noggy wind,
The heavy, laden wind,
The misty, dreary wind,
The everquick'ning wind,
The o'erpow'ring, grasping wind,
The wind without end,—
What shape or manner
I love the wind.
—Ethel Feinsilver

WE MENTION THE SERVICE FLAG

A number of weeks ago the subject of the proper preservation of our memorial to the boys who gave their lives in our defense, was taken up in these columns. To date the number of suggestions as to placing it and preserving it are **nil**.

In the upper corridor of the new building there are placed numerous photographs of those who lost their lives in the great war. It seems fitting to us that the Service Flag be placed in that alcove already given to the perpetuating the memory of the boys of B. H. S.

Those of you who are rather weary of the Hartford reading list will find enjoyment in the new list now at hand in the library. It is called "Book Friends," and was prepared by Miss Kohl, of the Wakefield library. It is unusually attractive and interesting, and is recommended to students of all four classes.

At the recent meeting of the new England School Library Association, which was attended by our own librarian, Mrs. Siebens, school librarians from California and Wisconsin were the featured guests. The librarian from Wisconsin gave an especially interesting talk on the meetings held in her library. She said that one of the features was to have a few authors present at every meeting, and she particularly stressed Carl Sandburg and Edna Ferber. Miss Jones of the State Library Committee, described the European libraries which she visited last summer. One of the most unusual ones was a library in Keswick, England, a town once frequented by Southey and Wordsworth. Most of the library was quite old, with books dating almost from the time the library was built, but one room had been quite delightfully furnished by Hugh Walpole, who is one of the trustees of the library. The furniture and decorations were attractively modern, with big comfortable easy chairs, a large fireplace, and a great quantity of interesting books. As Mrs. Siebens said, "It made you want to sit down and read," and the hope is expressed that our library also is as inviting to outsiders.

NEW BOOKS

Trumpeter of Krakow—Kelly.

A tale of the 15th Century. Illustrations made by Angela Pruszynska in Krakow.

Awarded the Newbery medal for the best book for young people of the year 1929.

Falcons of France—Nordhoffand Hall. A tale of youth and the air.

Blowing Weather—McIntre.

Sea story.

The Conqueror—Allerton.

A dramatized biography of Alexander Hamilton.

Lord Jim—Conrad.

Hanson and Gross—Short Stories of Today.

University Oratorical Annual—Youngdahl.

Poems of Youth—Cooper.

War-paint and Powder-horn—Quinn.

Indian Story.

Jeremy—Walpole. Ill. by E. H. Shepard.

Westward ho!—Kingsley. Ill. by N. C. Wyeth.

Escaping the Mohawks—Robbins.

Story of a young noble of New France.

Essays of Our Times—Brown.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and may be placed in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
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VOL. XXXVI. MARCH 7, 1930. No. 9

SENIOR GIFT?

The suggestion has been made that the Service Flag be placed in the alcove on the second floor of the new building.

A part of the Senior Gift Fund might be expended to advantage in restoring and properly protecting that flag. We feel that the Class of 1930 would always be well remembered for their part in preserving for posterity the record of those sons of Brookline High School who gave the best years of their life in the great war to preserve the ideals of democracy.

Action must be taken soon if the memorial is to be preserved at all. A splendid start has been made in setting aside a part of the building to honor our alumni who gave their lives for our country and the memorials are being gradually gathered in that place. Let the Class of 1930, graduating ten years after the class which saw the end of the world conflict, be the ones to further the purpose of the Memorial Alcove! R.F.B.

THE LAST LAP

March seventh—less than three and a half months more of school! This is the crucial period in which our year's record is made—or not, as the case may be.

To those who have made a good start we have but one word—keep it up! We have so seldom found ourselves in the above position that we can say no more, but from three years of experience in not having good records as the most important time of the school year approaches we address the following to those who cannot or WILL NOT, as is more often the case, study.

First, to those who have found their work difficult to the point of utter discouragement:—Don't let your seeming failure get your goat, keep on plugging away and have confidence in what the future may hold. The slow student who assimilates the knowledge offered in his texts, in time has a decided advantage over the quick student who gains sufficient knowledge from a cursory glance over the lesson to give a creditable recitation the next day.

Second, to those who will not study (incidentally the most numerous class):—Take a word from one of your number (now reformed) who in his last year at High is still enjoying Caesar's delightful narratives: De Bello Gallico. Pass your courses this year! Open a book for a change; you'll be surprised how easy it is to get in the habit of passing things. We have no intention of preaching a sermon and have resented such from others but let us say that to waste time is criminal. That is what you are doing; wasting your own and your fellow pupils time. Every unnecessary year spent in school sets you back so much in the race of life; makes it harder for you to gain a place in the crowd every year looking for positions and advancement. Start plugging NOW and finish with your class! R.F.B.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

"THE FATAL DECEPTION"

By Adele Kelsey

Nan walked up the broad driveway with the free and easy step of youth. She was a mere slip of a girl with a fair delicate beauty. She thought of her mother getting older now, trying to manage successfully the household of Warren Pemberton. Mrs. Howe had been the housekeeper for the Pembertons since their marriage and Nan had grown to love this stately old mansion just as her mother did.

Interrupting her thoughts, an expensive sports roadster swiftly passed her by. At the wheel sat Warren Pemberton, Jr. who waved to Nan with a cheery smile. Beside him sat his sister as haughty and cold as she always was towards Nan. Eunice Pemberton was a spoiled child and very much petted by Mrs. Howe since the death of Mrs. Pemberton, and in the absence of Warren Pemberton, senior, who had been in India since Eunice was two years old.

Nan entered the three rooms she and her mother had shared for the twenty-four years of Nan's life.

"Lo, Mother," Nan called. "How was everything today?"

"Hello, Nan, everything was all right," she answered indifferently.

Mrs. Howe was always that way. Nancy never felt very close or friendly with her mother. There was always a barrier between them which Nan could never understand or overcome.

Nan had one privilege which Mrs. Howe had granted her. She was permitted to use the library which had belonged to the Pembertons for generations. She went down there at this time to find a book with which to settle down for the evening.

She was in the act of leaving when Warren walked in.

"Good evening, Warren," Nan said politely.

"Hello, little Nan, not leaving are you?" "Stay just a little while and let me talk to you."

"Nan," he began, "why do you always refuse to marry me? "Don't you know how—

"Nancy," called Mrs. Howe, "I want you immediately."

Nan excused herself and ran lightly upstairs.

She went in to see her mother who stood scowling at her.

"How many times have I warned you to kep away from Warren? You shall lose your privilege of going to the library if you stop and talk to him. Remember that!"

"I'm sorry, mother," Nan offered as an apology.

(Continued on next Page)

"THE STONE THUMB"

By James H. Boston

My friend smiled and extended his boots to the fire. "Yes," he said, "it is a very peculiar thing,—still another of sly old Nature's incompatible drolleries. Even men of Science are at a loss to explain it, although they have a thousand conflicting theories for this sudden ossification of live trees and animals." He was fondling a bit of petrified bark as he spoke and I knew as he gazed at it that he inwardly cherished some living hope of solving this most astounding of mysteries,—the Petrified Forest. "Some people say," he continued, "that the phenomena was caused by the sudden inundation of the land by some highly chemically charged water. Where it came from or where it went to no one can say, otherwise the idea is as tenable as any."

He poked the fire meditatively with a stick then rose slowly to his feet. "Tomorrow," he said exultingly, "we'll see if we can dig up as good a mess of stone vegetables as we did today." Taking a long drink from the spring we had dug, which was at last beginning to bubble appreciably, he bade me a cheerful 'good night' and rolled up in his blanket.

It was a warm night and over the vast Yellowstone countless myriads of twinkling stars were mutely calling to the earth in the kinship of infinity. Space, space, through aeons of time and space, these tiny spheres had hurtled and rolled, now bursting in a feeble, smoky gleam, now meeting and whirling into one, like snowflakes in the eddies of the wind. And I, but the 'ineeist' of specks on this revolving and infinitisimal mite of sand, mopped and yet was cheered by our mutual and irrevocable disgrace. It does a man good to get out on the prairies on a clear night; it sort of deflates his head to normal size. An impression is created that the ego can never erase. Eternity is boundless and Man cannot alter or jar it, though he pass ten million laws and girdle the earth with barbed wire fences and "No Trespassing" signs. We are but the shadows of a still incomplete idea.

I thought deeply for some time, glancing furtively now and then at the ominous, black trunks of the dead forest that surrounded us on all sides. Sometimes they seemed to move and the eerie sob of the coyotes seemed to echo from their blasted trunks Phantasms of ancient memories flashed through my brain and weird voices called from a tangled jungle of towering trees and dense grasses. Creatures of slime and scale crept from the ooze of sweating morasses and giant

(Continued on next Page)

R Colyum

In epitomizing a poor struggling scrivener, Lord Byron, that proud profligate, penned this bit of pungent doggerel:

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon
Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a monthly magazine.

* * * *

And to think that now some muddling committeeman exhumed the above quatraine with the malicious and pernicious contemplation of using it as a "tag" for the humble author of this austere column, and in the year-book of all places, moves us to the verge of tears. All we can say for that ingratious perpetrator of vile indignities is that we wish him a speedy trituration in the mortar of Satan.

* * * *

To those heart-sick young ladies who search in vain for replies to their petitions for advice in the last issue we are grieved to relate that it was considered by the Judge Landis of journalism in B. H. S., unwise to publish matter of such intimate nature. However, if those same young ladies have still attained no solution to their problems, we shall be glad to advise them personally by appointment.

* * * *

We have decided to compile all the censored quips and quibbles which we wrote to be presented to you through the medium of this column If possible, we shall commission D. H. Lawrence to write the introduction, but at any rate we shall have the volume printed in England and imported through the port of Boston The price will probably be twenty dollars and we will inform you as soon as the first edition is ready.

* * * *

In the old days when bustles and bicycles contructed to accommodate more than one were common sights (the bicycles anyway) a blowout was something one did to a candle. Still later it was something that happened to a tyre, as they called them then. But now—oh my!

* * * *

Just think of it—we actually saw someone reading this column smile. We suppose that her mind had wandered momentarily.

* * * *

That telegram for Charlie Gow at the Andover meet arrived too late.

* * * *

The following facts may be of interest; Vaste hordes of girls (to the almost entire exclusion of boys) were not satisfied with the first results and had their pictures retaken. A few weeks ago when it was found necessary to reprimand three of the student body in assembly because of rank discourtesy to the speaker, the offenders were girls. The types of books drawn from the library by boys are immeasurably superior to those borrowed by girls.

SHORT STORIES

"THE FATAL DECEPTION"

(Continued from Page 4)

"Humph," was all Mrs. Howe answered.

Nan was just settling down to read her book when the telephone rang shrilly.

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed upon learning who it was, "you are so excited. What is it?"

"I've got it, Nan. I've got it. I've got my promotion. I'm Vice-President of our bank. I'll be right down to tell you about it." With that he rang off. In the shortest time possible he was seated with Nan, telling her all about his promotion. "And," he ended, "now we can get amrried."

"I'm so happy, Tom. Let's tell mother."

Mrs. Howe was surprised, but pleased, and discussed plans with them for the rest of the evening.

Two weeks later Eunice was in the study, waiting for the car. Warren sauntered in, gloomily and morbid, as he had been since the news of Nan's engagement.

"Where are you going?" he asked of Eunice.

"Catching butterflies, infant, where do you think I'm going?"

"Well, you don't have to be so sarcastic about it," Warren complained.

"Hi, there, Nan," Warren called upon catching sight of Nan. "Where to? If you're going towards town, Eunice can take you in the car."

"Oh, thank you so much," Nan said graciously. "This is such a bad walking day that I shall appreciate your kindness very much."

"That's all right," Eunice answered disagreeably. "Well, the car is here. Come along, Nan. Toodle oo, Warren."

The two girls went out to the car which was waiting at the door. It was a typical London day, slippery, wet and chilly. As soon as they were settled comfortably, the car drove off.

Mrs. Howe, siting alone an hour later was startled by the entrance of Warren. He looked pale and uneasy

(Continued on Page 7)

"THE STONE THUMB"

(Continued from Page 4)

birds of the past swooped low beneath a burning, copper sky.

I poked the dying fire vigorously with a short stick and casting a last fearful glance toward the still, silent ghosts of Eternity rolled up in my blanket.

When I awoke the sun was already far up in the Heavens and my weird thoughts of the night had all vanished with the dawn. It was cool and a soft breeze was blowing gently from the north, rippling through the clumps of tufted grass. A gopher was sitting at the entrance of his burrow, not six yards away, glaring at me in fixed indignation but quite unable to repress his mounting curiosity. After a time he crept a little nearer and, in token of friendship, I tossed him an egg that I was cooking. He seized it instantly and giving me one short glance of thanks scurried off to his hole.

I continued my work, loath to awaken my friend for he seemed to be sleeping so soundly. Rolled in his blankets, he appeared oblivious of the fact that day had come and that there were new adventures to meet and contend with. Having prepared a hot delicious breakfast, I sat down on a stone to examine some of our recent acquisitions, until the coffee should boil. From among the assorted bits of ossified tree bark and wood and I extracted our most prized possession, the ossified thumb of a Tertiary Period man. It was larger than my own thumb but of quite similar formation. Through the shiny glaze I could see the red veins, wrinkles, and a round scar where the fang of some prehistoric animal had pierced it, or possibly the tooth mark of some one of his savage fellows. The nail was cleft and deeply ridged as the nail of a ferocious beast. It was, indeed, a rare find, as hard as basalt and as heavy but perfectly preserved and seeming in appearance as if just cut off the living man.

(Continued on Page 6)

Staley College of the Spoken Word
D. M. STALEY
ASP. 7717 162 BABCOCK ST., BROOKLINE

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.
of
BROOKLINE

Gratis

We think it takes a lot of conceit to have a picture taken profile.

* * * *

This week's thrift note: Never throw away your old ice cubes. When boiled and mashed with milk and buttter they make an excellent substitute for potatoes, and no wasteful peelings.

* * * *

Perhaps the little lost boy whose language no one could understand, was merely speaking English as she should be spoke!

* * * *

We hereby elect Charlie Rollins as having the most satisfactory come-hither-look in these parts.

* * * *

Lunch room observations: Everything is divided equally in this world; the poor man has the appetite and the rich man has the food.

* * * *

Muriel Einstein has made a new kind of début—she sings over the radio, and she's good!!

* * * *

What about timing the four minute speakers, Huh?

* * * *

Now let's have some fun. Ask the Mmlles. Feingold, Axelrod, Rosenberg, and Abrams about their New Moral Code. Or ask Jerry!

* * * *

You can tell how long a girl has been at good ole B. H. S., by the condition of her jersey.—Count the holes!

* * * *

What are we coming to when Norma Berlow gets put out of class!

* * * *

Competition is high among our various sororities in seeing how many bridges each can run in a month. Apply to us for score.

* * * *

PLEASE tell Elsa Cohen if rose quartz goes with a capucine gown!

* * * *

We found this in an exchange: Please patronize our advertisements!

* * * *

We see by the bulletin board that a person named Weinberg has been leading a double life. On closer inspection the man proved to be named Samuel—But what's in a name?

* * * *

Charlie Gow missed a source of probable inspiration when he received this telegram at the end of the track meet. "Charlie dear, I'm rooting for you! "Love—Irma" Too bad it came to late. We sympathize with you, Charlie!

* * * *

Yellow Peril may mean a noxious jungle fever to the average being, but its significance to a B. H. S. history student is even more deadly

* * * *

Double-breasted jackets were never designed for the chaps who are ever so proud of their fraternity pins,

"THE STONE THUMB"

(Continued from Page 5)

The sun was now high in the sky and putting the ossified thumb into my pocket I drank deeply at the spring we had dug, then went to awaken my friend. I whistled at first but on his not responding I grabbed him by the shoulders and was about to shake him when something arrested my attention. His flesh did not give under the pressure of my hand but held rigid and hard like stone. I tried to pass it off as just a fancy of my imagination, excited from the night before, and grasped his shoulder again Pulling away the blanket I touched his cheek and my fingers encountered,—stone!

Madness seized me then and with insane strength I rolled him over on his back. His eyes were open and they shown like blue agates, steely and cold. I beat my hands upon his breast until they were broken and bleeding but it was no fantasy this time. He was turned to stone· a living being turned to cold marble in the fleeting shadows of a night. He had, at last, found the secret of the Petrified Forest and it had frozen in his breast.

Dubiously I rose to my feet and staggered away toward the black, dancing figures that taunted me on to their midst. I felt weak and dizzy and as I passed the spring I instinctively picked up my staff that was laying beside it. As its normally warm handle touched my palm I shuddered, it was wet, ice cold and turned to stone.

Stumbling and falling I ran; ran that I might outdistance the ghastly death that had marked me for its own. On and on I fled, my blood freezing in my veins and my points stiffening. I fell and could not rise. My fingers gripped into the sand and I could not tear them forth. I tried to shriek but my tongue was cold and rigid. As my eyes set I saw the thumb of the Tertiary Period man that had fellen from my pocket when I fell. Through the shing glaze I could see the red veins: it was perfectly preserved and seeming in appearance as if just cut off the living man.

The End

THE MORAL AND EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES OF THE "MOVIES"

There are various kinds of "movies" and each kind attracts a somewhat different type of people. There are the "thrillers", the night club, Western, war, and other exciting films. These kinds attract, for the most part, the younger people, who are easily influenced by constantly witnessing their screen hero escape from some tight place, and feel that, like him, they can "get by." There are those whose minds are distracted from the more real and worth while things in life by the sensations they experience during and after viewing such pictures. Of course, I will admit that these above-mentioned types of pictures have their good points, in that they usually show that injustice, crime and immorality seldom bring anything but sadness, punishment, and disgrace, as a result and thus serve as a warning to the wise.

Then there are those that are educational, as well as fascinating, such as the Shakespearian plays that are being screened. These give us a less painful, or I had rather say, a pleasanter way of studying the works of this great writer. Also of educational value are pictures filmed in other lands (for instance, "Four Feathers," "Wild Orchids," and "Simba"), showing us the customs, scenery, and people of foreign nations and thus helping us to better understand them and this, in turn leads to world peace.

There are also the comedies, which often afford wholesome diversion from the grave task of living a life full of worry and planning, and give us pleasant thoughts to ponder, when we find ourselves alone on some dreary days, or something cheerful to tell our friends.

(Continued on Page 7)

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INFLUENCES OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 6)

"Movies" draw all sorts of people to the theatre, where they see the news reel and see and hear the President, or other men of prominence speak to them. Here, they can now see and hear what their fellow-men are doing and saying, even if they are too ignorant to read. They often have the opportunity to hear good music, or see noted people; people who have done something worth while and perhaps can inspire a spark of higher ambition in those who have little or none.

However, I have heard it said on good authority, that many films, produced in this country often incite hatred and fear toward America, in other lands where they are shown. One incident, I heard mentioned was that of a Chinese student, studying in Boston, to whom some friends said that they hoped she would have a chance to visit in an American home; whereupon she became greatly disturbed at the though and said that she hoped she would be spared that ordeal, or words to that effect. Upon investigation, it was found that she had attended an American "movie," in which American home life was pictured at its worst.

Now that the "movies" talk, have natural color, and anticipate three dimensions, they are going to attract much more attention and larger audiences and we hope that more of the educational, comic, and uplifting type will be produced.

EXCHANGES

The editor wishes to thank the exchanges recorded and also those which we have been unable to comment upon. The list would run into so many lines that it would be impossible to publish it.

The Winsor Lamp. The Winsor School, Boston, Mass.

Yours is one of the finest magazines we receive.

"THE FATAL DECEPTION"

(Continued from Page 5)

and Mrs. Howe questioned him.

"You must be brave," he told her. "Eunice and Nan have been in an accident. They are downstairs now."

Mrs. Howe waited for no explanation. She ran down the stairs and rushed into the room where the two girls were lying.

"My Nan," she cried, "it's mother. darling, you mustn't die. My sweetest baby!" and so she wept and cried.

"But, Mrs. Howe," Warren said, "that is not Nan; that is Eunice. Nan is over there."

"No, it isn't," Mrs. Howe was getting hysterical, "that isn't Nan. This is Nan and that is Eunice."

And so in bits she told her story. How, when Mrs. Pemberton had died and a few years later Warren Pemberton, Senior had gone to India, she had been jealous because Eunice had everything any girl could want and her daughter had nothing. She knew that Warren Pemberton couldn't come home for a long time, and as the girls were both about the same age, she changed them around. She brought up the real Eunice Pemberton as her daughter Nan, and had put her own daughter Nancy in the place of Eunice.

"And, now," she sobbed, "my little baby girl is dead."

And so Warren and Nan or Eunice now, learned that they were brother and sister.

Mrs. Howe was grief-stricken over the death of her daughter and was given a substantial pension and made to retire.

Warren could not get used to calling Nan Eunice, so he simply called her "Sis." Warren lived with his sister and her husband, Tom, and once more was the happy, carefree boy that he had always been.

"You know," he said jokingly one day," you're not such a bad pair to have for a sister and brother-in-law."

The End

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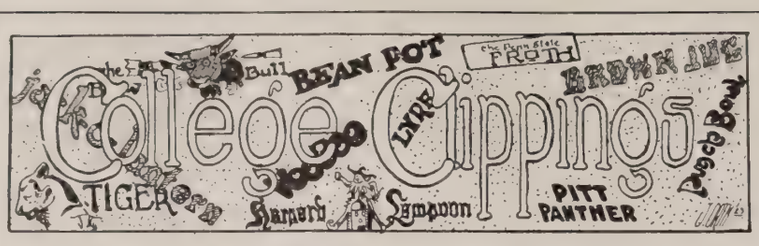

First Guy—After he got his degree at Harvard, he got an excellent job."

Interester She—"Is that so? Just knew he would."

First Guy—"Yeah, he serves towels to dripping candles."

* * * *

Junior: "I invited two girls to the dance.

Soph: "Gosh! How did you get away with it?"

Junior: "Neither accepted."

* * * *

She (to a shy Frosh)—You've hardly spoken a word all evening and yet you write such interesting long letters."

He—"Yes, I've been thinking what I am going to put in my next."

* * * *

He was so bow-legged that he went to Texas U. and even there when he got on a horse, he found his feet in the opposite stirrups.

* * * *

He: "The engine seems to be missing, sweetheart."

She: "That's all right, dear, it doesn't show."

* * * *

And then there's a freshman at our house who thinks that a mentally defective crow is a raven idiot.

"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the Charleston."

"Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the Black Bottom!"

* * * *

Adam was toiling home at the end of a hot summer's day, carrying his shovel and hoe, while little Cain trotted beside him.

On reaching the Garden of Eden little Cain peeped through the palings and said: "Gee pop, I wished we lived here."

And pop replied: "We did once, until your mother ate us out of house and home."

* * * *

Helen: Howe is my dog different from the planet Mars?

Blazes: Well, how?

Helen: We know my dog is inhabited.

* * * *

Prof.: I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Student: Why, no I didn't, old man, not in the least.

* * * *

He I want a girl who is good, clever, and beautiful.

She: You don't want one; you want three!

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. 10 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 21, 1930. TEN CENTS

U. OF PENN. STUDENTS GIVE PEPPY ASSEMBLY

Dick Gentle Gives Short Talk To B. H. S. Students

A dozen snappy young entertainers from the university of Pennsylvania turned the school upside down at a chance assembly on March 7th with forty-five minutes of genuine amusement. They are evidently touring the country in order to advertise their college and fortunately (for us) found a little time on Friday to leave us a very pleasant impression of Pennsylvania.

Their repertoire included a humorous skit entitled, "Mr. Benchley Gives a Speech," and several entertaining song and dance numbers.

Dick Gentle, an alumnus of B. H. S. took a few minutes to express his ideas of Pennsylvania, football, and excuse slips. The first two opinions were favorable,—and the last? Well, —hardly.

One of the boys gave an extremely successful vocal imitation of Maurice Chevalier. If Brookline High may be considered a good critic, the imitation was perfect, because this act received a shower of applause.

(Continued on next Page)

MISS SAWYER TALKS TO SOPHOMORE GIRLS

The Sophomore girls were called together in the Girls' League Room on March 11. Miss Sawyer addressed the class and called to their attention the fact that by this time they had settled themselves in the routine of school life and ought to look forward now to real achievements. She said that they ought to see in what manner they could better fit themselves for college work in the remaining two years.

She explained what high school life develops in us as a preparation for college, and how we will probably continue the same kind of work which our high school foundation has established. Miss Sawyer told us that Gertrude Lakson, a 1929 graduate of Brookline High School, headed her class in Wellesley in the midyear examinations with all "A's".

She read the college entrance papers, the first part of which dealt with the subjects that the pupil took in high school. The second part, filled out by the principal or dean, concerned the pupil's character. The Sophomore girls agreed that they all could improve a little.

BROOKLINE ALUMNUS TEACHES 23 YEARS

Won Two Scholarships Here

NOW MEMBER OF BELMONT SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Charles Jenney after graduating in '93 from the Brookline High School entered Harvard with Edgar Wrightington, Sturgis Coffin, George San-

born—now Dr. Sanborn—and Sam Allen and graduated in '97. As a result of the inspiring start given him by J. C. Packard he specialized in college in Mathematics. He won two scholarships and managed the football team of which Edgar Wrightington was Captain.

(Continued on next Page)

STUDENTS ENTERTAINED BY HISTORICAL PICTURE

At the assembly of Tuesday, March 4th, the school, with the exception of the Senior class, was shown a moving picture, "The Puritans," which dealt with a few episodes in the early history of Boston. Before the beginning of the picture, Mr. Kepner explained the difference between Pilgrims and Puritans, and gave the settlers' reasons for leaving their native land.

While the reels were being changed Mr. Packard explained why there was light coming in on all sides, making the picture less clear. One of the black curtains had been torn down, due to the carelessness of boys who open a window when the shade is down, causing the curtain to flap out and break. A new one costs one hundred dollars for which reason Mr. Packard suggested a rule allowing only the janitor to touch curtains.

After this interlude, the rest of the picture was seen, and the music was supplied by George Orenburg.

THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL DRAMATIC PRODUCTION TO BE *"THE YOUNGEST"*

BROOKLINE LOSES MEEHAN MEET

Silverman Wins "100"

For the first time in ten years, Brookline lost her swimming supremacy at the Meehan meet, landing in third place with twelve points.

Mortimer Silverman was the only one to win any event for Brookline. He was beaten in the first heat of the 100-yard breaststroke, but came back in the final and had enough stamina to overcome his confident opponent by four yards with the time of 1 min. 20 sec. Brookline also took one second place and two thirds. Richards was the unanimous choice for second place in the dive and almost defeated Osborn, who came second in the National Championships at New York. Woodlock lost third place in that event by a very small number of points.

The 200 yard freestyle really consisted of two races, one for first and second, and the other for third, between Bill Highland and O'Brien. The two were neck and neck until the last lap when Bill got a lead of several inches which he managed to keep long enough to win third place.

The Red and Blue relay team took the other third place. Highland again starred by his excellent work at anchor.

MISS DOBBS GIVES TALK ON PROHIBITION

Famous W. C. T. U. Lecturer

On Tuesday, the student body heard Miss Cora Stanwood Dobbs, famous author and lecturer, who spoke on prohibition on behalf of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U. Mr. Jewett presided in the absence of Mr. Akers. The pupils were told of the great men, Alexander and Belshazzar in particular, who, because of their stupidity, their drunkenness and their loose morals, led their countries to ruin. Miss Dobbs spoke also on the value of clear-headedness which Washington portrayed in his campaign in the Revolution. Very clearly she showed the detrimental effects of the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks.

The assembly was, as a whole, very enlightening.

SCHOLARSHIP FUND BENEFIT; HILARIOUS COMEDY BY PHILIP BARRY

Jean Goodale and Philip Hunter Hold Leading Parts

Rehearsals for "The Youngest," this year's dramatic production are already under way, and on March 28 and 29th the public will be given the opportunity of seeing a most delightful comedy, written by Philip Barry and presented by the students of B. H. S., who are blessed with the "unigenium dicendi," or should we say "agendi."

The play, which has been selected is of popular interest, since it concerns a maltreated younger brother who finally asserts his authority. If you are one of those individuals who is being constantly made to play second fiddle to older brothers or sisters, the play will be particularly interesting to you. If you aren't being maltreated, you probably think you are, anyway: hence, popular interest.

The characters in the play are being taken by the following people:

Charlotte Winslow, the elderly mother, is being played by Elizabeth Weston; the part of Oliver Winslow, the smug big brother of the family, is being taken by Herbert Finn; Mark Winslow, another affectionate brother is none other than Van Crews; Carol Orr is playing the part of cynical Augusta Martin, also a sharp-tongued member of the family; Allan Martin, the inconvenient brother-in-law, is to be acted by Jerome Hopper; Martha (Muff) Winslow is Jean MacMillen in

(Continued on Page 3)

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Yes, another brand new contest for the Edna Ferbers and O. Henrys of B. H. S. Sharpen your pens and send in a short story, and if it's good, we'll publish it. Furthermore the names of all the contestants will be published, regardless of whether their short stories are prize winners. The details of the competition are on page 4.

PENN STUDENTS AWARDED GREAT APPLAUSE

(Continued from Page 1)

An excellent tap dance was presented by another member of the troupe whose technique and "feeling" were really professional.

The closing number was taken from "This Way Out," a play which has been previously produced at the university. It was sung by the leading man of that play, with the assistance of the chorus.

The leader of this "stock company" wished to make it clear that this activity does not represent the daily diet of the university but merely the dessert served those boys who have made good in scholarships.

Although the entertainment was noticeably professional it had another quality which made it so successful. The participants seemed to be familiar with the stage, and entirely at their ease. There was no pretentious artificiality, but a genuine interest in what they were doing which marked every act the boys presented. The whole assembly was a lesson in co-operation.

Contrary to custom, the audience left the auditorium reluctantly, in fact a sigh of regret was quite audible at the announcement of the closing number.

The students finished the remaining periods with a strain of "I Love Someone" finding its way into Latin translations Logarithms and other ground where "Angels fear to tread."

THE RIVER

Here, a river is winding along,
Sweeping branches, singing a song.
Sweet scented lilies perfuming the air,
Create rare fragrance everywhere.

Swaying grasses grow all around,
Wavelets lap with melodious sound.
Azure skies and breezes warm,
To the queenly river add beauty and charm.

At sunset, west winds hum a low tune
Quiet waters rest 'neath the moon.
A cricket chirps, then all is still.
Peace pervades—it is God's will.

Manuel Sugarman

STATIC

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on your shoulder, raise knees and depress toes, mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk, repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hardboiled eggs in a seive; exhale breath naturally and sift in a bowl. Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll in the whites of two eggs backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with tomato soup.

ART CLUB MEMBERS VISIT JORDAN MARSH ANNEX

The March meeting of the Art Club was held the second Tuesday of the month, March 11. A surprise excursion had been planned.

Accompanied by Mrs. Thurston, Miss Parker, and Miss Horn, we first visited Exhibition Hall in the Jordan Marsh annex, which display consisted of etchings and paintings. Each visitor, so that public opinion might be obtained, had the privilege of voting on the painting he or she liked best.

At Filene's there was an exhibition from the different institutions of art in and around Boston, among them being the Commercial Art School, Designers' Art School. Museum of Fine Arts, and Massachusetts Normal Art School.

At about 4:30, after having enjoyed two hours at the displays, the members of the Club parted.

All members of the Art Club who have not yet paid their fifteen cents for the Year Book picture are reminded and urged to have it in immediately.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WHITE TICKET

Many times during the last few months, I had held the mysterious white ticket in my hand. Each time it was shrouded in mystery, secret and dark. This day I had lost the sacred cardboard, and look as I might, I was unable to recover it. It was a matter of great importance that I have the ticket before Friday, and the moment of my loss was Wednesday.

The ticket itself always had been a mystery to me. It was covered with hieroglyphics which, when deciphered by the keeper of the trust, worked wonders.

The time moved fast. On Thursday night there was **still** no sign of the valuable white ticket. It was too late to hire a detective. What was I to do? I ate little that night and sleep was unknown to me. I arose early in the morning. The day was Friday and the unavoidable tragedy was close upon me. After a little argument with myself, I was persuaded that I must go to the house of my keeper and make a clean breast of my misfortune.

I went to the office and opened the door and walked in. My magic call was answered as if by spirits and a hand moved slowly downward. I stepped forward and beheld confronting me, the dreaded keeper of the trust. I was deathly pale and I felt my knees knocking together. At last I got my breath and made a gallant plea for myself. I told him of my misfortune, of how I had cherished the treasure, which was now lost. All my persuasion did not move the stern creature in the least. In a hard shrill voice, he uttered my doom—

"No Subscription Card!! No Year Book!"

MR. JENNY MEMBER OF MANY PROMINENT INSTITUTIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

Mr. Jenney taught school for twenty-three years—one in Buffalo, N. Y., two in Stamford, Conn., six as Principal of the High School in Belmont, seven as Principal of the Hingham High School, and seven years in the Mechanic Arts High School of Boston. He gave up teaching and entered the Life Insurance business in 1920 and in 1923 he became General Agent of the Aetna Life Insurance Company under the firm name of Woodhouse and Jenney. In 1928 he withdrew from that company to take up private practice as Life Insurance Counsel.

In 1900 he married Blanche Howe of Lewiston, Maine. He has three children—Mrs. Henry W. Taeusch of Cambridge, who graduated from Radcliffe in 1923, and two boys, Warren and Charles, Jr., both of whom graduated from Harvard in 1926.

Mr. Jenney is on the Membership Committee of the University Club of Boston and a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Oakley Country Club. He now lives in Belmont where he is a member of the School Committee.

YE SOPHOMORE STILL PAVING

They all come back for more and here we are—braving the warnings of the danger, critisism—heart-feelings etc. etc.) in writing such a worthy column that we have received from the experienced. All that good advice wasted on the desert air Gratis!

We really object to having one name monopolize this deserving article but we can't resist telling you-all that one of our fair maidens has expressed her ambition to be visiting Charlie Gow in a monastery! What fantastic ideas this modern youth has. Not Charlie—he'd see some new conquest en route.

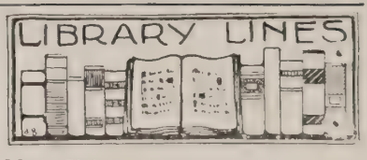
Spanish classes evidently didn't agree with Miss Adam's Fido—or perhaps he is a Spanish importation and got disgusted.

And then there is the teacher who warned a Brookline High student (yes, student) that this was the time when home-work was given out freely. It hasn't seemed to us that there has been a high duty hitherto, and autrefois, or what have you! This tariff mess.

While on the tariff—how about a protective tariff for the inmates here!

Or perhaps that would come under disarmament—abolishment of detention and the two o'clock system or one. We're not proud. By the by we wonder who the credit goes to for those pacts?

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2:00



Mrs. Siebens has just received an interesting letter from the librarian of the Binghamton, N. Y. Library where the following scheme has been worked out. There is a small, "sub-branch," not officially registered, in the Binghamton Grade School, which students there can use for greater convenience. This little library has no branch at the Central High School, where the library is maintained by the School Dept.

Our library is preparing a Scrap Book for the American Library Association, high school section, to show the co-operation of the school and public library administration.

In the scrap book will be an excellent floor plan, made by Josephine Blatt, of the Junior Class. Notices, book plates and school enrollment will be included. The vacation reading list, prepared each year for the students, an outline of our efficient library staff, accounts of our weekly Reading Circle, and the publicity rendered by Library Lines in the Sagamore and by posters, made by students in the Art Dept., will also be a part of this interesting scrapbook.

Mrs. Siebens wishes to thank the following students in the Art Dept. who have made such splendid posters for the library. Reading Circle: Ruth Rheimer, Minnie Goldman. Books and Reading: Frances Sawers, Frances McGoldrick. Books for Seamen: Leila Barklay. Tercentenary Posters: Ruth Kaivit, Edward Darby, Fred Monahan, George Smith, Vocational Posters: Jean Alexander, Virginia Curtis.

Those interested in Shakespeare's plays will have an excellent opportunity to see many of them in Boston within the next few weeks. Mrs. Siebens has posted some pictures and folders of the plays and players in the Library.

Mrs. Siebens has some beautiful travel folders, gathered from all parts of the world on display in the library. Students who intend to travel this summer, should not miss this opportunity to see remarkable pictures of still more remarkable places.

NEW BOOKS

Essays of Our Times—Brown.

Winged Horse Anthology—Ashlander and Hill. (Companion volumes to the Winged Horse.)

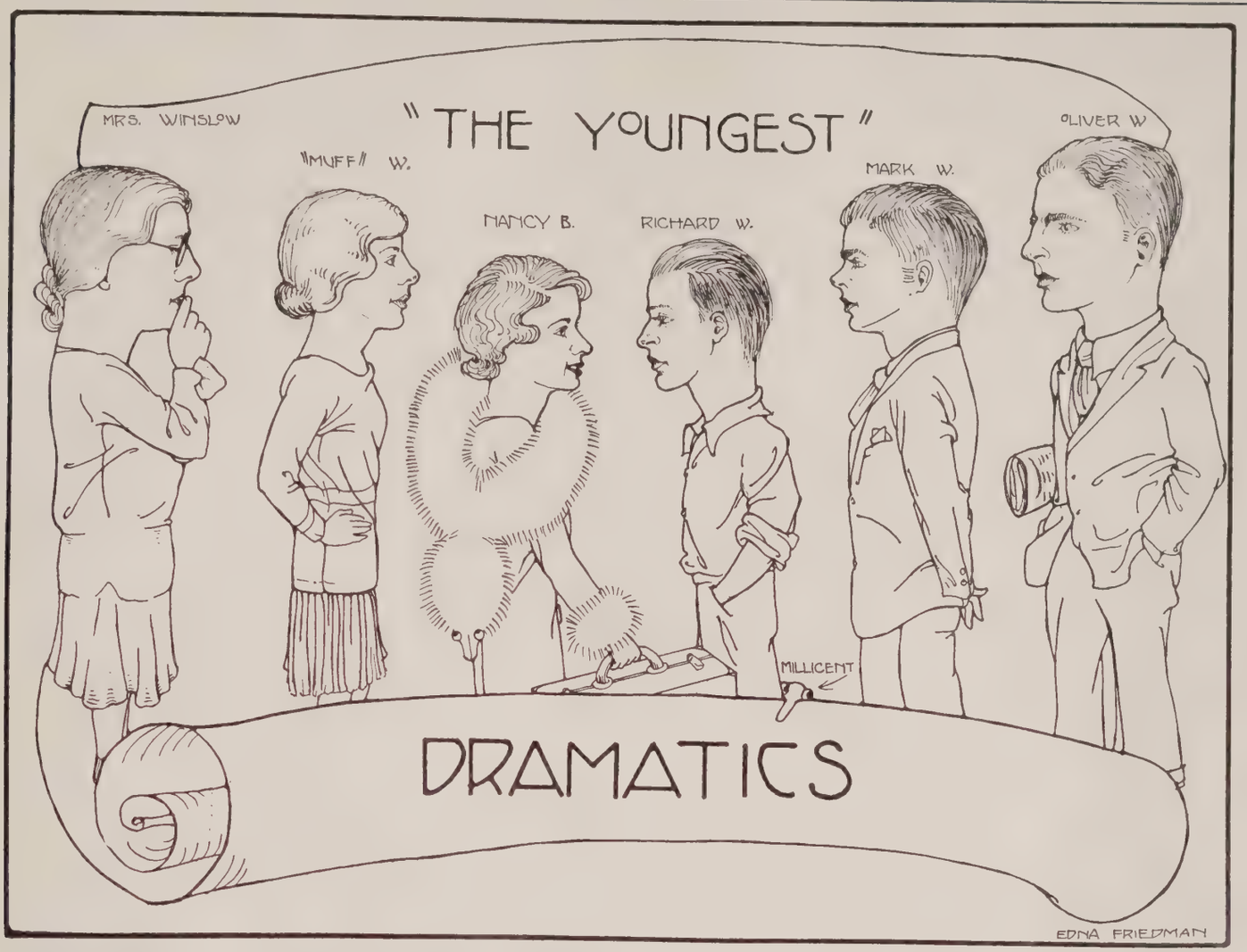
Sky High—Hodgkins and Magoun.

Changing Civilization in the Modern World—Rugg.

World Geography with Historical Backgrounds. (Companion volume to An Introduction to American Civilization.

Gibson—Two Thousand Years of Science—Pryde—Recent Advances in Bio-Chemistry.

Fite—History of the United States—Latest edition.



PHILIP HUNTER HOLDS LEAD IN DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page 1)

disguise the coveted part of "the youngest" goes to Philip Hunter; and Jean Goodale, last year's heroine will again take the juvenile lead as Nancy Blake; while Martha Henderson takes the rôle of Katie, the maid.

This cast is subject to any changes which may seem necessary.

As usual, the process of dramatics go to the boys' scholarship fund, so you will be splitting sides at the numerous laughs in a good cause.

The performance promises to be very successful with such a capable cast under the competent direction of Mrs. White.

Remember that this money is going to help the boys through college so show your school "spirit." and give "The Youngest" the break his family didn't give him.

He doesn't chew, he doesn't smoke,
He never tells a nasty joke,
He doesn't drink, he does not neck,
He does not even kiss, by heck,
He does not swear, he does not dance,
He never gives the dames a glance,
He keeps his pennies in his pants—
. . . He's dead.

"CLOTHES AND CHARACTER"

Someone once said that "clothes don't make the man." We won't argue on the ethical points of this contention but do, nevertheless, vigorously assent that clothes do help, to a great extent, the respective characters of their owners. In fitting trim clothes seem to absorb the characters of their wearers, while conversely in sequence, some unaggressive individuals seem to absorb the characters of their clothes. This circumstance is very odd, though quite noticeable to the observer. Such a person, gaining a new suit of clothes, is very wretched in appearance, and inwardly too, until he has assumed the new characteristics of the garment or has subjugated its character to his own.

It is surprising what a red coat can accomplish for a formerly reticent and socially backward individual. Again, a scintillating and spontaneous wit will be literally doused and extinguished in a depressing, dark-colored garment.

These facts, although strange, coincide with accepted psychology and even go a bit beyond it. Some garments seem to veritably exude personality and a psychic person placed in a cloak-room can feel the predominating influence and pick out a garment owned by a superior, eccentric or otherwise outstanding person. Clothes also appeal to the emotions. Animals are infuriated when their masters wear certain types of clothing and are not to be placated until the objectionable garments are removed. Oftentimes swains fall in love with their sweetheart's clothes and thus has evolved the accepted custom of giving garments as keepsakes. Incidentally the affection is too often relative to the government alone and when the unwitting inamorata dons another ensemble she finds herself a stranger to a former lover.

Cut and color of clothes also portray certain characteristics. Beware of the person in black! As for the pastel shades they, truly, signify a lightness of mind, while darker colors, especially of browns and grays, indicate a sedate, serious and altogether staid individual. Daring and radical types of clothing quite readily signify an adventurous and exploitive type of mind, while conservation in dress betokens restraint and equilibrium in thought and action. The trend of nations may also be determined and analyzed by the dress of the period. Clothes mirror conditions of life; there has been infallibly proved time and again by the leading stylists of the day.

Thus you see how much clothes really mean and with what care they should be chosen and worn. They are the only outward signs of your inner being that your neighbor can readily discern. Change your coat; change your character! They are both as easy to doff if you have only the will to do it. Don't be a peacock and yet don't be a brown mouse. Humans have the divine advantage of being what they make themselves and don't abuse the privilege! And lastly,—don't forget, though wearing a meal sack your fellows may see you clothed in 'cloth of gold.'

RED CROSS CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN WASHINGTON

Red Cross representatives met some time ago to hear the report of the Boston Convention.

The surrounding high schools are sending delegates to a conference of the Junior Red Cross at Washington, D. C., the week of May 5-8. At the convention will be representatives from all parts of the United States. Several delegates will attend from Boston, and Newton High has chosen two. Brookline High certainly ought to send one.

The winner of the essay competition on "Red Cross Service" will attend the conference. The school spirit must support the Red Cross in order to raise money enough to send the winner to Washington.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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Advertising rates on application

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VOL. XXXVI. MARCH 21, 1930. No. 11

COLLEGES TO CHOOSE

From all corners of United States, young men and women will flock to colleges and universities next September. Each year these streams pour forth, ever-increasing. What benefits will they derive from their four years of study and pleasure? Will they be better fitted for the world's work than their less fortunate parents?

The answers to these questions depend largely on the college chosen. No matter how excellent an institution the college may be in itself, if it is not suited to the individual the years spent there will be wasted. A square peg has never yet fitted comfortably in a round hole and never will. For a girl or boy who possess no particular scholastic ability and not enough ambition to make up the balance, college is a mistake from beginning to end, although mother's pride may be appeased. Don't pick a college because your friends are going there or because it has such an adorable campus! And don't pick an inferior college so that you may be a big frog in a small puddle. Select a college suited to your abilities, whatever they may be.

The college you choose should broaden and deepen your outlook on life, and sharpen your mind. It should call upon you to exercise all your abilities, not let them lie dormant.

The Sagamore desires to express its sincerest sympathy to Al Lo Cascio, '30 who is very ill at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. However, as no one is permitted to see him and he receives no messages it is of no use to telephone or write your sympathies.

Here's hoping for a quick recovery, Al!

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Now is a chance for all freshmen, sophomores, juniors, or even seniors, to try their skill at writing. In conjunction with the Cartoon Contest, a Short Story Contest (limit 2,500 words) is to be held by the Sagamore, and contributions as usual will be left in the Sag. box in the Library. The rules for the contest, which will have to be strictly enforced, are as follows:

1. Write, or preferably type, your contribution **on one side of the paper only**, and **on every other line.**
2. Be sure you count the number of words in your story, and put it on the outside or at the top. Stories of over 2,500 words will have to be discarded by the Editors.
3. Put your name, home-room number, and class at the top of your story.
4. Any number of contributions may be solicited, but all must observe the above rules, and all must be in no later than 2:00 o'clock, April 30, 1930.
5. Contributions may be either left in the Sag. Box or addressed to Miss Margaret Holt, 199 Longwood Avenue, Brookline.

Now you have your rules and your date—all that's left for you is your story. Those who cannot write can draw cartoons—and vice-versa. Let's see what talent Brookline High School has!

A new game has recently taken Norwich by storm, and is now very popular at local parties. It is called "Christianity." The girls represent "Christianity" and get on one side of the room; and the fellows, who are heathens, get on the other. Then at a given signal, the heathens rush over and embrace "Christianity."

Vermont Cynic

B. H. S. STUDENT TOURS CALIFORNIA

In a few months the ever loyal New England Republicans will have the honor of reading the accounts of Calvin Coolidge's trip to the West, no doubt from his own pen. Now, although I did not cause a riot by throwing away a cigar butt, and though I did not receive invitations from the Wrigley's nor dine at Pickfaire or the Breakfast Club, I really did see a great deal of the West. Moreover the fact that I am not hampered by the necessity of figuring on so much a word in my story gives me the ability to say anything.

Armed with about a yard and a half of ticket, I began my trip to the West. There was something new every minute—first, our own Berkshires, then the Hudson river at Albany, the great factories at Schenectady (seen at night) the Mohawk River, and then in rapid succession, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo.

In Chicago enough time was had to visit the Lake Front and to see some of the buildings. These are of much the same type as the ones in New York but seem cleaner, and further apart.

The Mississippi was crossed in the night and the next day we were on the prairies. They were an endless, green sea of growing wheat with small islands every few miles formed by farm houses with their silos and protecting rows of trees. By the next morning a wind had come along and ruffled the sea into billows nearly fifty feet high. These prairies continued until the rockies were reached. After much pushing, pulling and groaning, on tracks that went around, through and under the mountains they were crossed. A sheer drop then came and the Great Salt Lake came into veiw. A magnificent feat of engineering has made possible the fact that trains cross the lake instead of going around it. Because of this fact Salt Lake City was not seen. The Great Salt Lake Desert is hot, very dry, and what is worse, covered with a fine, alkaline dust that gets into every crack and is extremely irritating. Then came Reno, Sacramento and Berkeley. The trains from the East do not enter San Francisco, all passengers being ferried across the bay.

Located in Berkeley is the University of California, which was my goal.

Because I wanted to see the West, the University of California had been chosen in preference to any of the colleges around here. Also, parental supervision cannot be very strict over a good three thousand miles. At any rate-despite some arguments against it—I went. I came and I saw—but as to the conquering—tsk, tsk.

On my first day on the campus I was walking innocently along admiring the scenery when three very respectful (?) young men asked me to

(Continued on next Page)

OUR ELEVATED SYSTEM

I have come to the end of my patience. There are limits to which every man must come, and I have reached mine. I will not, no, I will **not** ride in the subway again. Never. I will walk briskly into the city from my home, breathing deeply of the fresh, sweetly-scented ozone, reveling in the sudden downpour of the gentle rain, bearing my face to the sharp winds and hard-driven snow. In all weather I will be seen striding manfully down the avenue. But if man or beast see me within the subway gates during the course of my natural life on earth, may I be drawn and quartered and my bleeding carcass flung to the winds. I have taken counsel with myself during the long night-watches and my heart and soul have beaten as one. I am firm in my resolve.

Have you ever watched the people who travel in our street-cars? If you have, O gentle reader, you will probably feel a common bond of interest with me when you listen to my woe.

Some conversationalist once remarked to me in the course of a very illuminating discussion that if ever men were shown to be nothing but woolyhaired sheep that time was certainly the period of their travels in the subway. To be herded and shoved together by a shepherd in blue (who bears no resemblence to Little Boy Blue) is indeed, as he put it, the greatest of all human indignities. At the time I could not find myself in accord with his views on the down-trodden human race. I voiced a strenuous objection which became more vehement when he asserted that all men who frequented the subway were of one type, or rather of no type at all. I held that the types were as many and as varied as the stars on a beautiful, summer's night. To prove my point, for my own satisfaction at least, I determined to make an early trip through the subway, a kind of sightseeing tour, to observe and to take notes

There is the old lady who never really knows where she is going or why. She depends upon her own ability for asking questions and a wonderful belief in the general truthfulness of mankind. How she gets to her destination is little short of miraculous, but get there she does. More often than not there is a trail of broken-down and wearied men behind her, but with this old lady it is kind of survival of the fittest, and she is always the fittest. She maintains the air of being about to fall back upon her gray hair at the slightest rebuff. She is the bane of all conductors' lives. She represents old age, God bless her.

There are some people who make a habit of improving their minds and acquainting themselves with the current events of the day in the subway.

(Continued on next Page)

R Colyum

We haven't received anymore correspondence from the love-sick young things of the school (not that we are sorry), but a very indignant young lady did undertake to communicate with us some few days ago (and on real stationery, not block paper, mind you). She very caustically, and unjustly upbraided us for speaking of D. H. Lawrence as if he were still alive, when the fact is that he died March 2. Now in self-defence we must say that we typed that little item about Mr. Lawrence, olov-a-sholom, on the evening of March 2, and the gentleman most inadvertently died on us during the course of the night. Yes, we too read the newspapers.

* * * *

We hope you read that sermon by Burkhardt in the last issue. Of course there is nothing like being intimately acquainted with the matter whereupon you discourse, and feeling even more qualified than the just mentioned Mr. B., we undertake to advance the theory so ably furnished by Nat Hawthorne (oh yes, we know he is dead) in his Dr. Haidiger's Experiment.

* * * *

Perhaps Charlie (Pink puppy) Gow with his great capacity for swallowing will some day work for some circus slipping swords down his esophagus.

* * * *

With College board practices coming on now, we fear that our elocution will be interfered with.

* * * *

Hal Levenson now adds the alias Irma to his already voluminous and hybrid collection of handles.

* * * *

The name of Ring must now be placed side-by-side with that of Clay, for his Compromise of March 17, 1930 merits undying fame. Straddling a very delicate issue he wore an orange tie and a great big Shamrock.

* * * *

If the Literary Digest pole does nothing else it gives a great many minors the right to vent a long suppressed desire—and vote.

* * * *

Found in one of the U. S. history classes; a trunk in a suitcase. Out-of-town papers please copy.

* * * *

And that same history class feels that our old building looks like a mill —or a prison.

POPULAR SONGS

I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All." Theme Song of Room M-22.

"Keep Your Sunny Side Up." Throughout those maddening Bookkeeping tests.

"Turn On The Heat," After a particularly freezing glance from the English Teacher.

Just You.—Just Me. Office Conference.

"Am I Blue?" Disturbing thoughts of Exams.

"Ain't Misbehavin." Between Periods.

"OUR ELEVATED SYSTEM"

(Continued from Page 4)

This is in its self a praiseworthy notion and one that is deserving of all support. Five minutes a day has helped many a man on to success. But why any sane person should so intrude himself (nor is this limited to the male) upon another's personal affairs as to avail himself of that other's newspaper, magazine, book, or other readable object is absolutely beyond my comprehension. It is a most disgusting and betraying habit. It but shows that the one guilty of the act is either too excessively thrifty or too obviously fond of money to spend the few coppers necessary to obtain reading matter for himself. I was seated in a street car watching with great distaste one of this type of human being when a very amusing and interesting thing happened. The man who was holding the paper had been aware for some time of his companion in the reading. Suddenly he turned round and proffered him the paper. The rubber-neck, without the slightest hesitation, murmered a curteous "Thank you," and continued reading, now more at his ease as regards posture. For sheer brass and consummate nerve I have never seen this outdone. In a way I rather envy the man. With his power of never being embarrased he will go a long and possibly happy way in the world, but I would not change places with him.

The children, I am not a father, are little dears. But given something sufficiently sticky, a rebellious spirit, and five years of deviltry, they are still little dears—when they are asleep A child can do more damage in less time than any ten men, once he puts himself to it. And when the chosen locale for his outburst is the confined space of a street car, woe be unto him who attempts to defy the wrath of the gods. I once had the pleasure of witnessing from a sufficiently safe distance a youngster who really cut loose with the best that lay in him. I had an interest in the child, being a sort of grand-uncle, but I can truth-

(Continued on Page 6)

B. H. S. STUDENT TOURS CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 4)

come with them. Ten minutes later I was givig an imitation of Al Jolson on the top of Sather Gate. Luckily, after three weeks things quieted enough so that the campus could be inspected. It is entirely different from any of the staid New England campuses. Instead of ivy-covered walls, these are glistening, clean, and white, marked contrast to the green of the palms and oaks. In the center of the campus rises the stately Campanile, perhaps more familiarly known as Hell's Bells. (It rings the class hours). From its top may be seen the Golden Gate, SanFrancisco, and, on a clear day, the Farrallones, forty miles out.

One of the newer buildings is Stevens Union. It encompasses club rooms for men and for women, the offices of various campus publications, and the student control boards. In one wing are also a lunch room and a Tap Room. Immediately on the south side of the Union is a hollow on which grow magnificent oaks, their branches shading a perfectly kept lawn. This vista is enjoyed best from the Faculty Club which faces it directly. Another edifice of which Cal. students may well be proud is the newly completed Life Sciences building, believed to be the largest class room building in the world.

Of far greater interest to the new student is the stadium. Although seating nearly 80,000, its unique method of construction renders easy entering and leaving, Here every Saturday of the fall season are held the football games. Arrayed in white shirts and blue and gold "Rooting Caps" the male student body forms a cheering section. No fur coats, mind you, no robes, and above all, no women; they sit in a section all their own. Woe to any undergrad who attemps to escort his lady to a game. He is ignominiously hauled from his seat, placed in the rooting section, and the young women is gently escorted to her proper place. Yes, cheering is a business-like proceedure there. Aided by colored cards issued to every man and the reversible rooting hats the section is made into a huge sign board. Sometimes it is Welcome Stanford, sometimes a huge picture of a bear. By having some of the students wave their cards back and forth said bear can be made to open and close his mouth, or even to take a few steps. Between the halves a show something like a vaudeville is held. Thousands of colored balloons are always used. One of the most interesting feats was given at U. S. C. at L. A. A painted wooden cannon was drawn by two festooned horses to one end of the field. After a blare of trumpets the cannon was fired at a twenty foot bull's eye at the opposite end of the stadium. This immediately fell open and a live brown bear strolled onto the field.

(Continued on page 6)

The Staley College of the Spoken Word
INCORPORATED
DELBERT MOYER STALEY, A.M., PH.D., LL.B., LITT.D., *President*
Aspinwall 7717 **Brookline, Massachusetts**

BOULEVARD TRUST CO.
of
BROOKLINE

Gratis

Having let Valentine's Day slip by, Marty Lewis wants to know who'll be her "I'il Easter Greeting!"

* * * *

Along with lots of other things, we note the Class Day ballots fluctuating with the divine uncertainty of a traffic light.

* * * *

We suggest rubber costumes for Class Day in case of downpour. Or blotting paper.

* * * *

We offer a prize of a rubber hairpin to the one who first discovers ink in Shailer Hall.

* * * *

And now Lillian Band comes out the outstanding statement that Homer wrote two centuries before he was born!

* * * *

We wonder against whom Wally Capron was protecting himself with that brick. Are the women SUCH a nuisance, Wally?

* * * *

With the blinding brilliance of the girls' red nails, we thing the lighting of the corridors a wasteful habit. What say?

* * * *

SPIRIT OF '76 REVIVED

Henry Weiss, prominent Brooklinite, is rousing comment in this town's musical circles by his rendering (render meaning to tear apart) of tunes on the fife. Enthusiasm is running high. So high in fact, that we advise the first train!

* * * *

Are we getting ritzi—hast thou seen the silk hat in our midst, Obadiah?

* * * *

Vital Statistics:

After 569,321 people tripped on it, and 97 pairs of stockings perished at its edge, the platform in Shailer right has been removed.

* * * *

We've been trying for two weeks to express Amos' "mmmmm-mm- in print."

* * * *

Oh papa, will you buy me an orange tie? !!!

"OUR ELEVATED SYSTEM"

(Continued from Page 5)

fully state with a note of pride in my voice that he turned in a masterful performance, one that I have seldom seen excelled. I had the light of conquest arising in his eye and having promptly effaced myself I prepared to enjoy the fun. He first inserted himself skillfully into a gentleman's lap. Age was no defense against him. He took them all as they came, catch as catch can. Once arrived at that advantageous position, he assumed a very crafty offence. The man's action having first been called to an object without in the subway, he quickly but scientifically smeared him about with the sticky substance of the lollipop he had worked to a perfect degree of gumminess. His attention recalled by the unaccustomed ablution, the gentleman attempted to remove the remains, but litle Egbert would not have it so. He hindered in every possible way, and when he saw that his ability was being hampered by the extraordinary length of his adversary's arm, he transferred his attentions elsewhere. By this time I had seen and heard enough, and at the next stop removed myself in an unostentatious manner. At that, the child's bright eyes perceived my departure and his pleading cries pursued me as I fled. Thus am I affected by children.

In my opinion the most awkward sight in the world is that of a man with an umbrella. Genus Homo has made himself master of the greater part of the universe, but there still remains one unconquered difficulty; he has not familiarized himself with that formidable weapon. And when he essays to enter into the domains of a street car laden with said umbrella he usually manages to make a thorough mess of things. If he isn't jabbing someone in the spare-ribs with the handle, he is menacing his neighbor's physiognomy with the point. Whenever I see a man carrying an umbrella entering a car, I give him a wide berth; in this manner do I guard my life for my family's sake.

And there is the hen-pecked husband. I trust the following few observations will be taken in good part by those unfortunate beings, whoever they may happen to be. There is no spirit of malice in my heart, but one of vendetta. A hen-pecked husband is the most dismal sight to be seen on our street railways. It always inspires a feeling of benevolence for his sorry plight. In the subscanty, but the action is accomplished with such an air of striving to please that the recipient hesitates to accept it and yet cannot refuse for fear of wounding the poor man's dignity. It way he is always the most generous in proffering space where space is is all very amusing, and sad. Were I in charge of the transportation facilities, I would run a special car for these poor creatures and thus save a great deal ot mutual embarrassment.

By this time I had grown fearfully weary of the changing types and faces. The unearthly rumble of the subway sickened me, and the odor of dry musk drove me to cooler, greener spots. Even now I am troubled with strange dreams and nightmares, so I have given up the subway and walk at every opportunity. After all, it is much healthier.

The End.

JAMES EADIE VISITS CALIFORNIA

Continued from Page 5)

Easterners would have their sensibilities very much offended by the methods of dress used by male undergrads in this University. Informality (practiced informality) is the keynote of all campus dress. The upper classmen wear tan corduroy trousers, and a Senior may easily be told from a Junior by the fact that his pants are dirties. The Sophomores are the extremists in roughness. Their costume consists in heavy army shoes with hobnails, trousers made of overall cloth, and a work shirt (made for mileage not for looks). The Freshs wear what they can get.

Next, the women. (I might add that the fact that I can't keep a girl for more than three months has, at least, the consoling effect of giving me a breadth of view-point.) As a rule the women in the University have few class distinctions. The upper classwom-

(Continued on Page 7)

PURDY

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CLASS OF 1930

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JAMES EADIE VISITS CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 6)

en do perhaps dress better as a whole than do the lower class women. At any rate they have learned the angles so that that they **look** better. The many sports have given them resilient, strong bodies. When they walk, they spring along. The sappy, pseudo-sophisticated, slouch seen so much around here is virtually unknown. Don't mistake me, they know their way around. But there is no secretiveness in their manner. If they do anything, it is done in the open and they are ready to defend it before the whole world. They are sports.

The semester ended in December and I was lucky enough to be able to spend nearly a month in Horrible Hollywood, also known as Alkyhollywood. In order to see as much as possible we traveled speedily and all the time. When I left, these few facts were crammed in my mind. Neither of the above cognomens fits, Hollywood is as clean as Boston, (not that that means anything), most of the women use too much rouge but use it marvelously, everyone dresses perfectly, they drive cars insanely, Grauman's Chinese theatre is unique but disappointing, oranges may be purchased for twenty-five cents a pail, the high schools are **built** like colleges and have campuses, Mary Brian looks better off the screen than on and Joan Crawford not as well, the film producers can build a temple in a back lot and make it look like something when filmed, everyone dances like professionals, some of the film stars are beautiful and many are a waste of good money.

The Rose Pageant at Pasadena was made doubly satisfying by the victory over the East in the Rose Bowl that afternoon.

Soon after returning to Berkely it became time for my return home. For my own protection I am going to say here that I did not flunk out, I was not expelled, and I expect to go back. (Home papers please copy.) The trip home was made by water; no more leg-cramping train rides for me.

Now the Pacific is a calm as the Frog Pond in Boston so that the week spent in reaching the Panama Canal was a round of deck games, swimming, dancing under a moon at least three

(Continued on Page 8)

EXCHANGES

N. B. Something happened to us last issue, but this week we are popping up again. It has occured frequently to us, the editor, seeing that we are not the kind of person that believes in hiding our light under a bushel, that the school might perhaps like to know who we are and at any rate we would like to know what the school thinks of us. So please everyone put your thoughts and opinions of us in the "Sag" box, in the library. Any suggestions will be received with thanks.

The Botolphian, Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

We think your Democratic Liberator "is a real inspiration to all people who think they think."

The Penn Charter Magazine, William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Penna.

Everything in your magazine seems to be so thoroughly gone into, we notice particularly the exchange pages. We would love to run ours with such a wealth of interesting detail.

The Light, Bristol High School, Bristol, Conn.

A very interesting paper, though your size is a great handicap.

Star of the North, Virginia, Minnesota.

Please give our condolences to the unhappy student of Miss Ambrose's. The Bulletin, Watertown Mass.

Your paper seems to be a cross between a magazine and a newspaper. As others see us—

You have an interesting paper. We hope to hear from you again.

The Lion

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Geology Instructor: "Do you know what caused the Grand Canyon?"

Bored Student: "Yes, a Sctochman lost a dime in a gopher hole."

LOVE SICK

Bridegroom (in poetic frenzy as they stroll along the shore): "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on."

Bride: "Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are. It's doing it."

Head Librarian: "Young man, we are about to close the desk, is there anything you would like to take out?"

Frosh: "Well, yes. How about the tall one in the tan dress?"

"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

Customer: Last week I bought a tire cover from you, and now I want my money back

Clerk: Why?

Customer: I put it on one my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blamed thing wore out!

He (admiringly): "What a wonderful shape to your new bustle, my dear."

She: "Sir, I have no bustle."

First He: "See that girl? Her face is her fortune."

Second He: "Yeah, and it runs into a nice figure."

JAMES EADIE VISITS CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 7)

yards across, and sleeping in a deck chair. Panama City is unique and beautiful. After a morning spent in trying to persuade the storekeepers that they charged to much, (they asked about a fifth of what we pay in the States), we took a hack drawn by a poor, undernourished horse and went to see Old Panama. We went by a road over which Morgan is supposed to have gone, which passed a dead horse, which probably has not been properly interred even yet, and which was at that time covered with vultures. (What a sentence, what a sentence. Some of the ruins in old Panama still have cannon balls in them from Morgan's raid

The next morning we made the passage of the locks, two days later we reached Havana, were properly interested in it, and in the free beer gardens, and two days later after leaving that warm climate we were freezing on a pier in New York while the customs officers messed up our baggage.

All questions will be answered and all arguments refuted on receipt of the well-known and much mis-used S. A. S. E. sent to the editor.

James Eadie '29

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI. 11 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL, 11, 1930. TEN CENTS

PHILIP HUNTER PLAYS SPLENDID PART IN "THE YOUNGEST"

School Expresses Gratitude to Miss Lewis and Mrs. White

Cast Applauded Vigorously at Both Performances

"Hush Richard, Oliver is speaking!" reproved Mrs. Winslow, but ere long it was "Hush Oliver, Richard is speaking." Thus did Richard Winslow deftly turn the tables on his own family in Philip Barry's entertaining comedy "The Youngest."

As the ill-treated youngest son, Philip Hunter presented a spectacle at once ludicrous and pitiful. The hearts of the audience were won by his spontaneous humor, and wrung by the misery of his plight. Although a bit overemphatic at times, Philip nevertheless "put himself across with a bang." And what of his family? Such a smug older brother he had, so self-confident, so evidently "mother's boy." Herbert Finn's Oliver Winslow was delicately and skilfully played—more than one in the audience cheered when he received his punishment. It is a remarkable accomplishment to present a character so vividly, and especially a disagreeable character, and Mr. Finn is entitled to everyone's praise.

Dear Mother Winslow! So touching, so plaintive and easy to please, considering "dear Oliver" always surrounded with a halo! Elizabeth Weston's unusual talent displayed in portraying Mrs. Winslow was admired by all. The reality of her character, the detailed skill with which she acted, was a feature greatly adding to the entire play. At least her "children" will not soon forget "Mother Winslow."

No romance is complete without a heroine, and in this case the charming and intriguing ingenue was played by Jean Goodale. Those who attended "The Youngest" remarked on her surprising ease and confidence, her charm and grace. We agree that a more delightful "Nancy" would be hard to find, and still harder to find if she must possess the ability of Miss Goodale.

Expression is what counts. Maybe some philosopher said that, and maybe he didn't, but it certainly counted with "Augusta." Such frowns and exasperated sighs as came from that lady—Carol Orr can certainly register rage! She registered it remarkably well all during the play, and the audience received an

(Continued on Page 2)

BASEBALL PROSPECTS FOR 1930 VERY PROMISING

Madden and Noonan First String Pitchers

For the last three weeks baseball candidates have had extensive coaching by Messrs. Fitzgerald, Cocoran and Roman in preparation for a hard schedule. During that time some opportunity was given to size up the best prospects of the season, although the final allotting of positions can not take place for several weeks.

At present, three of last year's veterans have reported. Two of them, Madden and Noonan, are the first string pitchers and will form a strong nucleus for the pitching staff. Larkin is the only outfielder who played varsity last year.

Brookline will probably have a much-to-be-feared pitching staff this year, for besides Madden and Noonan, Gleason and Gordon are also outstanding.

Although "Red" Fleming is ineligible, the berth behind the bat is well taken care of by Jamison and Quinn, who show some good ability.

Bill Lee and Frank McCone are neck and neck for first base. Bill Timmins will hold down second with Levinthal as his understudy. Short is covered by Muldowney and Kaplan, while third is being hotly contested between Lou Wolek, Tom Norris, and Jack Daley. Besides Kelly, Mahan, Ainsworth, and Cahill are the leading candidates for the garden.

Mr. Fitzgerald seems to have scanty but good material and can doubtlessly

(Continued on Page 3)

ROBERT McCOY NEW BANDMASTER AT B. H. S.

Has Had Wide Experience as Bandmaster of U. S. Navy

The band has been most fortunate in securing for its new master Robert Charles McCoy, a bandmaster of the United States Navy. Mr. McCoy is a native of New York and has held many positions throughout the country. At present he is the district bandmaster at the Charlestown Navy Yard, coming from California where he broadcasted with both bands and orchestra. He was with the Parisian Grand Opera Company in New Orleans as a soloist. He has acted in the capacity of bandmaster in Algiers, New York, in Cocarola at Panama, with the Elk's prize band of America at New Orleans, at the Shalimar Grotto in New Orleans, on a num-

(Continued on Page 2)

MEMBER OF CLASS OF 1900 NOW ON SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Sidney Strickland Prominent in Architectural Circles

RECEIVED D. P. G. F. DEGREE IN FRANCE

Sidney T. Strickland was a member of the class of nineteen hundred at the Brookline High School. After

travelling in Europe for fifteen months he entered the Massachusetts Institue of Technology, and graduated

(Continued on Page 2)

YOUNG THESPIANS TO PRESENT FAMOUS COMEDY "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

Promising Cast Already Chosen

The School Presents, "The Private Secretary." A comedy in three acts, by special Royalty arrangement with W. H. Baker Company. May 9, 1930. High School Auditorium.

A rollicking farce depicting the strange mix-ups centering around a disappointing nephew, an explosive uncle, a mediumistic woman, and a perfectly marvellous (though drunk), private secretary.

The Cast

Mr. Marsland M. F. H., Sol Robinson; Henry Marsland, Edward Dooskin; Mr. Cattermole, Henry Hunsicker; Douglas Cattenole, Milton Pais-

(Continued on Page 3)

TWENTY STUDENTS RECEIVE COVETED ALPHA PI KEYS

JOSEPHINE BLATT TO BE NEXT PRESIDENT

Mr. Fleming sings two solos at Assembly

Before the regular assembly of Tuesday, April 1, was given over to the Honorary Society, Mr. Akers let us have a privilege which has been very much enjoyed by the Teachers' Club—that of hearing Mr. Fleming sing. The songs which we heard were the Autolycus song from "A Winter's Tale" by Shakespeare, and John Masefield's poem "The Wanderer," which has been set to music by Rasbach. That Mr. Fleming's delightful tenor was appreciated by the school was shown by the enthusiastic applause after each number.

Afterwards Mr. Akers presented Alpha Pi keys to the following new members, whose number is divided between Seniors, who have just completed the required number of points, and Juniors who at the Mid-years have enough points to enter.

SENIORS ENTERING HONORARY SOCIETY

Mildred Beal	7	7-8 points
Lola Johnson	20	points
Evelyn Pinkerton	6	1-8 points
Bernice Kirshen	10	1-8 points
Rosemary Loeser	7	5-16 points
Mary Niland	12	1-8 points
Eleanor Sacks	11	1-8 points
Edward Dooskin	7	points
Elsa Cohen	11	3-8 points
Gertrude Pokorny	10	3-8 points

JUNIORS ENTERING HONORARY SOCIETY

Chester Litman	12	1-2 points
Maxine Levin	12	21-32 points
Charlotte Hinden	8	3-8 points
Audrey Price	13	3-16 points
Jean Goodale	10	13-32 points
Agatha Barron	9	5-32 points
Helene Dawson	9	1-4 points
Josephine Blatt	15	13-16 points
Betty Greenleaf	7	1-8 points
Margaret Holt	9	5-8 points

A. ELIGIBILITY.

1. No student is eligibile if he has received a mark of "E" for a year's work in any subject (Physical Training excluded.)

2. No student is eligibile until the second semester of his Junior year.

3. No student is eligible who in the judgment of this Society shall be deemed objectionable on moral grounds.

4. No student is eligible who has not acquired at least six points in the following table.

(Continued on Page 2)

HONORARY SOCIETY REQUIREMENTS

(Continued from Page 1)

a. Points in question shall be awarded by the Faculty Advisers of the various activities.

B. RULES GOVERNING THE TABLE OF POINTS

The points are classified under (1) Scholarship (2) Athletics (3) Non-Athletic Activities.

At least two points must be obtained in (1) Scholarship and at least two points must be obtained in either (2) Athletic or (3) Non-Athletic Activities or in both (2) and (3). Not more than two points in each activity may be counted for membership and for membership more than one activity must be represented in making the total of the two points required. But no restriction whatever shall be placed upon the number of points in counting for the presidency or secretaryship of this society.

C. TABLE OF POINTS

1. Scholarship (physical training excluded). All points for scholarship are awarded according to marks for a year's work but the Juniors may count the first semester of the Junior year as one half a year's work and Seniors may count the first semester of the Senior year as a full year's work. One period of prepared work a week counts grade A, 1-4 point and grade B, 1-8 point. Each A, therefore, in a subject that includes the equivalent of two, three four or five periods of prepared work a week counts 1-2, 3-4, 1, or 5-4 of a point respectively; each B in the same way 1-4, 3-8, 1-2, or 5-8 respectively. Art, laboratory, and shop work count only one half as much per period as prepared work.

2. Athletics

a. Boys' Ath.	L. B. Point	Cpt. Points	Mgr. Points
Football	1	2	2
Hockey	1	2	2
Track	1	2	2
Swimming	1	2	2
Baseball	1	2	2
First Crew	1	2	2
Tennis	1	1	1
Golf	1	1	1
Rifle	1	1	1

Head Cheer leader Letter B one quarter point.

b. Girls' Athletics
- Letter B counts one point.
- Captaincy of Tennis, Hockey and Swimming one point.
- Managership of Tennis, Hockey and swimming one point.

c. Athletic Council
- Presidency counts one point.

3. Non-Athletic Activities

a. Sagamore
- Chairman receives credit of 2. Two Points.
- Three Associate Editors receive One and one-half Points.
- Members of Editorial Staff receive One Point.
- Advertising Manager receives One and one-half Points
- Circulation Manager receives One and one-half Points
- Advertising Assistants receive One-quarter Point.

b. Debating
- Appointment to Inter-Scholastic Team including alternate 1, One Point.
- Participant in Inter-Scholastic Debate added One Point.
- Participant in Winning Team of Final Inter-Class Debate one-half point.

c. Prize Speaking
- Participant in Second Try-out for Final Contest one-half point.
- Final Contestant in Public Performance, added one-half point.
- Prize Winner, added one point.

d. Dramatics
1. English Annual Dramatics
- Major Part 2, two points.
- Major Part, 1, one point.
- Minimum Part, nothing.
- Business Manager, 2, two points.
- Stage Manager, 1 1-2 one and one-half points.
- Property Manager, 1, one point.

(Continued on Page 3)

STRICKLAND CAPTAIN IN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISON

(Continued from Page 1)

from the course in architecture in nineteen hundred five. This was followed by four and a half years study at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris; from which he received the degree of D. P. G. F.

Upon returning from France he entered the architectural office of his father-in-law the late Charles H. Rutan. At the death of the later, in nineteen fifteen, Mr. Strickland joined with William P. Blodgett and Alexander F. Law, forming the architectural firm of Strickland, Blodgett, and Law.

His practice has been a general one, including residences, hotels and office buildings, comprising over thirty homes in Brookline alone.

In the spring of nineteen eighteen, Mr Strickland entered the service with a commission of captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the general staff, serving in Washington, D. C., until March, nineteen hundred and nineteen.

His firm was the architect for the Hotel Sheraton, Bay State Road, Hotel, and for the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Arlington Street. They are at present doing the building for the Junior League, also on Arlington Street.

During the spring of nineteen twenty-eight, Mr. Strickland was elected a member of the Brookline School Committee.

His clubs include the Brookline Country Club, the St. Botolph's Club, the Plymouth Country Club, the American Institute of Architects, the Societe des Architects Diplome, the Loyal Legion and the American Legion.

BROOKLINE BANDMASTER BROADCASTS OVER WBZA

(Continued from Page 1)

ber of ships and has broadcasted from the naval air station at Pensacola, Florida. Mr. McCoy recently toured Europe as a conductor and a soloist, as well as taking part in dramatics, musical shows and light operas. At present he is conducting the American Legion Bands of Brookline and Cambridge, in addition to that of the First Congregational Church in Charlestown. Mr. McCoy has accomplished a great deal in Charlestown as he was able to give a concert after a band, which consists mostly of children, had been playing only one month. He broadcasts over station WBZA.

The band will have a great deal of new music for the class day exercises, some of which Mr. McCoy will supply from his own $10,000 library. There are at present forty members of the band any many excellent players. With such an experienced and able leader we can be assured on Class Day of music that will surpass all previous years.

GIRLS' SPORTS

On Wednesday, March 12th, the Brookline Girls' Swimming Team defeated the Sargent Freshmen in a meet held at Brookline, with a score of 47 to 21.

The first event, the 80 yard freestyle, was won by Gladys Norris of Brookline. Florence Hatherley of the home team was the winner of the breast stroke. The visitors were the losers in the next event also, which was won by Natalie Fisher. Next came the breast stroke for form, which resulted in a tie between Betty Greenleaf and Jane Cooper, both of Brookline. This event was followed by the crawl stroke for form, in which Eileen Manning of Brookline gained first place, and Marion Stanford third. The diving, which came next, was the highlight of the afternoon. Marion Myers easily carried off first honors, and Rosalind Badaracco was a close second. The 25 yard freestyle was won by Betty Richey, and Brookline was victorious in the last event, the relay.

On Monday, March 17th, an interclass gym team meet was held, in which the Seniors and Sophomores tied for first place, while the Freshmen came in third.

On April 9th there will be the annual dancing class party, at which will be exhibited a sailor's hornpipe, a Scotch tap dance, a Spanish dance and a patriotic number. Social dancing and refreshments will follow.

The Outing Club will hold its farewell party of the season, in the form of a picnic at the Reservoir on March 27th.

Will the secretaries and librarians of the various clubs in the school who wish to be on the Sagamore, drop their names and home room numbers in the Sag box in the library?

It ought to be rather interesting to students of B.H.S. to know that the High School of Commerce Library, Portland, Oregon, is managed on somewhat similar principles as our own library. Their stringent rules about overdue books are enforced: the guilty students are required to pay a fine. Students do not mean to be unfair to the library; they are merely careless. Mrs. Siebens finds a similar difficulty here, but we, fortunately have no fines imposed.

In the last issue, we neglected to thank the students in the Art Department who have made such charming posters for the Children's Room, in the Main Library. Miss Attman, from Simmons College is here at Brookline for two weeks to study our Library Classes.

On Saturday the Library Staff will go on a walking tour through old Boston. A pleasant time is anticipated by all the fortunate members.

Mrs. Siebens wishes to remind students who receive over-due book slips from the library, that they *must* answer them, even if they have returned the book, for she has no other possible way of checking up.

Library Spasms.

A helpless creature wandered into the library and asked for a book of "Non-fiction Stories."

We are told that a student rushed into a library, confronted the librarian and asked her help in finding the "Lost Paradise."

NEW BOOKS

Newcomer: "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose." New Edition.

Cooper: "Poems of To-day."

Pritchard: "World's Best Essays."

Fleischman: "An Outline of Careers for Women."

Hinton: "Opportunities in Aviation."

Riegel: "Story of the Western Railroads."

Crimp: "Boys' Book of Coast Guards."

CHESS CLUB

During the last two or three months a new organization has been functioning at High School.

This is none other than that well-known body called "The Brookline High School Chess Club" whose activities include playing matches with other teams from other schools. To date, the Brookline Chess Team has won contests from Watertown, Combridge Latin and Rindge Tech, and has lost one match to the Harvard Freshman, a team of over-powering skill. At present, return matches are being arranged between all the schools it has played and new ones with Boston Latin and a few other Boston high schools.

ALPHI PI REQUIREMENTS

(Continued from Page 2)

Costume Manager, 1, one point.
Electrician, 1, one point.

2. French or Spanish Dramatics
Major Part, 1, one part.
Minor Part, 1-2 one-half point.
Minimum Part, nothing.
Business Manager, 1, one point.
Stage Manager, 3-4, three-quarters point.
Property Manager, 1-2, one-half point.
Costume Manager, 1-2, one-half point.
Electrician, 1-2, one-half point.

3. Art Students who work in collaboration with Dramatics shall receive 1-4, one-fourth point upon recommendation of the Art Instructor.

4. Not more than two points may be counted for membership in all the dramatics combined.

e. The following School Clubs: Girls' League, Debating Clubs, French Club, Spanish Club, Art Club.
The President, 1, one point.

f. Class Officers, Juniors and Seniors only, as follows:
Senior Class President 2, two points.
Senior Class Vice-President, 2, points.
Senior Class Treasurer, 1, one point.
Senior Class Secretary, 1, one point.
Chairman of any one of the Senior Committees, 1, one point.
Junior Class President, 1, one point.
Junior Class Vice-President, 1, one point.

g. Musical Activities
School Band and Orchestra.
Membership one year in (1), Either, 1-2, one half point, (2) Both, 1, one point.
Glee Club
Membership one year (at discretion of society) 1-2, one-half point.

h. Chairman of Senior advisers, 1, one point.

i. Ranking officers of Girl Scouts, 1, one point.

j. Chairman of Emergency Room attendants, 1, one point.

k. Teacher-Student Council
Member, 1, one point.
President, 2, two points.

l. Court of Justice, 1-2, one-half point.
Member, 1-2, one-half point.
Chief Justice, 1, one point.

m. Marshalls
Captain of Marshalls, 1, one point.
Marshall (each year of service) 1-2, one-half point.

n. Four Minute Speakers
Each year of Service, 1-4, one-fourth point.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" TO BE PRESENTED MAY 9

(Continued from Page 1)

ner; Rev. Robert Spaulding, Edward Chandler; Mr. Sydney Gibson, Samson Price; John, Chester Litman; Knox, George Delano; Edith Marsiand, Betty Seaman; Mrs. Stead, Claire Sibley; Miss Ashford, Elizabeth Bennett.

Dancing after the play for 25c with each stub. Proceeds for the school fund. Tickets—$1.00, 75c, and 50c.

The entire Band will play before the performance and between the acts.

D. POINTS FOR THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES MAY BE COUNTED AS SOON AS THE HONORS ARE GAINED:

Presidency of the Athletic Council.
The letter B awarded by the Athletic Council.
Captaincy of Managership of an Athletic Team
Senior and Junior Class Offices mentioned.
All of the Sagamore positions mentioned.
Appointment to Interscholastic Debating Team as Regular or Alternate Disputant.
Presidency of the School Clubs mentioned.
Presidency of the Teacher-Student Council.
Membership in the Teacher-Student Council.
Chief Justiceship in the Court of Justice.
Membership in Court of Justice.
Captaincy of Marshalls
Winning of Prize in Prize-Speaking.
Dramatics.
Business Manager
Stage Manager
Property Manager
Costume Manager
Electrician
Points for the following activities may be counted as follows:
Debate—Actual Participation as Speaker in Interscholastic Debate or Winning Inter-class Debate **whenever held.**
Prize Speaking—Actual Participation as speaker in second Try-out and Final Contest **whenever held.**
Major Part.
Minor part.
Musical Activities, Services as Marshalls, Four minute Speakers—at end of a year's or a half year's service as in the case of scholarship (see sections V. C.))
Bank
Treasurer, 1, one point.
Assistant Treasurer, 1-2, one-half point.
General Bookkeeper, 1, one point.
Assistant Bookkeeper, 1-2, one-half point.
Receiving Teller, 1-2, one-half point.
Alternates for above positions, 1-2, one-half point.
Checker, 1-4, one-quarter point.
Class Room Treasurer, 1-4, one-quarter point.

"THE YOUNGEST" A FINE SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

agreeable surprise on seeing for the first time how talented Carol is. Hats off to you "Augusta of the terrible temper," and to your noble husband "Alan" too, alias Jerome Hopper, for saving situation and soothing his irascible spouse—no small job!

"Did anyone else notice how good Van Crews was?" "Don't you think 'Mark' was awfully good?" "Say, Van Crews is *good*, what I mean,"—some of the remarks re Mark. The part was a difficult one, it might easily have been flat and colorless had Van Crews not made a brilliant success of it. Those small details so hard to define—swagger, amused tolerance, superiority—so very hard to put across, were cleverly worked in by Van Crews as Mark. He was a true character, one easily recognizable to the audience, and deserves hearty commendation.

"Even the dog has his day," and "Jackie" of '50, had two of them. He was one of the hits of the show—his wistful appealing eyes and timid look would put Bebe Daniels to shame. Congratulations "Portly"! And now a word to the cast in general—a word to let them know how much the school has appreciated their long hours of rehearsal, the material aid they have given, and the pleasure we have received through their own voluntary and unselfish efforts. Without the untiring aid of Miss Lewis and Mrs. White, however, without their willing sacrifice of time and earnest patient instruction, we can say without reservation that "The Youngest" would never have succeeded.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS

(Continued from Page 1)

develop a good team this year with the pitching staff as the strongest part of the team, a situation of great promise.

Since baseball was called out, only some thirty men have answered the summons, a very small number considering that this high school has over 650 boys. Can it be that only one twentieth of all the sophomores, juniors and seniors are interested in baseball? Of course, ineligibility stops some, lack of talent, others, but a great majority seem to be stopped by a lack of school spirit.

At least show your interest in the school by supporting those who are trying their hardest to give Brookline a good team by being present at all the games.

SCHOOL NOTES

Teacher-Student Council

One of the outstanding accomplishments of the 1929-1930 Teacher-Student Council is the printing of a collection of charts to be called "Opportunities." The charts will give the various courses and then lead up to requirements, cost and methods of admission to the various colleges. Mr. Packard, the chairman, has already seen several professors at Harvard and Northeastern, who were very enthusiastic about the idea.

JUNIOR GIRLS' ASSEMBLY

On Tuesday, March 25th, there was an assembly for Junior girls in the auditorium. Miss Sawyer explained that her previous efforts to call the class together had been in vain, but that there was to be another meeting before the end of the term.

The purpose of the assembly was, primarily, to promote a general inventory of personality and accomplishments. The point was made that wherever one plans to go after leaving high school—into business, to college or to vocational school, recommendations will be required. Miss Sawyer read the questionnaires sent out by the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan. There included such questions as:

"What are your favorite recreations and hobbies?"

"Do you intend to continue these recreations and hobbies in college?"

"What societies have you belonged to?"

"Have you held office in any society?"

"What books have you read outside of school?"

"What subjects have most interested you?"

One sheet required a diagnosis of the applicant's own personality and character made by himself, and also provided space for a similar diagnosis made by the school.

Miss Sawyer said that she was now preparing two lists which should be of interest to every Junior. The first is the list of Senior Advisers, which, unfortunately, is not so long as it might be. The second is the new set of Personality Rating Sheets, which will be ready after vacation.

ADVISORY COUNCIL MEETING

A meeting of the Advisory Council of the Girls' League was held in the Girls' League Room, April 3, 1930. The secretary's report was read and approved. Ruth Meyers reported what her committee had done about the program. There can be no movies at the tea on April 25th, but there will be a speaker, piano solos, specialty dances and any other available entertainment.

Miss Sawyer informed us of what the Freshmen had told her of the way the party impressed them last year. They said they liked the speaker, the trips around the building and the dancing after the tea.

It was suggested that the auditorium part of the program be shortened and to enlarge on the rest of the program; and also that Freshman girls from each district show the girls from their district around the building. The tea will be in the Girls' League Room, and dancing will follow outside the Lunchroom.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2:00

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All [illegible] signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and [illegible] in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. [illegible] ted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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LANDSCAPE

I walked the narrow road, on either side
Bound by the spruce and thick, sweet-smelling pine;
The maples and the mighty oaks above
Stood to guard the gateway of the woods.
The earth was damp, the bushes hung with mist,
Glistening as though gems were growing there.
The wind was blowing gently through the trees,
Whispering softly to the rustling leaves
But now it increased; ever louder blowing,
Roaring now as if in angry fury;
Hurling clouds across a sullen sky,
And thus raged on for hours at a time;
But then abated and repenting blew,
The dark clouds off to foreign lands afar,
And left the blueness of the sky untouched.

Anita Freedman

PLEA TO MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

You couldn't let a harmless scamp
Burn late at night the study lamp,
Or, restless toss on pillows damp,
Couldja?

You wouldn't want a kid to flunk
Because he couldn't translate junk,
(When most of it is quite the bunk)
Wouldja?

Then whydja take a speech as flat,
And write it down in Roman chat;
You shouldn' have done a thing like that
Shouldja?

TO SAN ROMA PLAYING SCHONBERG

by Mary Guise

I wonder, oh, I wonder
When I hear the music yonder
Of the clash, and bang, and clamor
Of an ax, a spade, a hammer
From some building growing high,
Nearly reaching to the sky
Where an aeroplane is humming
Like some deep, deep banjo strumming
To keep time with the bellow
Of some train, just like a cello,—
I wonder, oh, I wonder
If I hear them when I listen
To the notes of the musician
As he plays on our emotions.

She: I just can't imagine my twenty-first birthday.

He: I know; time tims one's memory terrible.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

"CUTHBERT" CLICKS

The score stood 10 to 9, with two men on base and two out, as John C. Smith wound up, preparatory to striking out victim no. 3.

"Victim No. 3", a slim young man, stepped up to the plate with a grin on his face.

"Here goes the third out," murmured the bleachers.

John C. Smith, the southpaw marvel, delivered a ball which the umpire decided to call a strike. John again wound up, when suddenly,—

"Coo, Cuthbert deah. How's the little darling!" came loudly from Win Rhodes, the man at the plate. The men on the bench snickered; the bleachers jeered "en haute voix."

John Cuthbert Smith's next ball was undoubtedly a mile wide of the plate. Yes, the last thing in the world had happened. J. C. Smith had blown up—had become rattled—had lost his head or what you may will.

A few minutes later, Somerset High, the opposing team, staggered off the field with eleven runs to its credit and with Win Rhodes, the nemesis of J. C. Smith, on its shoulders.

"What the devil do you mean by blowing up just because he yelled out your middle name?" stormed the coach. "What do you think you'll do if I put you in to pitch the final game with Somerset, huh? Throw it away and give them the big game of the year on a platter, I suppose, hey! Well by gosh—you're gonna be called Cuthbert till you like it, until we take that crazy streak out of you. Don't forget it."

"Ye gods, it isn't my fault if the old man nailed such a middle name onto me," he mused miserably as he walked home, hands in pockets, "and I wonder how the devil Win found it out.

(Continued on Page 5)

WON'T YOU BE SILENT?

"Is this stool taken?" you ask pathetically, pretending that you did not see the pile of books upon it.

"Yep."

"This one?"

"Yeah."

"All of em taken?"

"Uh-huh."

"Gee whizz! Cantcha give a guy a break?"

"Sure, you can have all the breaks you want, but ya can't have my stools."

"But you don't need all of 'em unless you're gonna feed a regiment or sump'n. Gimme just one stool?"

"Not a leg!"

You present the speaker with the traditional "soiled look" and move on to the next table. A gentle tug at the first empty seat reveals the fact that it has a persistent ankle wrapped around the lowest rung.

"Are ya saving this one?" you ask, addressing yourself to the ankle. The ankle replies in the affirmative.

Suddenly your eager eye alights upon a stool sans ankle and sans owner, but upon closer examination you realize that it is also sans legs.

You are about to form the foxy conclusion that all the stools are sans when you catch sight of a cowardly piece of furniture hiding under the table. You decide to make a last feeble effort, and approach it from the rear.

"Heyooakoolsaken!" yells the owner, with the assistance of a ham sandwich.

You drop the chair and retreat with an iodiotic expression on your face.

Chances of getting a stool now are very poor, so you decide to make a vertical lunch of it.

You are just getting yourself delightfully tangled in the wreckage of a stool presents itself. You drop the lettuce sandwich, when another empty sandwich and make a dash for the coveted article. However, five little freshmen,—well then, sophomores, met you at the scene of interest, and you retire

(Continued on Page 5)

OPENS JULY 5

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FALL SESSION OPENS SEPT. 6

R Colyum

Perhaps at times you have wondered why this so-called column often fills but half this space. The following excerpt from an other publication graphically epitomizes the situation.

* * * *

The mother spoke thus: (This part censored??——" The daughter answered hotly: "..... ...." (This part also censored on moral grounds.) The mother threw the stove-top at the man. At this he turned around and spoke this as he left the house by way of the window: "....." (Censored).

—So what's the use?

* * * *

It seems the seniors are obliged to compose a one-hundred-word thesis on the inviting subject, **What Money Can't Buy**. Surely the answer is not a Boston police-man.—Oh well.

* * * *

Even 'though we are a fair hand at remembering things that never happened or at least of which we never heard, it is mighty hard trying to recall anything funny that has happened around school. It appears that we are taking our education (?) too seriously.

* * * *

After the fashion of so many other academic periodicals the SAGAMORE is conducting a referendum to investigate the student sentiment regarding the 18th Amendent. For further information turn to page 9.

* * * *

Many of the inmates here are wondering where they will be a year from today. We don't know the answer to be sure but we do know where some of them (including ourself) will be about 50 years or so from today.—How morbid!

* * * *

Ten more weeks and we shall be qualified to begin: "Now, when I was a school-boy—" Ha-ha-ha (maybe the laugh's on us).

* * * *

And as dear old uncle Ned used to say—a friend in need isn't a friend indeed if he is in need of too much.

EXCHANGES

Lawrence High Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

You have two Exchange Editors—but where are your Exchanges.

The Clarion, Jamaica Plain High, Jamaica Plain.

We think publishing short plays is a splendid idea.

The Dean Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

From your magazine we judge that your school spirit is wonderful.

WANTED: High School boys and girls to spare a few minutes a day and earn a few dollars a week. See us for particulars.
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"CUTHBERT" CLICKS

(Continued from Page 4)

Now I bet the whole team'll call me 'Cuthbert' at practice and at the big game."

Thus thought the fellow upon whom depended the great league game of the season. He wasn't far wrong in his thoughts either. The only difference in his surmise was that every member of his team plus all the other high school students, called him Cuthbert.

So passed an extremely unhappy fortnight for John C. Smith. It was either "Cuthbert do this" or "Cuthbert do that." Nevertheless, Cuthbert soon got used to the chaffing and, as the great game drew near, was surprised to see that he no longer got rattled at the epithets hurled at him.

"It's not so bad when the fellows I know call me Cuthbert," he thought, jerking himself into his pants, "but I wonder how I'll feel when I get out there on the field in about two minutes and face the crowd."

Continued on Poge 6)

LITTLE MAUGULE; OR IF TRUTH WERE FICTION

Being a Bed-time Story for High School Students

You all know little Maugule! Of course you do! Little Maugule, as small as a Freshman and as fresh as a Senior. Little Maugule who walks on your feet in the corridors, slams doors in your face and brushes all the papers off your desk every time he passes down the aisle. Little Maugule, the chap that takes the biggest plate of hash at lunch (breaking into the line to get it) the fellow who chews peppermint gum and peanuts in History and whistles in study periods. Surely you know little Maugule who snickers when you make errors in class then blasphemes the teacher (outside) for his own poor recitations.

Well, children, I have a little story to tell you about little Maugule and if you can tear yourself away from your interesting books of Dodecahedraus and Parallelepipeds I'll show you what **may** happen to one in the B. H. S. in the "passeé anterieur."

(Continued on Page 7)

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BROOKLINE

Gratis

In this enlightened day and age, the sap no longer runs in the spring—it rides around in roadsters.

* * * *

To the everlasting delight of Mr. Mac. He maps out a pattern every morning for the parking space and he still entertains a sickly hope that some day a student will go where directed. (In regards to parking.)

* * * *

Well, well—our premierè danseues,—Josie Axelrod now expresses a desire to see her name in headlights! To what will our ambitions lead us—

* * * *

We will realize to what extremes that wench Spring may lead us, but Emile Mettetal chasing pigeons is just about the best we've seen!! Do it again, Mister.

* * * *

No less than 1744.00 people insisted that we make reference to the most recent MOUSE In-The-Lunch-Room —"Good Morning, my little ones, this is Uncle Pio speaking. It seems there was ONCE a mouse—"

* * * *

Pause, good friends, and consider how humiliating it must be to the person whose voice you fail to recognize on the telephone.

* * * *

HAVE you seen the tie of Peter Racheotes?? Show the lady your tie, Peter—Yes, Esmeraldo, many are the ways whereby one may obtain publicity.

* * * *

Oh,—and are the College Boards —hard P. P. P. (The initials are printed so that we may be asked just what they mean.)

* * * *

Recent Census Results:

Alvin Weinberg ONCE walked to school and was not offered a ride.

* * * *

Four students actually read the books on which they reported. (Prove it!—Ed.).

* * * *

And what did YOU get on your Report card?

WON'T YOU BE SILENT?

(Continued from Page 4)

modestly, feeling like two cents awaiting for change.

To your great embarrassment, you find your lettuce sandwich going out (or rather in) with another woman. You suppress the desire to light a Murad, and hastily rescue the popular sandwich.

However, your appetite for lettuce sandwiches is satisfied, and you challenge an especially sticky cupcake to a duel. The cupcake wins the duel, and you come in a close second with your fingers clinging to each other very affectionately.

By this time, stools are being continually deserted, and you manage to seize one and plant it down at your place,—just as the bell rings.

"CUTHBERT" CLICKS

(Continued from Page 5)

However, when he walked out onto the diamond, no one shouted to him. It seemed that by mutual consent, everyone was tacit about his middle name. This only made him more nervous.

"They must have something up their sleeve," he muttered nervously.

"Play ball," bawled the umpire.

John C. Smith tightened his belt and walked onto the mound. "Here goes," he muttered and pitched the first ball.

For eight and a half innings, nothing happened. By a strange coincidence, the score at the last half of the ninth stood 10 to 9, with Somerset trailing. There were also two men on; one on second and one on third. No one had as yet hailed Smith as Cuthbert Deah," but now, as Win Rhodes strode to the plate, J. C. Smith realized that the crisis was at hand. Would he blow up and be yelled at by the bleachers or would he strike out his man!

Win was already at the plate with a smirk on his face.

"Hey Cuthbert, what are yuh waitin' for—lookin' for doves!"

In truth, Cuthbert seemed to be looking at something overhead. As the man at the plate turned to glance overhead also, Cuthbert pitched over the first ball.

"Strike one," yelled the ump.

"Hey, that's not fair. I wasn't looking," yelled Win, angrily turning to the umpire.

Plunk. The ball landed in the catcher's mitt while Win was excitedly gesticulate with the arbiter.

"Hey," yelled Win wildly, "what the devil do yuh mean by this "

"Strike two, it means," yawned the umpire.

"Pitch that ball while I'm looking, you sap," yelled Win turning to J. Cuthbert Smith. "I'd like to see you strike me out."

Cuthbert smiled sweetly; the umpire kept his teeth revolving up and down about his gum while the bleachers were tense with expectation.

Plunk. The ball landed this time in the third baseman's waiting glove for the third out. The fellow on third, who had been an interested spectator of events, had been caught napping.

This time, Somerset High **did not** go shouting off the field with Win Rhodes on its shoulders. Nay, 'twas Cuthbert who rode home to the tune of "Hail, The Conquering Hero Comes."

EXCHANGES

The Pen and Scroll, Lenox School, Lenox, Mass.

You are making a splendid beginning!

The Argus, Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

What a grand lot of jokes you have.

School Spirit, D. H. Fanning Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

Your covers are in very good taste—but we do not like your serious personalities.

ALUMNI NOTES

U. Of Penna.

Eric Goullaud and Richard E. Gentle are enrolled in the Third year class of the Wharton School of Finance and are members of Delta Upsilon Fraternity. They are both members of the indoor sport teams. Goullaud is taking active part in ice hockey, and Gentle in track.

Gentle has recently been elected captain of the 1930 football team and in a member of Phi Kappa Beta, Junior Honorary Society.

Harvard.

Eugene E. Record was recently chosen Vice-President of the class of 1932. Record was prominent in class athletics last year, and was a member of football and track squads, and of the relay team. He was also a member of the Freshman Jubilee committee. This year his running has attracted quite a bit of notice in intercollegiate circles.

U. of Virginia

Thompson Brooke Maury is on the Dean's list of Distinguished Students.

Bryant and Stratton

The following are students here: Miss Eleanor Mahoney, '26; Robert Preble, '26; Edwin S. Brown, '28; Cecil M. Babbett Jr., '28; Sara Kaplan, '28; Amy N. Burnes, '29; Evelyn and Jacquelyn Densten, '29; Barbara Loggi, '29; Helen M. O'Brien, '29.

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LITTLE MAUGULE

(Continued from Page 5)

Now little Maugule had a motto and his motto was "me for me." Yes, children, little Maugule's motto was "me for me," and it was very unlike the nice motto of The Three Gallant Musketeers which was "All for one, one for all." Little Maugule's motto was "me for me" and you shall soon perceive what an unhappy motto it proved to be for him when his classmates adopted it and changed it to "we for we." Yes, indeed, little Maugule was a very unhappy little fellow when his classmates adopted his motto and changed it to "we for we."

Now little Maugule came to school one day and started to walk down the corridor to his classroom. But my, no sooner had he stepped forth than he was shoved against the wall by a milling mob of students. He tried to escape but it was no use and then, —somebody came along and stepped on his head.

Little Maugule became very morose after this for he was not accustomed to anybody doing any shoving but himself for his motto was "me for me." But now his classmates had changed it to "we for we," and were practicing it besides. Yessir, they had changed his motto to "we for we" and were practicing it besides.

Finally he reached his classroom but alas! All the pupils were whistling while the teacher was seated back to the class, chewing gum. Then little Maugule knew that here too they were practicing "we for we."

Eleven o'clock came at last and after a torturous trip of getting to the lunchroom through the seething mass of "we for we's" he reached it. But alack, the food was all gone. Some of the "we for we's" were cramming down the last few crumbs while a group of them were enjoying themselves in a game of "catch" with bowls of pudding.

Suddenly he heard a loud, whirring noise, and a bowl of pudding splattered in his face. His classmates were laughing uproariously; it was so funny.

Little Maugule turned (over) and awoke."

"Well!" he said, shivering involuntarily. "I guess I'll change my motto to "me for we."

Soph: That bruise on your head must be very annoying.

Freshman: Oh, it's next to nothing.

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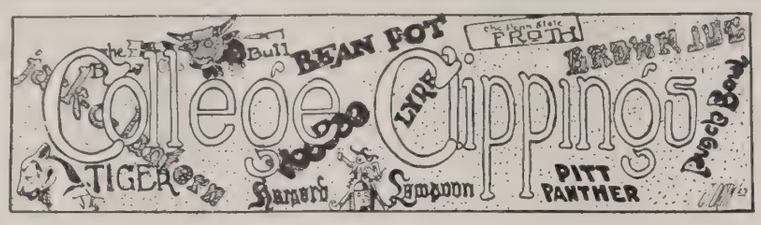

A minister while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wotinell you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fish-worms?"

* * * *

"My father was a great western politician in his day."

"What did he run for?"
"The border."

* * * *

Adolph: "This house goes back to William Penn."

Celia: "Oh, that's too bad! Can't you keep up the payments?

* * * *

Alimony was invented so that a woman wouldn't have to take a man's name in vain.

* * * *

"There's a girl who holds her licker well," he thought as he watched the office girl stamp envelopes.

"Your mistress tells me, that you wish to leave us to become an attendant at a lunitic asylum of all places! What makes you think wou'll like it? What experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three years."

* * * *

Then there was the trackman that excused himself for cutting practice to go to a tea dance by saying. "A miss is as good as a mile."

* * * *

"Does your watch tell you the time?"

"No, I have to look at it.".

* * * *

Did you hear about the Sctoch athlete who hated to loosen up his muscles?

* * * *

She: I paid four dollars for those stockings in Paris. You can't touch them for less than ten, here.

He: Oh! Goodbye.

* * * *

Bob: Step up Bill; it's time to kiss the bride.

Bill: You're wrong. It's time for me to quit.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, 12 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 2, 1930 TEN CENTS

STUDENTS PREPARE BENEFIT PERFORMANCE THE PRIVATE SECRETARY

Star Cast Already Rehearsing

Edward Chandler Holds the Title Role

Students Preparing a Benefit performance of The Private Secretary. Seasoned playgoers recall with reminiscent chuckles of delight the drollery with which William Gillette portrayed the hapless Mr. Spalding in The Private Secretary. Sir Beerbohm Tree, in the early days of his career, first created the part when the play was produced in London, March 29, 1884. Since then many companies have delighted hundreds of audiences with the perennial humor of Hawtrey's farce.

While a becoming modesty prevents us making any comparisons, so sure are we of the irresistible appeal of the play, we boldly proclaim that the performance to be given in the Auditorium on the evening of May 9, will continue the happy tradition of all productions of this play and set the windows rattling with burst after burst of spontaneous laughter.

With Edward Chandler in the title role sniffing and stumbling through the ludicrous mishaps of the Private Secretary, with Henry Hunnsicker thundering out old Cattermole's ravings against the "heap o' misery" he takes to be his nephew, and with Sol Robinson forgetting his gay youth and settling down into the respectable country squire that Mr. Marsland, M.F.M. has become, the true comedy spirit of the play is established.

When Sam Price enters as Gibson, the tailor who longs "to soar onto the

(Continued on Page 3)

BETTY RICHEY ELECTED CAPTAIN OF MARSHALS

Force Urged To Study

A marshal meeting was held April 23 in the Girls' League room. The purpose of the meeting was to elect a new captain. After the roll call Francis Muldowney spoke to the group reminding them that they should choose someone who would stay at the head, keep his marks above E, and do his work faithfully to the Force. He told them that the Marshals should do better work and keep more order in the school. Betty Richey was unanimously elected Captain of the Marshals. She spoke to them about the assignment of posts and urged them not to flunk if we can help it as there are altogether too many now flunking. She explained the duties in the corridors and in the lunchroom.

The Junior Social will be held Friday, May 2, at 2:15 o'clock in the lunchroom. Chester Litman has secured Art Marshall and his band to keep the dances moving, and refreshments are in charge of little Alice Werner, the child with the big brown eyes. With such wonderful advertising by Helen Johnson the Social is going to be a great success. Seniors are asked to attend in large numbers.

Brookline High Boys Win First Two Places in State-Wide Contest

JEROME HOPPER 1st

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MORTIMER SILVERMAN 2nd

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JEROME HOPPER ELIGIBLE FOR NATIONAL PRIZE

Winner Gets Four Years Tuition At Any College

The committee in charge of the prize essays submitted by students of high and secondary schools in Massachusetts in the general contest carried on by the American Chemical Society throughout the country, have given the awards to Brookline High School students:

First prize, Jerome M. Hopper. Subject of essay; "The Relation of Chemistry to the Enrichment of Life."

Second Prize, Mortimer Silverman, Jr. Subject of Essay: "The Relation of Chemistry to the Development of a Resource of the United States."

The awards will be made at graduation, and will consist of twenty dollars in gold for the first state prize, and books and certificate for the second.

But this is not all. Hopper's essay will be the one from Massachusetts judged with one other from each state, for the National prize, which consists of four years' tuition at any recognized college or university, and also provides expense money of five hundred dollars annually for the four years.

(Continued on Page 2)

MR. SNOW GIVES RECEPTION IN HONOR OF RETIRING HEADMASTER

100 Guests are Present

The members of the faculty of B. H. S. attended a reception given in honor of Mr. Akers at the home of Mr. William L. Snow on Monday, April 7.

A brief program of music livened the occasion, and Mr. Packard spoke for the faculty in their appreciation of the character and service of the headmaster. Even Mr. Snow's dog showed his approval of these sentiments when he insisted upon joining in the applause on every possible occasion, showing that dumb animals are not necessarily "dumb."

The "Song of the Crow," rendered with startling effect, and punctuated with many vigorous gestures of the host, shocked the hostess, and delighted the audience.

Approximately one hundred guests were present at the reception.

The Sagamore desires to express here its most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the class of 1929 for its willing co-operation and material aid at a time when the Sagamore was in need of "a friend".

ERNEST R. CAVERLY TO FILL MR. AKER'S POSITION

Present Principal of Drury High Has Had 15 Years' Experience

Ernest R. Caverly, now principal of the Drury High School at North Adams, has been chosen by the School Board as Brookline's new head master to succeed Mr. Akers who retires in June.

Mr. Caverly is a graduate of Harvard University, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. In 1915 and 1916 he was a member of the faculty of the Mill Brook School in Concord.

He served in the junior and senior high schools in Springfield, with the exception of one year of war service. For the following two years Mr. Caverly was principal of the Brattleboro (Vt.) High School.

He was in the English department at Newton in the junior and senior high schools from 1923 to 1926, when he went to his present position.

Mr. Caverly studied at the Harvard Summer school in 1919 and at the Columbia University Teachers' college in 1923, '24, '26 and '27.

He was principal of the Springfield Summer Junior High School and an instructor at the Bates College Summer School in 1925, '29 and will hold the same position there this coming summer.

He has been a member of the board of directors of the National Council of English Teachers since 1926.

Mr. Caverly was the co-author, with Dr. F. E. Spaulding of a revision of Aldine's third Language Book.

He comes to Brookline after 15 years experience teaching in leading public schools of New England.

Mr. Caverly is married and has one child.

BROOKLINE BASEBALL TEAM HEADS SURBURBAN LEAGUE

Wins Four Out of Six Games

During the last three weeks Brookline has played six games, has won four and now stands at the head of the suburban league.

Andy Madden and Tom Noonan have both pitched an excellent brand of ball and have been ably supported by the two Timmins brothers and a very reliable outfield.

The first game of the season was played between Brookline and Dorchester on April 12. This developed into a pitcher's duel between Madden and Concannon, which was finally taken by the Red and Blue, 1-0. The sole tally was due to Ainsworth's single

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE TOPS LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 1)

and Madden's long drive for two bases in right field in the last half of the seventh inning.

The next game, with Boston Latin, was lost, 5-4. The defeat was partly due to a freak of fate, for Brookline had loaded the bases in the ninth inning with only one out, but was unable to tie the score because Bill Timmins hit into a double play.

Two days later Brookline redeemed herself by nosing out Commerce in an extra inning game, scoring in the tenth and thus winning, 5-4.

In the first inning, Lou Wolek smashed a terrific liner into left field for a three bagger and scored on Tom Larkin's safe bunt. In the fourth, singles by Mahan, Noonan and McCone brought in the second talley. Mahan singled again in the next inning and scored Larkin who had been walked. Brookline's fourth run came as a result of two errors in the seventh inning, while the two Timmins brothers broke the tie score in the tenth with two singles.

The team started its Suburban league schedule with a victory over Cambridge Latin on April 19, the score being 6-2. This success was due to a sudden spirited five run rally in the seventh inning. Andy Madden pitched his usual dependable brand of ball and held his opponents, to seven hits. Singles by Madden, Noonan and Wolek, a double by McCone, and Jim Timmin's triple amounted for the five run rally. The sixth run came in the last frame when Larkin and Noonan both made two baggers.

Brookline's second defeat came at the hands of Boston College High on April 23, 9-5. "Doc" Gleason pitched a good game, struck out eleven and only passed one, but was given terrible support in the field. At bat Brookline outhit B. C. High with a total of thirteen against ten The Timmins brothers starred at bat, each getting three hits

Brookline won the second suburban league game by shutting out Somerville, 3-0. Tommy Noonan proved to be a very steady twirler for he did not allow a Somerville man to reach third during the whole game.

He was given flawless support by Messrs. Larkin, Madden and Ainsworth in the outfield. Brookline got all her runs in the first inning. Wolek walked, Larkin singled and Lou scored on the right fielder's peg to third base which took a bad hop and went over the third baseman's head. Then Andy Madden was pased. Noonan made sure of the ball game by sending a hot grounder through shortstop which scored Larkin while Andy came home when Lynch, the Somerville pitcher, chose to play Noonan running to second, rather than to throw to the catcher.

BROOKLINE WELL REPRESENTED AT BEVERLY CONVENTION

Beverly was the scene of this year's convention of the Teacher-Student councils of which Alvin Weinberg, (ahem!) is president. The meeting fell on April 19 which accounts for the holiday they gave us here in Brookline.

After Mr. Pierce, the principal, had given a welcome to the delegates, the President delivered an interesting speech. Glenn Woodbury, acting as doormat, extended a welcome to the company, which was followed by an address given by Dr. Morgan.

At this point, the scene changes from a conference room to a lunch room, where an excellent dinner was served, which, as a speech of welcome, was more welcome than a speech. It covered all the courses, from soup to nuts, (of course we didn't mean nuts that way!)

After the lunch, the nominations given to the nominating committee, which had been previously named by the president.

The teachers then adjourned to the library, while the students met in the auditorium for informal messages from the field. At the business meeting which followed, James Garll was elected for next year's president.

B. H. S. feels proud to have sent to the convention: Alvin Weinberg, as president, and Betty Richey, Robert Hall, and Winslow Robart, as delegates.

RECORD OF THIS YEARS FOUR-MINUTE SPEAKERS HIGHLY COMENDABLE

Throughout the year the Four-Minute Speakers have been carrying messages throughout the school, under the very able direction of Mrs. Henderson and Miss Mallon. From their first message relative to the High School branch of the Bank, they have spoken on the Entertainment given by the Venetian Glass-Blowing, Prize Speaking, Dramatics, the Ben Greet Players, books for Soldiers and Sailors, and recently they spoke on gathering the Herald Tercentenary Pictures for the Red Cross.

At the beginning of the year, eighty-five aspirants were successful in becoming Four-Minute Speakers. Of these, twenty-one have been dropped from the ranks, either from absence from meetings or because their speeches were not good.

The following people are among those who have made a fine record in the annals of our Four-Minute Speakers: Marjorie Frank, Dorothea McMillan, Norma Marcus, Dorothea Lakson, Eleanor Litter, Martha Henderson, Barbara Frank, Elsie Dowan, Adelle Cohen Audrey Price, Joan Rines, George Mackey and Paul Rutledge.

GIRLS' LEAGUE HOLDS PARTY FOR EIGHTH GRADE GIRLS AND MOTHERS

Perhaps one of the most interesting Meetings of the Girls' League was held in the auditorium, the Friday afternoon of April 25. It was the meeting given over each year to the greeting of the eighth grade girls and their mothers.

Music by the Girls' League members of the Orchestra introduced the program. Betty Greenleaf, the president, delivered a cordial speech of welcome to our guests in behalf of the entire league. Miss Haskell's dancing class presented three charming numbers of varied character, the "Sailors' Hornpipe," "Tarantella", and the "Flag Dance." Barbara and Dorothy Burt played a delightful duet "Adoration." Mr. Akers then spoke briefly about the value of the League. Helen Kulvin, who played "Waltz Arabesque" and "The Juggler" very beautifully is symbolic of the many other talented members of the Girls' League.

We are very much indebted to the Home Life committee of the Brookline Teachers' Club for procuring such worthwhile and interesting speakers as Mr. Charles Frederick Whitney, formerly Art Director, State Normal School Salem Massachusetts. His subject was "Indian Lore" which was profoundly revealing of the true character of the Indian. But wholly captivating were his remarkable woodland sketches drawn in black and white on the blackboards. They were drawn with the deftness and skill of a very talented artist.

The welcome of Miss Sawyer, Dean of Girls, and Marion Stanford, the president of the Advisory Council, closed the auditorium part of the program which was enthusiastically appreciated by a large audience.

The visitors were then conducted on tours through the buildings, so that the eighth grade girls might feel at home here next year. Dancing in the lunch room corridor and refreshments in the Girls' League room closed an extremely successful afternoon. To the respective committees of Girls' League who were in charge of the party its complete and outstanding success is due, and also appreciation for their fine co-operation. The committees were as follows:

Refreshment, Social, and Hostess committees, Margaret Holt, chairman, Marion Wiggin, Esther Byer, Helen Shooshan, Miriam Naigles, Ruth Nelson, E. Cusick, M. Niland, M. Bolger, Tillias Clark, A. Cohen F. Dawson, M. Dodge, N. Driscoll, J. Helman C. Hinder, S. Kelley, M. Levin, M. Mawluarey, R. Norman, B. Richey, E. Teitlebaum, E. Weston, B. Taylor, E. Ronimus, J. Aronson, E. Berrett, B. Cohen, H. Collier, Badaracco, M. Essery, M. Gairer, M. Cullen, A. Price, M. Robinson, R. Polira, M. Guise, B. Hamilton, B. Kirg, M. Savage These and the entire dance committee are deserving of high commendation.

JEROME HOPPER WINS CHEMISTRY PRIZE

(Continued from Page 1)

The funds for this Prize Essay Comtest which is conducted under the auspices of the American Chemical Society, and open to all students in the high and secondary schools of the United States, have been provided for the last seven years by Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Garvan, of New York City, as a memorial to their daughter, Patricia.

MR. AKERS HONORED AT BANQUET GIVEN BY MRS. BAKER

Mrs. Baker entertained Mr. Akers and several members of the faculty at a banquet on Wednesday, April second.

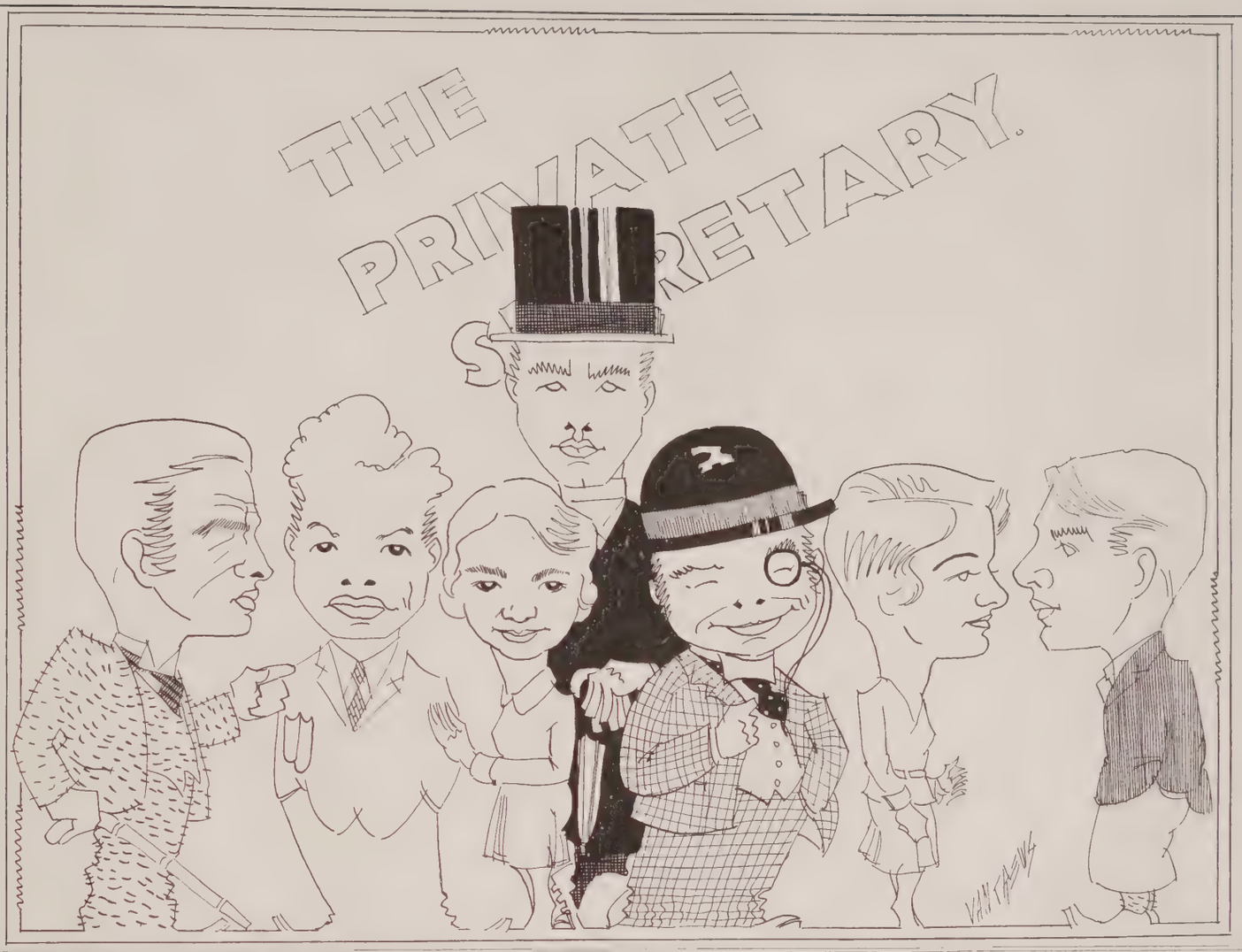
A royal reception was given to the guests and a sumptuous banquet served. After the dinner, several speakers expressed in no uncertain terms, their admiration and respect for our headmaster, Mr. Akers.

The invited guests were: Mr. Akers, Mr. Franklin W. Hobbs, a former member of the School Committee, Supt. and Mrs. Oscar Galligher, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Packard, Mr. Case, Miss Marshall, and Miss Adams.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS DORCHESTER 3-2

The tennis team got off to a flying start last Wednesday at the Dean Road courts, defeating Dorchester High by the score of three sets to two. Captain Al MacKenzie played his usual brilliant and steady game, while Jack McGlynn, his doubles partner, performed well after his two first sets, playing up well behind MacKenzie in the doubles matches. Louis Lappin and Marc Liebman, two new members of the squad, clinched the meet by taking their Match from the Dorchester hopefuls. The Dorchester boys played admirably, but their play was affected by apparent lack of experience, Allen being the outstanding star of the team.

In the first singles match McGlynn was defeated in two hard-fought sets by Allen 6-2, 6-1. MacKenzie took Feinberg with ease in two straight sets, 6-0, 6-3. Factoroff of Dorchester defeated Young, 6-4, 9-7. The doubles matches were the real features of the day. Lappin and Liebman upset the Dorchester hopes by defeating Feinberg and Schneider 5-7, 6-4, in closely contested sets. MacKenzie and McGlynn made the two Dorchester aces, Allen and Factoroff, look rather sickly by defeating them in three brilliantly played sets, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2. The match was a very satisfying exhibition of tennis as it should be played, the Brookline team proving its worth in spite of the comparative youth of its members.



BENEFIT PERFORMANCE OF HILARIOUS COMEDY

(Continued from Page 1)

uppercrust of Society", then the hilarious fun of farce begins and is continued by Elizabeth Bennett in the role of Miss Ashford, the spiritualistic governess.

Of course no play is complete without romance, and The Private Secretary is enriched by two pairs of lovers. Milton Paisner and Edward Dooskin show themselves apt and debonair Romeos; while Jean Goodale and Eleanor Thomas are charming enough to justify any romantic spring feelings.

Finally Claire Sibley gives us the true kindliness of the sympathetic and trusting landlady, Mrs. Stead; and Chester Litman portrays the reliable old butler with most convincing dignity. Knox played by George Delano, serves the writ on the right person at last, and the play rushes on to its happy ending.

This group of talented young people are giving their time at a very difficult and busy season of the year in order that the financial deficits of some of the school's organizations may be removed. The Sagamore is to be one of the beneficiaries and there are other activities to receive aid from the proceeds of this play. It is, therefore, the ardent hope of the management that the school will attend in generous numbers and give this performance a "full house" on the evening of May 9, at eight o'clock in the Auditorium.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The spring season of girls' athletics is now well under way. On Monday there is track, under the supervision of Misses Johns, James and Haskell. Mr. Whitman comes on Tuesday to direct advanced Tennis. Tournaments are now being played off to determine class champions. On the same day there is archery for advanced and beginning archers, under Miss Bacon's direction. The form of competition is as yet undecided. Wednesday is the day for Class-day dancing. Freshmen, sophomores and juniors are urged to come out and to help make Class Day a success while winning fifty points in a very pleasant way. Miss Johns and Miss Haskell are in charge of the activity. Miss James supervises baseball, which comes on Thursday. Beginners' Tennis, with Miss Haskell in charge, occurs on the same day. This is an attractive program, and everyone is urged to attend at least three sports.

THE ASSEMBLY

Tuesday, April 8, was devoted to the presentation of an American flag by the Girl Scout Troop. The High School members of the drum and bugle corp furnished music for the entrance of the students.

In the regular Girl Scout formation Helene Dawson presented the flag while Ruth Cushman played to the colors. The whole school saluted and sang "America the Beautiful."

Mr. Akers then addressed the students stressing patriotism and honor due to the flag.

The exercises were closed by selections from the drummers and bugalists, Ruth Cushman, Dorothea Hall, Alexandra Oats and Ruth Alexander as bugalists and Margaret Robinson and Eileen Reid as drummers, conducted by Helene Dawson.

TENNIS PROSPECTS GOOD

Tennis candidates were called out a few weeks ago by Mr. Keegan, who is coaching the team, and a number of very promising men turned out, including two last year's veterans, Capt. Al MacKenzie and Jack McGlynn. Fine material has been found in some of the younger candidates. Young, French, Marcus, Liebman, Doll, Lappin, Sallinger and Richards are all new men, and promise to produce a strong outfit. Though there are no scintilating stars as yet, it is fairly certain that the team will come through with a good record this season. Last year Brookline was runner-up in the Suburban League competition, and to do as well or better this year will be the object of the team. The squad is slated to play some tough matches. The schedule including Newton, Boston Latin, Lynn Classical, Somerville, Malden, and Everett, is a hard one, and the boys will do well to go through it successfully.

SCHOOL DELEGATE NAMED

Ethel Hansen has been chosen as the delegate from the school to the convention of the American Junior Red Cross to be held in Washington, D. C., from May 5 to 10, inclusive. She is to go as the guest of the Metropolitan Chapter. Miss Hansen, a junior, is a home room representative of the Red Cross, and has been doing good work throughout the year, so that she can miss those few days of work. She represented the school at school without losing much of the the conference of the Metropolitan chapter which was held recently, and has done excellent work in the Red Cross service.

SOLILOQUY

As first in the turmoil of world haste
You appeared to me as appears to those
Who travel through the desert's fearful waste,
The oasis which gives the rest it owes
To weary men who find its cool repose;
Your sweet, fresh beauty, the soft youthful glow
Like the first clear pure blush of a wild rose,
Remains in memory for me to know.
Never more shall I feel the surging flow
Of happiness that carried me far,
That lifted me upon its crest, that so
Impressed upon my heart a life-long scar
Ever to remind me in dreams of you,
Dear. so beautiful, so loving, so true.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
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"BOXING"

Among the many political problems and reforms being brought up today in state legislature, there is one which I believe has been neglected, or if it has been mentioned, has not been stressed. I refer to the taxation of boxing by the state. This may at first appear to be a reasonable source of state income, but if the facts are reviewed more clearly, the state's action would seem to be illogical and contradictory.

To begin with, boxing is taxed by the state as a legal entertainment. Of course, the treasury is greatly strengthened by taxes, but there comes the obvious anomaly. As a concrete example, suppose two men quarrel over a possession. They are settling it with fists when a policeman arrives who arrests both for unseemly behavior, and fines them. In the case of boxing, two men who have no cause for personal enmity, meet in a ring and are urged on by eager spectators to batter each other until one is practically unconscious, when the victor is rewarded with a sum of money. This state not only permits, but supervises and participates in to the extent of taxing, which is only sharing the profits, apparently seeing a punitive difference between two men fighting with a personal reason and another pair cold-bloodedly attacking one another for money, and surrounded by a rope so that the defeated one does not escape until veritably unconscious.

Then the question may be brought up of the confining of such an anomaly to a specific area, such as one state. But New York has even passed laws applying especially to boxing, containing methods of decision of capability of two men to fight, whether a pair is evenly matched, and similar judgments. Massachusetts has boxing laws, and many other states have made some provision in their legislature for it, despite the fact that there, but for a slight discrepancy, the brawler on the street would be professional, and therefore immune to legal jurisdiction.

Even another phase of the remarkable short-sightedness of the state is the fact that no government will allow films of any prize-fight to be taken, that is, motion pictures. The "still" photographs find their way into the sports section of the newspapers frequently, but never has an authentic picture of a prize fight been shown on the screen. Some peculiar sense of the state officials, who, while they permit and encourage boxing, nevertheless ban moving-pictures, must actuate this other law that distinguishes between the man on the street and the man in the ring. Either way it is half and half process, the case of the films contrasted with that of permission of ring fighting, in which the political conscience is appeased, apparently, for that seems the simplest explanation of the situation.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIS

THE CHALLENGE

Marcia stood at the top of the stairs, looking down at her son.

"Laugh at it, Son, laugh at it," she urged.

Son stopped crying out of sheer surprise. He was looking for sympathy, possibly punishment, but most certainly not seeing his mother with laughter showing on her face, who expected him to laugh when he had just fallen from the stairway banister on which he had been warned not to slide. The laughter was catching and a smile forced the threatening sob from the boy's eyes.

"That's it, Son. It served you just right, didn't it?"

This was another surprise.

"Served me right?"

"Certainly. I told you not to do that again didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And I told you why?"

"You told me that the bannister was too high for a little boy, and that the stairs were made to come down on not the bannister." She smiled at him and he smiled back at her. . . . "But why did you tell me to laugh at it?"

"It helped didn't it?"

"How, Mother?"

"The bump doesn't hurt any more does it?"

"No" Son was surprised. "It did help," he said smiling.

Several weeks later Son came into the pantry where Marcia was helping the cook prepare dinner.

"Can I help, Muvver?" he asked.

"You may hold this spoon for me if you want to help me dear."

Marcia looked at the youngster and in turning back to her work she rubbed her arm on the hot range and burned it.

"Laugh at it, Mother! Laugh at it!"

(Continued on Page 5)

"END OF A PERFECT DAY"

The big car swung around the corner without the aid of the brakes as the slim girl at the wheel tooted the horn blaringly. She came to a stop with the ease which is attributed only to the expert driver.

Adelaide Lambert, versus "Addy" as nicknamed by her friends was a junior in Waterfast High where she enjoyed immense popularity. She was rarely seen without her chariot. It couldn't truthfully be called a car or vehicle of any kind but can best be realized by a forthcoming description: The car was a big touring with no top—of an old make—namely a Jewett. It was painted a sickening yellow with the ever-ready gimcracks written on the body and hood. There were no visible mudguards and the engine was exposed to "God's Green Earth". The tires were patched so many times that they resembled four cast-off bed quilts. It served the purpose, though, and Adelaide (only Adelaide, though) could get a maximum of 59 miles per hour out of the dilapidated engine. She had gone up to 60 once but as the back part fell off at the terrible velocity (for this car) its driver stuck to 59.

She pulled up in front of the beautiful, vast brick building which made up the high school of that town, got out, waving at her many friends, in doing so, she had to run very fast to make her class at the appointed time.

Her first subject was History, Adelaide's favorite. She invariably missed her lesson but the girl possessed one of those hair-trigger minds that needed no preparation for brilliant answers. Her teachers grew so dismayed at Addy knowing so much without the aid of studying that they became alarmed at the thought that "She" might set an example to the other students.

(Continued on Page 5)

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R Colyum

How do you do? Isn't the weather just too beautiful?

* * * *

Yes indeed, Spring is a glorious season what with its sunshine, flowers, day-light saving, marching and college board practise. We hope to enjoy much more about a half-dozen years hence.

* * * *

You know someone was so mean as to say that our humor is about as high as the curbstone. But then, we console ourself with knowing that even a curbstone is comparatively high.

* * * *

Once upon a time Richard Connell (no, he doesn't go to B. H. S.) wrote a very touching story called **Funny Man.** It was all about a chap who wrote a humorous column in a college paper, almost to his ruin, and all his days the stigma dogged him. Never was he able to open his mouth to speak but that everyone expected some convulsing bit of wit to flow forth. All of which drove him to the point where he married a very charming lady and moved away to exile in St. Louis.

* * * *

Now what we are driving at is that the story in a mild way pictures our predicament, although we have never so much as been inside a college,—nor do we know any **very** charming young ladies who aren't already married. (We've a feeling that that last half sentence is going to cause us a lot of trouble).

* * * *

The popularity of the U. of Maine Stein must be on the wane. We haven't heard anything of it for more than fifteen minutes.

* * * *

We hope nobody took our little note essay, **What Money Can't Buy,** as official. Apparently one-hundred words or one-thousand words are all the same to our printer. (Notice we typed the numbers out in full this time.)

* * * *

It has been suggested than an "Appendicitis Club" be formed here at school. Just why we do not know, unless as a means to bring the faculty and student body a little closer together.

* * * *

When the assembled senior class was instructed to seat itself according to voice classification, not a single boy was found among the sopranos nor a girl among the basses. Remarkable—what?

* * * *

Our late editor wishes to state here that he is **not** psychic.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2:00

"THE CHALLENGE"

(Continued from Page 4)

She laughed and said, "You remembered, did you?"

"It doesn't burn so much now, does it?"

"No" she admitted. "It doesn't."

Thus began the game that was to continue throughout their lives.

It was when Son was seven years old when his father died, and he tried to fill his place as best he could.

Marcia was obliged to give up her servants and later her home and had to go to work to help support herself and her son. The game became much more than a game to them both as it kept them from worrying, and gave them a better outlook on their poverty.

"A little thing like being poor is nothing to worry about, it is, Son?"

"Nothing is worth worrying about," said Son who was now thirteen years old.

So several more years passed, happy years, when the game stood by them in doubtful minutes. Son had graduated from high school only a few months before when Marcia was taken seriously ill. Talking with him one evening when he had returned from work, she said, "Son, do you remember the game we used to play together—laugh at it?"

"Yes."

"We always have, you and I. Promise me you always will."

"It won't be easy—but I promise." It would be hard if — if anything should happen to you."

"Yes, it will be hard,—but promise."

"I promise, Mother."

Son remembered that promise when, a month later, Marcia died But he could only smile sadly.

Soon after his great loss, the United States was brought into the World War. Son enlisted at once, to escape from his lonely being without his mother. The time passed quickly. Training camp, a hurried trip across the ocean to France, where he was transferred to the Aviation Corps. Soon Son was considered one of the best combatant pilots in his squadron. He never was heard to find fault with the war time conditions, mud, dirt, scarce meals and discomfort.

(Continued on Page 7)

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"

(Continued from Page 4)

"The class will please come to order" announced the small, dapper professor. We will take up today the Life of Abraham Lincoln, his traits, accomplishments, etc. I want this to be a serious recitation in which the whole class will take part. Now, first of all, who was Lincoln's wife?"

Not a sound from the class room.

"Come, come, doesn't anyone know the answer. This is certainly a poor beginning."

Suddenly a hand shot up into space.

"Ah, Miss Lambert—well, who was Lincoln's wife?"

Quick as a shot the answer came from "Addy," "Why—er Mrs. Lincoln I believe."

The room immediately became uproarious with hysterical laughter.

The professor had a wide streak of humor and knew Adelaide to be an apt pupil and a student who would never let her sense of pleasure get the best of her so he laughed with the pupils and soon all was quiet. The class continuer, "Addy" giving brilliant recitations and the class taking it all in with approval.

The bell clanged to end the period and the students filed out.

Addy's next class was French which, though she didn't like it at all, she was as adept in it as the others. Then came English and fourthly Algebra. Lunch came next and this was the time of day that she liked best. Her luncheon this time consisted of two big juicy pickles, an ice cream cone, two bars of chocolate, a hot dish and a salad. (Addy's mother had died from the shock of listening day after day to what her daughter's meals consisted of). When her friends exclaimed at the food she told them that it was alright; she wasn't very hungry and she'd get a more substantial lunch the next day. She was one of those girls who could eat the most horrible mixtures without feeling any ill-effects afterwards—nor did it affect her figure.

The bell rang ending lunch hour and "Addy" trooped up the never-ending stairs to the tune of "Nearer My God

(Continued on Page 6)

The Staley College of the Spoken Word
INCORPORATED
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Aspinwall 7717 **Brookline, Massachusetts**

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BROOKLINE

Gratis

Spring may be here, but it's still winter to us—we're snowed under with lessons.

* * *

Well, this year Sylvia Solomon wins the jar of cold cream for the **first** sunburn of the year.

* * *

Oh! A use for the Hit-Of-The-Week Record (You can't play them)—serve with maple syrup for breakfast or with chocolate syrup for dessert.

* * *

Placard for aeroplane:

"It is dangerous to alight before bus stops."

* * *

Add metephors

When Whiteman was only a cough and not yet a carload.

* * *

A soph asked for a testimonial for a short story, so we ups and says, "We enjoyed your story from the moment we picked it up until we put it down. Some day we intend reading it."

* * *

As Gertrude Steinberg observed "It's not vanity when I look in the mirror—it's courage!"

* * *

What are you doing this summer? We're going to New Jersey and breed mosquitoes with cleats so that after they bite they can stand on the spot and scratch. (Pat. Pend.)

* * *

Among the things that Money Cannot Buy is the courage to submit a class song.

* * *

Yes, that strange noise is the Seniors. "Gloriusss," isn't it?

* * *

In 46 years we'll be celebrating the 200th anniversary of our independence. Now isn't that something to which to look forward?—And will you still be at Brookline?

* * *

We think that the job of census taker is an awfully poor one—only once in ten years, and then only four cents a person.

* * *

And then there's the girl who asked for "pimento" ice-cream!

EXCHANGES

The Botolphian, Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

We think your Democratic Liberator "is a real inspiration to all people who think they think."

The Penn Charter Magazine, William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, Penna.

Everything in your magazine seems to be so thoroughly gone into, we notice particulary the exchange pages. We would love to run ours with such a wealth of interesting detail.

The Light, Bristol High School, Bristol, Conn.

A very interesting paper, though your size is a great handicap.

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"

(Continued from Page 6)

to Thee" which was sung by her companions in mock solemnity.

He next and last class was a study period. Not having anything to do, she decided to cut and go to the town ice-cream parlor—the haunt of the younger generation.

She consumed the inevitable ice cream at the end of which she came back to school. On her way up the steps she met her boon companion Alice Bright who asked her if Addy was going out for basketball. "Yep," said the slim junior, "see you over at the gym soon."

After being dismissed she tramped over to the beautiful school gymnasium into the locker room. She started getting into her basketball togs when Helen May, the school pest came up to her and said in her coarse grammar, "Say, where was you the last period."

"Oh, I felt sick and went home for a dose of medicine," replied Addy ironically.

"Yeh, you look sick," taunted Helen mercilessly.

"Oh, on your way, I can't be bothered now."

But Helen was not to be put off so easily and started in her imbecilic chanting tones, "Addy skipped a period, Addy skipped a period, Ad—only to be interrupted by a flying sneaker which caught her square in the mouth.

"Aw—w." bawled Helen, "that hurt," —"look", she screamed, as though dying when a slight stream of blood started to flow from her lip.

But Addy was unmoved in her attitude for she knew this girl was a sneak, and a baby and wasn't hurt much. Her parting words as she flew towards the gym floor were, "Yeh, you're lucky it wasn't an overshoe."

The Junior-Sophomore basketball game scheduled for that day was played, the former winning by a wide margin—due not only to Addy's superb guarding but to the others as well.

"C'mon", yelled Addy, "I'll take everybody going my way in 'Happy Days,' (the name of the car)—Let's see who's dressed first. They all dressed quickly and ran one by one into the car until it resembled a subway train. "Addy" turned on the motor, threw in the clutch and went into first amid the roars of laughter and talk.

"Ah," sighed Addy, "the end of a perfect day"—three sharp decisive bangs accompanying her sentence. The sounds that the motorists know only too well—namely three blowouts one right after the other providing an ending to "Addy's" Perfect Day.

She—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"

He—"I saw it in the papers this morning."

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"LADIES' DAY AT FENWAY PARK"

The talk and commotion made by late movie-goers, gibbering ladies in nearby movie aisles and back-seat drivers are in no way to me to be compared with the silly, incessant jargon one hears at the ball park—that is when it is made by these simpering women who know nothing about baseball.

Every Friday I go to the ball game at Fenway Park or Braves Field wherever the contest is to be held. It is absolutely free of charge and the female species certainly drives a bargain at getting a $1.10 grandstand seat for nothing. No expenses except perhaps carfare and a bag or two of hte inevitable peanuts.

I go directly from school being sure to get in there about fifteen minutes before the start of the game. I pick my seat out, get my made-to-order score card ready, and perhaps buy a bag of peanuts. Ah! all set for the game say between the Washington Senators and Boston Red Sox. Oughta' be good.

"Bat—tery for today" yells the umpire," C—

"What's that man yelling, Alice; I can't hear a word, can you? Oh dear I wish I'd brought my heavy coat; it's awfully cold."

And there's the first straw. Losing the names of the catcher and pitcher of both teams. Of course they're listed in the scoreboard and elsewhere but changes may have been made.

Oh, those women I wish I could change my seat, but no every available place is occupied as far as my eye can travel.

Well, maybe they won't say anything more. First batter up for local team: "Str—i—ike one"—roars the umpire, as the batter swipes at the empty air.

"Say, Alice, one thing I've never been able to understand and that's why that little man in the blue suit doesn't play like the others; why all he does is stand out there and yell."

"Yeh! it is sort of silly," responds her companion.

Oh, what ignorance and already, too. I have nothing against women who don't know baseball (because they're not supposed to) but it seems to me the least they can do is keep their mouths shut instead of saying silly things.

Next batter fouls out with a high infield fly.

"Oh, did you see that, Helen, wasn't that beautiful. How far up it went. Now, that's what I call a good hit."

"But that doesn't count, the little feller' down there caught it."

"That doesn't make any difference."

No?"

"No."

"Oh!"

And so on until the ninth. Bases full with two out and the men staying close to the sacks (contrary to playing) making the field look very crowded.

"Why doesn't that man on one of those bags get off and let the other two have more room; there's no need of three out there," exclaims one of my friends."

"No, wouldn't you think they would though," exclaims Helen in tones of disgust at what she terms probably a breach of etiquette.

Just then the batter socks one out and the men on bases start running for the plate.

"Look at those men out they're. They're running away from those bags. Maybe somebody scared them, too bad, isn't it?"

The end of the game with those last four runs-meaning victory for the Sox—maybe.

And I sometimes wonder at violent things happening in such a civilized country as the United States.

Of course these aren't the remarks I really heard and one may thing they're exaggerated but on the contrary some worse ones than those are daily corroborated by wrathful but patient spectators.

PURDY

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OH THESE STYLISTS!

CABLE
WESTERN UNION
Paris, Jan. 3, 1930

The Latest Shoppe
1039 West 39th St.
New York City

To be chic and in style one must wear full long skirts with high waistlines, triple flounces, bolero jacket, bows, cape collars, scarf collars, bib collars, ruffle trimmed collars and cuffs, postilion capes, puff sleeves, raglan sleeves, short sleeves, jabots.

Madame Elegant

Lo and behold when America heard of this little bit of news the whole country was turned upside down; everyone said, "Of course, long dresses with plenty of frills."

If Paris, with the whip of fashion in her hand, says "jump", we poor copycat Americans must immediately obey the command, for hasn't Paris led the rest of the world in chicness, grace and charm for centuries?

Since "everybody's doing it" (doing what? why jumping to Paris's fashion whip, of course) good old B. H. S., being a highly respectable school in a highly respectable town, is falling into line.

One by one the short skirts are being put away in moth balls and the long skirts are taking their places. Long, pointed flounces peep below the hemlines of coats, and gaily in the breeze defying anyone to say they aren't graceful.

Short people, tall people, fat people, thin people, all go in for the new frills regardless of the spectacle they present. After they have donned their high-waisted garments with the long flounces hanging a foot or two below the hem, they go gayly down the street closing their mind to the fact that they look very queer indeed with the flounces either winding around their legs or trailing behind like a smoke screen.

In the gay '90's this would have been very lovely; but today (as we believed, until seeing the results of the above telegram), has left the gay '90's far behind. If we are going to have the dresses of ten or twenty years ago, why don't we have the rest of the things that went with those times also? Would we give up the Auburn Cord of 1930 for the Packard of 1910? Then why give up the styles of 1929 for those of 1919?

"THE CHALLENGE"

(Continued from Page 5)

He lived in sort of a pleasant, sad dream. Always smiling and helping to cheer his less fortunate comrades. He laughed at danger and was the first to volunteer for dangerous missions. So he was picked to go on a dangerous mission over the enemy lines. He was captured, and condemned as a spy, to be shot at the wall, at dawn.

"Shot at dawn!" he repeated over and over again. "Precious short notice I call it! It's two o'clock now—shot—at dawn. Not a bad time to go out."

He sat quietly till the guard said, "Come."

He was led to the range, blindfolded. A white piece of cloth pinned to his coat over his heart. The heavy tramp of the squad marching to snuff out his life. The rattle of rifles as the squad picked them from the rack He could picture it perfectly, as he had served on a like occasion behind his own lines.

"I wonder if anyone will shoot at the wall as I did. Or will they all shoot straight at this square of cloth?" His thoughts turned rapidly. "They are going to kill me—Then I lose. Or do I?—I lose my life—Life sure is something of a game—God appreciates those who laugh—although they—lose—Promise, Son? It is a game—a glorious game, though I lose!"

A gay, challenging laugh met the volley of shots.

He that doeth what he can
In his own humble way
Is happier than the mighty man
Who fails from day to day

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Teacher: "Can you give me the definition of orator."

Wayward Brown: "Sure, he's the fellow who's always ready to lay down your life for his country."

A gentleman pretty well perfumed picked up the telephone: "Hello! Hic! Hello."

"Hello" returned the operator "Hello!"

"Hello! My gosh!" said the man "how this thing echoes!"

Missionary—I don't like the looks of that fire you're building.

Cannibal—No, but you'll soon get over that————

Usher: How many, please?

Exasperated Person: There were 5 of us but 3 died.

"One bad turn deserves another," cried the motorist as he crashed into the pole on the second curve.

Nitt: I hate that kibitzer whoosis.

Witt: Why that one particularly?

Nitt: He's so darned short-sighted.

"That prohibition officer is a pretty tough guy."

"Yeah, he thinks he's Jack the Joint Killer."

"A penny for your thoughts!"

"Oh, so your're a gold digger!"

"Is Betty expecting me?"

"Yes, she's on the phone now ordering some puppy buscuits!"

"I can tell by your legs that you come from the cotton belt."

"How so?"

"You suffer from the bow evil."

Another thing that is as bright and shiny as a new penny is an old pair of serge pants.

1st Fair Lady, at football game—"Oh look at the mud on the players! How will they get it off?"

2nd Fair Lady—"What do you think the scrub team is for?"

He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

She: "You never stayed so late before."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, 13. BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 29, 1930. TEN CENTS

HIGH SCHOOL PRESENTS HILARIOUS COMEDY

First High School Presentation Superlative Performance

HUNSICKER AND CHANDLER STAR

By Roger F. Burkhardt

May 9th saw the first High School dramatic performance other than the Annual Dramatics. The Private Secretary, by Charles Hawtrey was an unusually interesting performance.

The play was well coached by Miss Grace Allen and admirably interpreted by the best cast your writer has ever seen on the B. H. S. stage, not excepting Dramatics.

The character for whom the play is named, the Rev. Robert Spaulding, was taken by Edward Chandler who interpreted with success. The exageration of the characteristics of the typical literary secretary or tutor lent much to the overwhelming ludicious ness of the play.

Douglas Cattermole and Harry Marsland, conspirators were played by Milton Paisner and Edward Dooskin, whose technique in the last act was particularly to be aclaimed. Paisner despite some nervousness was up to the high standard set by the entire cast.

Henry Hunsicker, with the aid of a pillow, took the rôle of Mr. Cattermole, the "cracked" uncle from India, and shared with Chandler, the honors of the evening.

Equally well presented was the part of the maiden lady, spiritualistically inclined, taken by Elizabeth Bennett. Miss Bennett interpreted the character with reep feeling and appreciation of the humor to be found in it.

Samson Price, as the gentleman Tailor who aspired to soar in high society was the ideal man for the part. A person more naturally fitted to play the blustering Sidney Gibson would have been hard to procure.

Mr. Marsland, host to Eva Webster and father of Edith, the other heroine was presented by Solomon Robinson. He looked the hunting gentlemen resplendent in his pink hunting coat and put himself across to the audience.

Eva and Edith were played by Jean Goodale, who equalled here performance in Dramatics and Eleanor Thomas. Miss Thomas as the light-hearted, carefree, fun-loving lass was well chosen.

The other remaining parts played by Chester Litman, George Delano, and Claire Sibley were done in the spirit of the play and left little to be desired.

Music between the acts and before the performance was furnished by the

(Continued on Page 2)

Brookline High's New Headmaster

DR. ROWLEY MAKES M. S. P. C. A. AWARDS AT ASSEMBLY

Year Book Boosted by Teachers and Students

Dr. Rowley spoke at the assembly of April 29, under the auspices of the M. S. P. C. A., which annually sends a speaker to B. H. S. in observance of Dumb Animal Week.

In the first part of his address, Dr. Rowley made it clear that Dumb Animal Week is not a special, but a natural holiday; that we are not expected to feed the cat seven days a year, and let him starve the other 358.

The main subject of Dr. Rowley's address was the steel trap, an inhuman device by which from sixty to one hundred million animals are caught yearly. The victim of this contraption is seized by the leg and held firmly, suffering horrible tortures until Death or the hunter comes to release him. The law states that the steel trap should be visited at least once every twenty-four hours; but an innocent animal may lie in pain for 23 hours and 59 minutes, and his torturer will be within the law.

Dr. Rowley urged the students to exert all their efforts to the abolition of this inhuman trap..

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE LOSES TO CAMBRIDGE LATIN AFTER HARD FIGHT

Wolek Star Batter Netting Three Hits

Cambridge Latin knocked Brookline out of the tie with Rindge Technical for first place in the Suburban standing when the Cantabs conquered the Wealthy Town nine, 6 to 4, at Russell Field, North Cambridge, on Friday, May 23.

Latin led most of the distance. Brookline knotted the count in the fourth, but in the same inning Latin secured two runs to again go in front. In the sixth Brookline again tied but Latin made one run to break the tie and then was never headed. Brookline had three runners on base in the seventh, but Reardon the Latin catcher, ran into the diamond to block a delayed steal and trapped Andy Madden off third.

Latin obtained two runs in the first. Brookline tied the score in the fourth and again in the sixth on an error and singles by Jamieson and Wolek. In the last of the sixth Latin took the winning lead. With one down, Sheehan walked, Reardon singled and Sullivan rolled to Wolek, who made a perfect peg to the plate but Jamieson dropped it and Sheehan tallied.

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE TRACKSTERS DEFEAT NEWTON 42½-29½

Hootstein Scores 13 Points

RED AND BLUE CAPTURE SIX OF THE EIGHT FIRST PLACES

By capturing six of eight first places Brookline conquered her ancient rival in the annual meet on Nickerson's Field, Riverside, on May 16. The Hinesman were inspired by Mr. Hines' speech before the meet and went in with the determination to win or die in the attempt, and, strange to say, they are still alive.

Captain Bernard Hootstein was the high scorer winning both 100 yd. and 220 yd. dashes with ease and scoring in the shotput. Chester Litman was also a double winner, coming out in front in both the 120 yd. hurdles and the running broad jump. Brookline's chances were aided considerably by a clean sweep in the 440 yd. run in which Charles Gow, Charles French and Sidney Rabinowitz figured in the order named. The 880 yd. run was closely contested between Lindsey Brigham of Brookline and Captain Charles Hall of Newton. After a terrific fight on the last corner of the last lap Lindsey Brigham's superior lasting power put him out in front and kept him there until the finish line was crossed. Charlie Gow also took second place in the 100 yd. dash beating out Milton Green of Newton by a close fight.

Only James Cooligen in the shotput and Sewall Champion and John Grist in the high jump could garner first places for Newton, which was handicapped by the loss of Walter Holmes, 100 yd. dash star, declared ineligible before the meet. Milton Green of Newton did remarkable work in four events; scoring seconds in the 220 yd. dash, the 120. yd. hurdles and the running broad jump, and third in the 100 yd. dash. Besides scoring second in the 440 yd. run Charles French of Brookline pulled out a third in the running broad jump. Rain spoiled the day for the high jumpers and the best Edward Dooskin of Brookline could do was a tie for third in this event.

The summary:

100 yd. dash—Won by Bernard Hootstein of Brookline; Charles Gow, Brookline, second; Milton Green, Newton, third. Time, 10 3-5s.

220 yd. dash—Won by Bernard Hootstein, Brookline; Milton Green, Newton, second; Alfred Mouser Newton, third. Time 24s.

(Continued on Page 2)

A MONGREL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

After his address, Dr. Rowley distributed fourteen awards to those who had submitted prize-winning posters to the M. S. P. C. A. Animal poster contest. The winners were as follows:

First or Blue Ribbon Medals: Helen Hagar, Selma Green, Gladys Brightman Ruth Reimer, Christian Melcherson, and Josephine Blatt

Second or Red Ribbon Medals: George Robinson, Van Crews, Elsie A. Dawson, and Dorothea Long.

Honorable Mention and one year's Subscription to "Dumb Animals:" Martha B. Henderson, Mary Brewer, Barbara Colpack, and Alma Shmauk.

The second half of this assembly was given over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to ANNALS, namely, the year book committee. (By the way, this is decidedly not a "DUMB annal").

Mr. Jewett spoke briefly on the advantages of purchasing the year book, and was followed by Leona Moss, the chairman of the committee. Leona reminded the home room representatives that the two members of each class presenting the highest scores will receive a leather-bound, self-autographed, year book.

Robert Lett, a member of the freshman class, and Bob Hall, a popular sophomore, gave several reasons for supporting publication.

Miss Taft, who has always given her ready support to the year book furnished several interesting facts about the financial side. The school makes no profit on the book.

Mr. Taylor, with his usual lively manner, said a few words about the business side of the book.

And the moral of the tale is "Support your school 'annal' lest it get its foot caught in the steel trap of experiences."

BROOKLINE LOSES 1st PLACE IN SUBURBAN LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 1)

CAMBRIDGE

	ab	bh	po	a
Casey, p	5	0	0	2
Barry, lf	2	0	0	0
O'Keefe, lf	1	0	0	0
Lakakas, rf	4	2	2	0
LaRond, cf	4	2	0	0
Conlon, 2	1	0	0	3
Sheehan, 1	2	0	10	0
Reardon, c	3	2	10	2
Sullivan, ss	4	1	2	2
Morgan, 3	3	1	3	3

BROOKLINE

	ab	bh	po	a
J. Timmins, ss	5	2	0	0
Noonan, r	5	1	1	0
W. Timmins, 2	5	0	5	3
Larkin, cf	3	1	0	0
Ainsworth, lf	4	0	1	0
Jamieson, c	4	1	10	2
Wolek, 3	4	3	0	0
Cahill, 1	3	0	6	0
Gleason, 1	1	0	1	0
Madden, p	4	2	0	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cam.	2	0	0	2	0	1	1	0		—6
Brook.	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	—4

LITMAN AND BRIGHAM STAR IN TRACK VICTORY OVER NEWTON MEN

(Continued from Page 1)

440 yd. run—Won by Charles Gow, Brookline; Charles French, Brookline, second; Sidney Aabinowitz, Brookline, third. Time, 54s.

880 yd. run—Won by Lindsey Brigham, Brookline; Charles Hall, Newton, second; Vincent Signore, Newton, third. Time 2m. 7 2-5s.

120 yd. hurdles—Won by Chester Litman, Brookline; Milton Green, Newton, second; Charles Hall, Newton, third. Time, 15 2-5s.

Shotput—Won by James Colligen, Newton; Bernard Hootstein, Brookline, second, Charles Nayor, Brookline, third. Distance, 43 ft. 7 in.

High jump—Tie for first between Sewall Champion Grist, both of Newton; Tie for third between Edward Dooskin, Brookline and Bartlett, Newton. Height 5 ft. 4 in.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Chester Litman, Brookline; Milton Green, Newton, second, Charles French, Brookline, third. Distance, 19 ft. 7 in.

JOHN MYERS LEADS FINE BANK ASSEMBLY

The president of the Brookline High School bank, John Myers, took charge of the assembly of May 6. Noting the fact that so many of our teachers have outside interests vastly different from the subject they teach, Mr. Myers introduced to us Mr. Snow, who, although head of the Classical Department, is greatly interested in the more practical subject of Economics.

Mr. Snow told us something of his plan of living—to save on luxuries, but not on education; for a luxury is a thing which is unnecessary, and it is an open secret that business men are demanding far better education from their subordinates than formerly. Although Mr. Snow neither illustrated his remarks nor displayed his histrionic ability as he does in the classroom, what he said was stamped clearly on our minds.

When Mr. Snow sat down, Mr. Allen Stoddard, recently elected vice-president of the Council of Economic education, spoke to us. He had just come from Belmont, in whose schools the systems of Economic Education is about to be installed. According to Mr. Stoddard, Brookline has been a pioneer in teaching children Money management, and the whole United States has watched the progress of the experiment with great interest. We ought to be proud to be citizens of such a town, and grateful for the unequalled opportunity it affords us of learning how to take care of money.

Mr. Stoddard concluded his speech by urging us to take advantage of the course in Economic Education which Miss Barnard provides us. Then we filed back to our rooms, feeling a new pride in our town and even greater respect for our school.

1930 TEAM SHOWS RECORD SUCCESS

Noses out Newton 4-2

Brookline is still continuing one of the most successful baseball seasons in many years. At present the team is tied with Rindge for the Suburban League championship, both winning four games and losing one.

Brookline's third league game was played with Newton on May 3rd, which resulted in a 4-2 victory for the Red and Blue. Andy Madden undoubtedly twirled one of the finest games of his career, giving but one pass and allowing only three hits, while he received excellent support from his team mates who collected a total of ten safties.

Newton started the scoring at the very start of the game when Elrod, Newon's football star, was hit in the shoulder, went to second on Dolton's walk, and scored on Bennett's single.

Brookline came back in the third with three runs, Singles by the well-known sluggers, Tom Noonan, Bill Timmins, Tom Larkin and Norm Jameson accounted for these tallies. This lead was further increased in the seventh inning with two out, when the Timmins brothers and Noonan brought in another run. A last inning rally of Newton's gave her a second run which came in on Bill Timmins wild throw to first.

In the next Suburban League game, the one with Rindge, Brookline was cmpletely swamped, 11-3.

The whole team, excepting Tom Noonan and Bill Timmins, seemed to have an off-day. Andy Madden was knocked out of the box in the seventh inning, while Jim Timmins made three errors. It was a free-hitting contest with three home runs as the main feature. Bill Timmins was the only Brookline man to make one but his scored Tom Noonan, also, in the third inning.

Last Saturday Brookline remained at the top by edging out Everett in a very hard-fought game with the slim margin of one run, winning 3-2. Tom Noonan pitched a safe and reliable game and struck out ten despite the fact that the team made four errors. Lou Wolek finally broke his batting slump when he made two singles.

Everett made her first run in the second inning, but Brookline regained the lead in the fourth, when Jameson drove a triple into center field which was almost caught, and Wolek and Kelly singled.

The game was really clinched in the sixth because Wolek singled, stole second, and scored on a passed ball.

In the first of the seventh, errors by Jamieson and Bill Timmins gave Everett her second run.

Besides the league games, Brookline has also played two other High Schools, Lowell and Jamaica Plain, losing the first 6-5, and winning the second, 4-1.

LIST OF CLASS DAY AIDES AND MARSHALS READ AT LEAGUE MEETING

The Senior and Sophomore members of the Girls' League were hostesses to the Junior and Freshman girls at the last meeting of the year held May 9th, in the Auditorium. Miss Sawyer during the business part of the meeting, told the girls about the furniture which had been bought for the Girls' League room many uses for the remaining fifteen dollars in the Treasury were suggested. Keenly awaited was the reading of the lists of Marshals and aides for Class Day who are as follows:—Head Marshol Helene Dawson, remaining Marshals, Rosalind Badaracco, Lelia Barclay, Agatha Barrow, Ruth Blackwood, Natalie Brondy, Martha Dodge, Marion Donahue, Jean Goodale, Miriam Helpern, Margaret Holt, Francis Keyes, Dorothea MacMillan, Margaret Malone, Malone, Dorothy Manning, Helen McIndoe, Ruth O'Neil, Katherine Plakias, Thelma Science, Esther Sassman, Helene Vigeant, Yvonne Vigeant, Alice Werner, Elizabeth Weston, and Florence Friedman. The Head Aide is

(Continued on Page 3))

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" A GREAT SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

High School Band led by Mr. McCoy.

It is estimated that about 500 attended the performance and perhaps 200 went downstairs at the close for dancing.

(Editorial Note). It is to be regretted that so few had an opportunity to enjoy this performance and it is hoped, that in the event of another performance by the School, more will be permitted the pleasure of attending.—L.B.

BROOKLINE PLACES THIRD IN HARVARD INTERSCHOLASTICS

Gow and Litman Star For Brookline

On May 10, Brookline tracksters scored 13 points to place in a tie for third at the Harvard Interscholastic track meet at Soldiers field. The Hinesmen turned in a very unexpected places, two fourth places and one performance, getting two second fifth place.

Chester Litman, Brookline's star performer in the meetalthough slated for first place in the hurdles, after winning his trial and semi-final heats, my some mishap scored only a fourth, and also scored fifth in the running broad jump. Gow and Brigham came through with seconds in the 440 and 880 yd, runs respectively. Captain Hootstein pulled a fourth in the hundred yd. dash.

Coach Hines was grealy pleased at the performance of his boys and expects to see a victory chalked up against Newton on Friday, May 16, at Nickerson field.

GIRLS LEAGUE MEETING

(Continued from Page 2)

Betty Greenleaf, and the others are Dorothy Arnold, Adele Cohen, Adrienne Cohen, Constance Cushman, Florence Dawson, Nora Driscoll, Margaret Essery, Barbara Frank, Helen Gaulin, Grace Gow, Mary Geoghegan, Greta Hill, Sarah Irwin, Nordica Johnson, Zelda Katzeff, Barbara King, Ebelyn Landers, Mary McDonald, Katherine McNeilly, Mary Mawhinney, Margaret Robinson, Marjorie Savage, Alice Sheldon and Marion Wiggin. Miss Sawyer then read the list of Senior and Junior Advisers for next year. However, these lists are tentative. As it now stands, next year's Senior Advisers will be—Edith Anderson, Jeanne Aronson, Josephine Blatt, Joyce Callahan, Helen Collier, Constance Cushman, Elsie Dawson, Florence Dawson, Helene Dawson, Martha Dodge, Margaret Ferguson, Florence Friedman, Helene Gaulin, Betty Greenleaf, Dorothea Hall, Ethel Hansen, Greta Hill, Margaret Holt, Sara Irvin, Evelyn Levenson, Adele Lubitz, Dorothea Mac Millan, Dorothy Manning, Mary Mawhinney, Helen McIndoe, Katherine McNeilly, Devota Michelson, Marie Mullowney, Ruth Nelson, Margaret O'Neill, Katherine Platkias, Audrey Price, Doris Reed, Margaret Robinson, Ernestine Rosenbush, Helene Rosenbush, Alice Werner, Elizabeth Weston and Marion Wiggins. The Juniors advisers of nevt year will be—Esther Byer, Mary Clark, Katherine Forbes, Carola Nasmyth, Jean Whittier and Mary Ellen Weer.

Marjorie Cohen, a graduate of 1928, who has just returned from studying Music abroad, played an exquisite piece of Debussy's and also a Scherzo. Ethel Hanson who was this school's delegate to the Red Cross Convention in Washington, enumerated many interesting features and results of the Conference. A Fashion Show by E. T. Slattery and Company was greatly enjoyed. The models, who were students of the high school, showed to the audience not only dresses suitable for graduation, but also many very charming summer outfits including sports, afternoon, and evening dresses. Refreshments and dancing in the lunch room brought to an end the delightful afternoon for which a vote of thanks is due to the Seniors and Sophomore Girl League members.

EXCHANGES

Authentic,—Stonham High School, Stonham, Mass. You have a good magazine, but your jokes—which we liked—seemed terribly scattered, they necessitated a lot of searching.

Shuttle,—High School of Practical Arts, Boston Mass. A very nice complete magazine.

The Clarion,—Jamaica Plain High School, Jamaica Plain, Mass. You are lucky in having such a number of good poets, and the futuristic cut on your cover is fine.

The Elm,—The Elm tree on your cover deserves the highest praise and your contents is very good. Please don't forget us this June.

"NIGHT HAD SPREAD HER SABLE VEIL"

The hall was all deserted, the purple shadows lay
Along the floor in misty rows, the shreds of dying day,
A brooding dusk o'erspread the place —when hark! a muffled beat!
And from the dark a figure came, on eager tripping feet.

It hastened questing down the hall, and searched with frantic air
Along the walls, upon the floor, a thing that was not there,
It hunted long in every room, and last it paused before
A haunt of ghosts and demon sprites, and opened wide the door.

The place was dark, aye, black as jet, and seemed at first sight bare
Of any presence, man or fiend, but yet a Form was there
Still blacker than the night itself; and grouped around the room
Were shifting shades and mocking ghouls, that mingled with the gloom.

The Presence raised its awful head, and gazed with deepening scowl;
The gliding phantoms on the wall set up an eerie howl;
The Presence rose—it pondered on a brazier burning near—
It poured a greenish powder in, and watched with evil leer.

Great sparks arose; the room grew hot, hotter than any hell,
And while great yellow clouds rolled up the Presence crooned a spell,
A dull, incessant roar was heard—the watcher stayed no more,
He overturned the brazier dim, and bolted towards the door.

The Presence rose; with fiery eyes it fixed the fleeing form,
But, wild with fear to feel that gaze sink in like talons warm,
He tore away, and rushing out fell fainting on the sward,
And lay and trembled, head in arms, to 'scape that awful hord.
And when, next day, his courage roused, he dared to pass the door,
He found,—no sign of demons—just some burned marks on the floor.
So if YOU ever leave a book at School —don't go at night,
It's safer far to stay at home and wait for morning's light,
For in one room a being roams, who skulks behind the door;
It seizes those who enter in—and they are seen no more!

The Election for the Captain of the Track Team was held Tuesday, in Mr. Hines' office. Lindsey Brigham was elected for 1931.

GIRLS' SPORTS

On Monday, May 19th, our Tennis Team was defeated by that of Malden High School, with a score of 3-2. In the first doubles, Rosalind Badaracco and Sally Jones won their match. Frances Keyes and Dorothy Manning gained the victory in the second doubles for Brookline. Betty Richey, Anne Delano and Gladys Norris lost their singles, however, and Malden was victorious by a narrow margin.

In recognition of the Tercentenary Celebration, an Indian dance is now being rehearsed for Class Day. There is a gratifying large attendance at practices, and an excellent performance should result.

Chevrons are to be distributed for passing the best in beginners Tennis, held every Thursday. This text, which comprises the various strokes and the method of scoring, promotes the girl who passes it to the advanced group.

Dorothy MacMillan

OUR LIFE IN BOOK FORM

"Merry Men" — When they get a good mark.

"Empty House" — After 2:00 (maybe)???!!!

"Half Hours" — Lunch time.

"Comedy of Errors" — Correcting test papers.

"In Times of Peril" — During Exams.

"As You Like It" — 90%—100%.

"As You Get It" — 45%—65%.

"The Day of Fate" — When reports come out.

"Twice Told Tales" — Excuses for not having your homework done.

"Hard Times" — When we're broke (especially after Socials).

"Within Prison Walls" — All of us.

"Voice of the People" — The Faculty.

"The Definite Object" — Diploma.

"Our Vanishing Wild Life" — 'Nuf Sed!

YE SOPHOMORE STILL RAVING

The Sophomore class extends its heartfelt sympathy to Wallace Capron. Brooklyn is so far away!—Andrew!

And then there was the book report that began, "The technique and charm of this book."

We wish Lindsey Brigham would get Elizabeth Bennett to tell him her secret ambition. And that's what the "Sag" room did for her.

We didn't know that so many of last year's Freshmen were taking four years in three until the Junior social.

We're beginning to think that the "R" Column was correct in its feminine statistics what with Miriam Hurwitz being asked to depart from Latin class.

Roger Burkhardt says that he would like to take a P.G. for love! And its not for love of the school either.

Never shift your mouth into high gear until you are sure your brains are turning over.

"Library Lines" were mislaid, and therefore omitted from last issue. We wish to apologize for the error, and assure our readers that such an omission will not occur again.

A surprising incident took place in the Main Library recently. Some students in Junior English were required to read some short stories by Guy de Maupassaut. One faithful worker wandered into the library, and demanded a piece of string. The librarian, a bit astonished, produced a ball of string. And then the student elucidated—he wanted the short story, "A Piece of String" by Maupassaut, not a ball of twine!

"The Scholastic" is now running a very interesting column of new books, conducted by Mrs. Becker. Mrs. Becker has selected splendid, modern books, really worthwhile to students. A copy of "The Scholastic" may be found in the Library at any time.

In response to a paper's questionnaire "What three books have most influenced you?" Mr. Bernard Shaw replied "Who told you my career was influenced by three books?" Moral—Don't be a three-book reader.

Students interested in Modern History or Biography might like this:—

A lady went into a book store, and asked for the "new book by the Premier of Italy." The clerk brought copies of Mussolini's autobiography and his new novel, but the customer did not seem to be satisfied. Finally her eyes lit upon a copy of Sabatini's "Hounds of God." She grabbed it, and exclaimed blissfully, "Ah, I knew I would recognize it when I saw it!"

"Hobbies" the magazine of the Children's Museum was presented to our Library by Paul Rutledge, editor and journalist. It contains interesting articles, poetry, comments on art etc.

The Best Marks received by Junior English Classes for Library Lessons were:

1. II A Miss Allen's Class.
2. II T Mr. Fleming's Class.
3. II F Mr. Keegan's Class.
4. II L Mr. Downing's Class.

The New England School Library Association has chosen Mrs. Siebeins on the Executive Committee. We are proud that Mrs. Siebeins is **our** Librarian.

The Library Staff is going on a picnic to Wellesley next Saturday. A good time is expected—We hope it won't rain.

New Books

Chief Modern Poets of England and America, selected by Sanders and Nelson.

Art and Germany. Kiesel and Thick.

Winning Declarations and how to Speak them—Shurter

Restaurant Management, Principles, and Practice.

Marie Antoinette, the Player Queen —Palache.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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JUST A BIT OF NONSENSE

Preamble: the editors of this publication have given themselves the honor to print the slight outburst hereafter penned to fill in some blank space which was recently discovered hiding about the Sag office. In fact they have reinforced their offer by a certain consideration in the form of money (if the check is good). Ordinarily the consideration offered has been of too slight value to be noticed, but friendship has its ties which cannot be decently avoided, so here we are. With the understanding that what follows is written merely to fill up space, you may continue the reading. The pleasure is all yours.

We notice with certain pangs of regret that our beloved Senior class is leaving us for the happy-hunting-ground of life, that is, many of them are departing. Some will find the blow of leave-taking too strong a pull upon their heartstrings and will again be with us during the coming year. It has been well-said and truly that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

We have remarked with some concern the remarks passed in the class prophecy and will at the indoor exercises on Class Day. No doubt these are to be attributed to the kindly feelings the Seniors hold toward the underclassmen, those feelings of which they have so often and with so great emotion spoken. As the years pass on it seems to have become a privilege of the highest class on the eve of its departure into the outer world to slander those whom they refuse to acknowledge to be their betters. However, every dog has his day, and if we do say it ourselves, we need take no back seat when it comes to slinging the mud. Selah.

Soon, along with the coming of the heat, there will appear the annual outburst of white knickers. By the time this is in your hands they will be in full bloom. This has come to be an expected and much-heralded event in the best circles, one comparable to the Lindbergh dress trousers and the Lunch Room quartette. It is a surprising but nevertheless true fact that even the best people seem to fall into the spirit of the thing and make their public appearances so garbed without the slightest embarrassment.

And side by side with the white knickers will come the harried facial expressions of those poor mortals who are afflicted with that terrible gall of College Boards. These wretches wander about as though oppressed with the weight of the centuries, and take it from me, if you value your life, be wary of any who appear gloomy. They do not so much desire comforting as they do information.

CROSS AND DOUBLE-CROSS

It was the night before the big fight and Kid Kandy and his manager, Joe Hardy, sat gloomily in the Kid's dressing room.

"Say Kid," said Hardy, "we're not getting an even break on tomorrow nights' dough."

"The fight's tomorrow. It's too late to strike for more money now, and besides I've already signed up." As the Kid said this he leaned back and watched Hardy.

"I've got an idea," said Hardy jumping up suddenly.

"Nothing crooked," warned the Kid as he eyed Hardy suspiciously.

"Shut up," growled Hardy. "Get your hat. I'm running this outfit."

Half an hour later, Kid Kandy and Joe Hardy walked into Battling Brown's dressing room. Battling Brown was to be Kid Kandy's opponent on the following night and he knew that his chances for winning were small. When the Kid and his manager came in they saw that Brown had just finished dressing after his daily work-out.

"Hello, boys," greeted Hardy as he nodded to Brown and his manager, Curley, who was also in the room.

"To what do we owe this visit?" asked Curley as he looked about for a place to put his cigar ash.

"We need dough," said Hardy, "How much will you give me to win tomorrow night's fight?"

Both Curley and Brown looked startled. They walked off into a corner whispering. Finally Curley spoke up.

"Two hundred dollars," he said, "provided we get a written guarantee that the Kid will lay down."

Hardy ran his hand over an imaginary beard, bit his lips, and finally nodded his head. He drew up a paper in which the Kid agreed to "lay down"

(Continued on Page 5)

SUB AQUA

How I came to be a resident in Sub Aqua would take too long to narrate; suffice it to say that I am the priest in this fantastic city of self-appointed exiles.

I shall endeavor to convey to you some of the customs of this city. But do not be too hasty about condemning this as being purely imagination and an impossibility. These habits are the edict of the master of Sub Aqua is water!

Yes, you have probably already derived it from the name. Sub Aqua is composed of a group of allied submarines perfected to a great degree.

It is very much like any ordinary city. For example; we have a church, hospital, school, laboratory and almost every trade is represented, according to our need.

This is the average day of a Sub Aquarian: At seven every morning the whole city rises to the surface of the water for air, and to make it possible for each person to board that submarine on which his day's work is by means of small boats. The children then go to school except on Sunday, when everyone goes to church except those needed to regulate the submarines. Those whose task it is, take the time by means of the sun, observe then position, and determine the weather for the day. The nets, which have been out all night are hauled in and that which is of use is taken. Although the city rarely moves, on occasions it travels, "en masse," for greater secrecy.

They then descend. The women do the cooking on electric stoves, rooms are heated and lighted by electricity obtained from the water which, as you know, contains much electricity.

Their food is similar to ours. Of course, they have a great variety of fish, and shell food, but there are some fish which contain flesh of a

(Continued on Page 5)

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1. LOCATION at the Arlington Street Station of the Subway, cor. of Boylston and Arlington Streets, opposite Public Gardens. *Easily and safely accessible* from all points either by Surface or Subway.
2. BUILDING erected especially for this School, and with the exception of the ground floor, *used exclusively by the School.* Unsurpassed in convenient construction and equipment for the purposes of Commercial Training.
3. COURSES which fit both *High School and College Graduates* to meet the demands of Modern Business; opening the way for rapid advancement to Executive Positions.
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8. NO SOLICITORS OR AGENTS employed by this School to *annoy students or their parents* by high pressure sales tactics in their anxiety to secure commissions or enrollments.

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R Colyum

Ho-hum (sigh. . . . sigh). It's quite some struggle pecking out a column these debilitating days, but we must not disappoint our public.

* * * *

We hope you didn't miss that poem, **Soliloquy,** in the last issue. Yes indeed John Keats lives all over again. Now we wonder, who was the modern Fanny Brawn who inspired such rapture?

* * * *

When Marion and Henry left the room together, the instructor remarked, "I'm sorry those girls have left." Funny? Oh, convulsing!

* * * *

My, my, what diversity of opinion. First we find out that there is a young man attending this school who was under the impression that we had engaged in some useful occupation. Later we were taken down a peg when a teacher told us she was quite convinced that we were a "P.G." And now a senior ma'mselle observes in us a perfect likeness for a freshman. —oh well.

* * * *

As General Schwartz says it; "Pontoons, right by squads." We're in the navy now, as it seems.

* * * *

Compared to Ethel Feinsilver, Floyd Gibbons is a mute with his hands in his pockets.

* * * *

"Many are called," but few show up at some of those year-book pictures.

* * * *

At last Barrie's brain-child has come to life. Peter Pan walks the way in this very school. At least it seems to be the consensus of opinion that Bobby Haines will never grow up.

* * * *

Our idea of a pessimist is the chap who still has anti-freeze in his automobile radiator. Of course, if he has it in his own "radiator" he is a decided optimist.

* * * *

Whenever there is an infield fly in a B. H. S. game no one ever yells, "Timmons take it." Or do they?

* * * *

We wonder if Tom Ainsworth chews gum in his sleep.

* * * *

Someone who lives on Davis Avenue thought the SAGAMORE has a Vox Pop and wrote a letter complaining of the disturbance caused by Tom Larkin's too frequent pounding on the roofs of that neighborhood.

* * * *

As one young lady already knows, the alley behind S. S. Pierce's is no good as a place for clandestine nocturnal meetings, because Eddie Tonra will see you.

* * * *

The date of graduation was changed because Mr. Maginnis has to go away Friday night.

CROSS AND CROSS

(Continued from Page 4)

When they were out on the street again Hardy said to the Kid, "That was a neat stroke of business."

If the Kid agreed, he showed no sign of it. He sulked along without a word. Finally he said, "I hate to throw the fight to that half-trained amateur."

"You don't have to," said Hardy.

"Huh!"

"Sure! That paper is no good to them. It's just as incriminating to them as it is to us. Savvy?"

"But that's doing them a double-cross," argued the Kid.

"What of it? You win tomorrow night's fight. Understand? Win!" shouted Hardy.

"Yes," muttered the Kid slowly, "I'll win."

The next night the Kid was knocked out in the fourth round. While he was sitting half dazed in his room, Hardy dashed in.

"So you let him knock you out after all? You yellow sap! Where's your nerve?"

"Listen Hardy—" began the Kid.

"—Listen to nothing. There you have a chance to make two hundred

(Continued on Page 6)

SUB AQUA

(Continued from Page 4)

taste exactly similar to some kinds of meat. Albatross and various varieties of sea gulls are often killed, and the sea otter is discovered in some waters.

Salt is obtained from sea water from which the water, has been allowed to evaporate, and drinking water by a scientific process by which salt water is purified and made possible to drink. Milk is furnished by female mammals, killed by the hunters, in great quantities. One whale furnishes about a ton of milk from which butter and cheese may be made.

Vegetables of some variety grow in great quantities under water, and a very rare kind of sea weed provides smoking tobacco.

There is no form of money or unit of exchange in Sub Aqua. All work is arranged by the president who is elected for one year. Each man has his life work.

Our clothes are made from material and clothing salvaged from submerged wrecks by our expert divers.

For recreation we walk the bottom of the ocean by means of diving suits most efficient in every way. We pass what little time we have after our

(Continued on Page 6)

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BROOKLINE

Gratis

This week's Hit (or Miss) Of The Week Record : The Assembly Song—"I'm Asleep, But Aren't We All?"

* * * *

Just when we were getting our lip-reading perfected, they come along with the talkies!

* * * *

To show how little the authorities know of the student mind—we feel quite sure that they would rather **eat** at recess than **park.** There's a time for **every**thing.

* * * *

S'prise- We ONCE saw Josie Axelrod when she hadn't just pulled a run the length of her stocking.

* * * *

And just the other day Walter Scott was seen hurrying—oh, dear,—this weather is so-o **en**ervating!

* * * *

We're inclined to think Eddie Chandler's English drawl genuine. Eh, what, ol' sock?

* * * *

This is the time of the year when the girls who spent the winter tucking up straggling ends of "growing" hair under their hats, cut them off to be cool. They'll repeat the process next year—mais qui comprend les femmes?

* * * *

Notice on blackboard in 221—

Final exams begin June 12, 1990—well, anyway we're sure of passing them by **then!**

* * * *

Spring time, spruring tyme—'tis most enlightening to watch a littul bee chase littul Bea Rosenberg alla way down Park Street! Isn't there someone who'll protect her from the horrid bugs?

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THIS DIZZY WORLD

By James H. Boston

Upon the street I daily fare and as I falter, ponder there, a question rises in my brain and forthwith, rendered quite insane, I mutter low the old refrain,—"Oh, whither are we drifting?"

This mad world, this bad world, this whirling, twirling age-scarred sphere, I must confess I greatly fear unless you halt your wild career, you'll perish, flounder, disappear—in short you'll be no more!

From curb to curb I slyly creep with hopes the autos are asleep. But no, from the blithesome sky a flivver doth its prey espy, and swooping low with baleful eye,—pursues me 'till I gain escape!

The sun descends and from a shed a bandit whangs me on the head! I hear the pretty cuckoo's song and wake upon a smiling dawn with shekels, cane and turnip gone!—a lump upon my dome.

I breeze before the magistrate and there disclose my evil fate. In eloquent and learned style all knaves and pilferers I revile, demanding they be brought to trial, but I am fined and thrown in jail,—charged with inebriation;

Pedler on my porch I find and sitting quietly resigned, a lecture fills my cringing ears which, coupled with his winning leers, quite brings me to the verge of tears. At last the villain takes my check—and bids me fond adieu!

Thus are the evils of the earth,—we spend our lives with joy and mirth, while all around us there exist a horde of faults that will persist. Nor do we stubbornly resist, but seem in actions as to say,"'Twill be what is to be."

Make auto demons dearly pay! Wipe booze-joints from the light of day! Commence a few clean-up crusades! Stop profiteers' and gunmens' raids! On flapper styles pull down the shades —and then the earth may yet survive!

Finis

SUB AQUA

(Continued from Page 5)

day's work by singing, telling stories and reading books from our well stocked library.

Our submarines are furnished with every luxury obtained from the earth world when our city was first constructed. It is not very old and we have all kinds of comfort except radios and telephones.

When any girl marries, she goes to live with her husband in his family's submarine.

I believe that Sub Aqua is the most perfect city alive in that each person in it has freedom and is happy. Thus, we have no need of prisons, or such detriments. No city on earth could ever say that each one of its citizens was happy. Return to land is purely voluntary, but no one has ever desired to return. Life is too pleasant in Sub Aqua.

CHARGE OF THE FRANKFORT BRIGADE

"Forward the Frankfort Brigade!"
Was there a dog dismayed?
Not though the sausage knew
  Someone had blundered;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to bark and sigh,
Theirs but to lie and fry;—
Into the gullet of Dan
  Rode the poor Frankfort.

Jaws to the right of them,
Jaws to the left of them,
Jaws grim in front of them
  Crunched him and gobbled;
Stormed at with tooth and filling,
Sadly he rode, unwilling,
Into the jaws of Dan,
Into the mouth of Nan
  Rode the poor Frankfort.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Noble hot Dog Brigade!
  Noble hot Frankfort.

PURDY

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MUSES ON JUST THINGS

Did you ever stop to realize that you can't judge people or things by their origin or their past?

Just think! Pearls are found by an injury to an oyster. The finest perfumes are made from ambergius which comes from an ulcer in a whale's stomach. Silk is spun by worms and orchids are parasites which bloom in dark swamps.

It isn't what you were or where you came from, it's what you are now that really matters. Very true!

They say that persons who look forward never grow old in mind, while those who are continually living in the past to regret and say, "oh! Why didn't I do this or that?" become as musty and as uninteresting as those memories.

Do you know that we find just what we are looking for? We think so much of the thing that we wish, or don't wish that our minds conjure up a picture to fit or dress something else in the qualities desired.

People who adopt such mottos as "Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!" (everything passes, everything breaks, everything tires) are cowards who are to lazy to go out and meet things, but accept that motto as a good excuse for sitting back comfortably in a ringside seat.

Also, you get out of this complicated life just what you put into it. No interest!

What is Luck? Just an excuse handy for envious people to use to explain their neighbors' superior ability.

But one can't pull aside every veil to expose people in all their ugly nudity. One can't pull every subterfuge into the merciless light for examination.

For you see, in this sophistacated world we all act out a little play of our own. Why even courtesy is composed of lies and affectatious.

It is far better not to think too much. Introspective people are usually the ones who become insane.

There are so many reasons why one should and why one shouldn't.

Thoughts are like diabolical imps playing tag with one another in our brains, knats which build a nest there and increase endlessly.

But I could talk forever and in the end find myself at my starting place. I've gotten myself in too deep to be able to extricate myself easily. All I've accomplished is a dissertation.

CROSS AND DOUBLE CROSS

(Continued from Page 5)

bucks extra and win the fight and you let him knock you out."

Hardy barely finished when Curley and Brown strode into the room. Curley strode up to where Hardy stood and looked at him pityingly.

"So you tried to double-cross me? Well, the Kid wouldn't lay down but he got knocked out fair and square!"

Hardy sank back into a chair.

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GEOMETRY ASKIOMS

What does the polygon say to the circle?" "Oh, you're the limit!"

* * * *

What's the good of taking reducing exercises, if a figure can be moved through space without changing its shape and size?

* * * *

Why do they call them mean **and** extreme ratios, we think all ratios are aw'fly "mean."

* * * *

They used to say that there are seven seventies in one apple, now they're trying to make us believe that there are twenty-two sevenths in one pi.

* * * *

What's the shape of a Riss? Eliptical, of course.

* * * *

Use the word "tangent" in a sentence: "I saw a tan-gent with the most adorable pickaninny yesterday."

* * * *

—you tickle;"

* * * *

Why produce a line,—it's the same on both ends.

* * * *

Said the circle to the line, "I wish I had your figure."

* * * *

And they call this **"plain"** geometry!

* * * *

As the chord said to the tangent, "I'll be with you,—in a 'secant'!"

—Josephine Blatt

IF SONGS COULD BE ILLUSTRATED

Among My Souvenirs — Tardy and Absence Slips.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling — Getting through.

Four Walls — B. H. S.

Good News — Day Deficiencies come out.

When Day Is Done — 1:30 Everyday (Maybe)!!!

Worryin' — Before a Test.

AFTER VACATION

Doesn't it make you mad to find
That you have to go back to the same old grind,
And say good-bye to every kind
Of recreation?

Doesn't it make you feel darn punk
To have to rise from a cozy bunk,
And race to school for the same old junk
After vacation?

Wouldn't you like to crown the guy
Who looks at you with an evil eye,
Then asks you the "who" and "where" and "why"
Of Gravitition?

....

Doesn't it make you shudder and shout
When you see the same old books about;
Wouldn't you love to throw them out
After vacation?

Doesn't it make you almost cry
And sorta hot and bothered, too,
When teacher orders you to do
A tough translation?

Doesn't it make you awful blue,
To watch the hours go dragging by
In subjects that are extra dry
After vacation?

Doesn't it make you sad to think
Vacation's gone in half a wink,
And that you'll never get a blink
At dissipation?

"The better things are," the wise men say,
"The harder it is when they're taken away."
And so it is with the first long day
After vacation.

J. Blatt

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Varsity's Drag — With the Faculty.

There Ought to a Law against—Home Work.

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Father: "When he proposed, didn't you ask him to see me?"

Daughter: "Yes, and he said he had seen you several times, but that he loved me just the same!"

* * * *

"Brown has taken up painting now, and he's sold four pictures—he inherited his talent from his father."

"Was he a painter?"

"No, he sold pictures."

* * * *

He: "A penny for your thoughts."

She: "What do you think I am? A slot machine?"

* * * *

Customer: "That chicken I bought yesterday had no wishbone."

Poultryer: "He was a happy and contented chicken ma'am, and had nothing to wish for."

* * * *

Artist: "I am out here to make a number of sketches. I love to get local color."

Rustic: "You're gettin' it, mister. I just painted that bench you're sittin' on this morning."

* * * *

Wife (reading newspaper): "It says here that a girl, single-handed, landed a fish at Long Island weighing 145 pounds."

Hubby: "What's his name?"

* * * *

Coach—"Did you take a shower?"

Frosh—"Why, no, is there one missing?"

Judge XYZ of Plainville on his return told us the following story:

"I was in Montana several weeks ago, and noticed the announcement of a sermon on the billboard of a church. The upper part gave the pastor's sermon subject: 'Do you Know What Hell Is?' Directly under it was the following: "Come In and Hear Our New Organist'!"

* * * *

Young Trainman: "Now then, mum, take your seat. The train's going."

Mother: "O, but I must give my daughter a kiss."

Y. T.: "That's all right, mum, I'll see to that for you."

* * * *

Miss Allen (translating): "They lived in close quarters."

Charles Connor: "They must have been Scotch."

* * * *

Mr. Mockler: "What's the idea of closing one window and opening another?"

Voice from rear: "A change of air."

* * * *

Locating the Trouble

First Garage Mechanic—"A Mr. Beard from Calaveras county was in a few minutes ago."

Second Ditto—"An old timer?"

First Garage Mechanic—"No, a new carburetor."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVI, 14 BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 6, 1930 TEN CENTS

THE CLASS OF 1930'S GRAND FAREWELL

CLASS DAY HISTORY INTERESTING ONE

Earlier Celebration Called Lilac Day

DR. ROBERTS ORIGINATOR

The history of Class Day is an interesting one. Long, long ago,—that is, prior to 1908.—there was no Class Day, instead the school had a festival known as Lilac Day. In those days the whole Quad was surrounded, about where the New Building stands now, by an immense hedge of lilacs. A remnant may still be seen by the lower door in the Old Building, and along the open side of the Quadrangle. In May those lilacs used to bloom so beautifully that a special day was set aside each year to hold a fête, out-of-doors where the air was fragrant, in their honor. On this day, May 17, the Brookline High School was host to the Town of Brookline. There was a special program for that day, the most popular feature of which was the May-Pole Dance given by the girls. The Glee Club sang under the direction of Mr. Cole and the orchestra furnished the music. After the program lemonade and cakes were served.

In 1900, Dr. Arthur Roberts came to Brookline from the Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, to be head of the Classical Department. At Penn Charter a great deal was made of Class Day and among the foreign schools with whom Brookline was in close touch, notably Eaton and Rugby, the same thing was true. Dr. Roberts was put in charge of the new Class Day, and it is to him that we owe the beautiful pageant that is held every year on the first Friday in June.

In 1908, a small group of Brookline High School students marched out onto the campus to the strains of the Waltham Watch Factory Band, and held the first real Class Day. At that time a great deal was made of the athletic events; the feature of the day was the Pentathlon, a series of five events, based on the Greek Olympic Pentathlon. There were the broad jump, high jump, the 100-yard dash, class relays and the Tug-of-War. Of these only the last two have survived. The other events were dances by the girls, and stunts by the boys. The military organization had been given up shortly before this, and as a balm to the public opinion which likes pomp and parade, the marching was retained, but the boys carried no guns and wore a civilian uniform.

For approximately ten years the show of Class Day was in the experimental stage. At first the athletic events were of the primary importance, human pyramids were formed by the ten best athletes in the school, drills with wands and Indian clubs by

(Continued on Page 4)

Commander in Chief

Francis Muldowney

OUTDOOR PROGRAM

1. School marches to playground.
2. Boys' regimental review.
3. Old time dance by Senior Girls.
4. Saluting the colors (by school and audience).

4.a Taking of pictures by Brookline Aero Club from aeroplane.

5. Numerals and Letters placed upon school building.

Major 1st Battalion

Robert Goldman

6. Entire school in formation upon the steps of the school.
7. Formation of horseshoe at further end of running track in order of classes, seniors on Davis Avenue side.
8. Tug-of-War (Seniors and Juniors).
9. Tug-of-War (Sophomores and Freshmen.
10. Dances by Girls.
    a. Indian Corn Dance, Making the furrow—The blessing. Sowing the seed—The Tragic Circle.
    b. English Country Dances.
    c. The Crinoline Dance.
11. Final Tug-of-War.
12. Relay race of class teams.
13. Parade of the classes. The three lower classes form along the track (gymnasium side), seniors within the school building.
14. Final march of Seniors and planting of class ivy.

(Continued on Page 2)

JUNIOR CLASS USHERS

Head Usher: Winslow Robart, Lindsey Brigham, Edward Chandler, Chester Litman, Thomas Kelley, Charles Nayor, Thomas Noonan, Norman Sondheim, Frederick Varney, Thomas Ainsworth, Ean Nyhan, John Hornsey, Thomas Ducey, Paul Goldman, Charles Gow, Bernard Hootstein, William Hyland, Warren Joyce, Harold Swenson, Charles French, Robert Monroe.

Adjutant

Thomas Larkin

Commander in Chief: Francis Muldowney, Adjutant: Thomas Larkin.

Color Bearers; Francis Fleming, George Ford. Color Guards: Thomas Hennessey, Harold Orlick.

First Battalion, Major: Robert Goldman.

Company A: Captain: David Martin, 1st Lieut: Barret McMullen, 2nd Lieut:

Company B: Captain: Sidney Rabinowitz, 1st Lieut: Arthur Levine, 2nd Lieut: Ralph Spector.

Company C: Captain: Dana Smith, 1st Lieut: Malcolm MacIver, 2nd Lieut: Alfred Reiss.

Major 2nd Battalion

Francis McCone

Company D: Captain: Frank Reinherz, 1st Lieut: Edward Howard, 2nd Lieut: John Ahern.

Company E: Captain: John Fay, 1st Lieut: Milton Herman, 2nd Lieut: Vincent McTigue.

Company F: Captain: William Minnis, 1st Lieut: Ellis Goldin, 2nd Lieut: Victor Neuman.

(Continued on Page 2)

REPETOIRE OF GAMES, DANCES AND OTHER VERY ENTERTAINING FEATURES

Again the time has come for the celebration of Brookline High School's renowned Class Day. For the twenty-third consecutive time the entire school will march down the stairs of the Old Building to do honour to the retiring Senior Class.

This year, as in other years the program opens with the school marching down the steps onto the Cypress Street playground, where the boys' regimental review takes place. A new feature of the first part of the program is the dancing of an old time dance by the Senior Girls. This is in observation of the Tercentennial.

In the second part of the program will be the Tug-of-War and the dances by the lower class girls. One of these dances which promises to be especially picturesque is called the Crinoline Dance. Another of Tercentennial interest is the Indian Corn Dance.

The Class Relays will follow the Tug-of-War final, and after that the Senior Class will plant the Class Ivy. After the Ivy Planting the whole school forms on the steps of the Old Building and there with the flower-covered leters "B. H. S." and the numerals "30" above its heads it will give one last cheer for the Class of 1930.

The exercises indoors are for the Seniors and are contucted by the seniors, only those who have tickets will be admitted. The program will be opened by Francis Muldowney, the president, with an address of welcome.

INDOOR PROGRAM

Address of Welcome, Francis Muldowney, Class President.

Dedication of Year Book, Leona Moss.

Class Oration, Herbert Finn.

Class History, Roger Burkhardt.

Class Poem, Hannah Cauman.

Selection by the Brookline High School Band.

Class Prophecy, Eleanor Thomas., Alvin Weinberg.

Presentation of Aero Club Pictures, Arthur Horn, George Mason, Al Lo-Cascio.

Class Will and Testament, Frank McCone.

Class Song, Words by Hannah Cauman; Music by Gertrude Norman.

THE CLASS DAY OFFICERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Company G: Captain: Warwick Hutchinson, 1st Lieut: David Warren, 2nd Lieut.

Seccond Battalion; Major; Frank McCone.

Company A: Captain: Solomon Robinson, 1st Lieut: Carl Shapiro, 2nd Lieut: Fred Davidson.

Company B: Captain: Ernest Bird, 1st Lieut: Paul Goldberg, 2nd Lieut: Van Crews.

Major 3rd Battalion

John Hyland

Company C: Captain: Frank Johnson, 1st Lieut: Roger Burkhardt, 2nd Lieut: Roland Taylor.

Company D: Captain: Donald Blunt, 1st Lieut: Daniel Goldberg, 2nd Lieut: Joseph Graham.

Company E: Captain: Elliot Shapira, 1st Lieut: Herbert Finn, 2nd Lieut: David Kozminsky.

Company F: Captain: Henry Hunsicker, 1st Lieut: Andrew Bruce, 2nd Lieut: Robert Bronsman.

Company G: Captain: George Hooper, 1st Lieut: Walter Murray, 2nd Lieut: Henry Weiss.

Third Battalion: Major: John Hyland.

Company A: Captain: John Hahn, 1st Lieut: Dexter Wade, 2nd Lieut: Melvin Howard.

Company B: Captain: Walter Davidson, 1st Lieut: John Myers, 2nd Lieut: Alvin Weinberg.

Company C: Captain: Charles Wolf, 1st Lieut: Peter Niland, 2nd Lieut: John McKenzie.

Company D: Captain: Irving Nisson, 1st Lieut: Norman Taber, 2nd Lieut: Irving Gordon.

Company E: Captain: Edward Dooskin, 1st Lieut: Herbert Fox, 2nd Lieut: William Webb.

Company F: Captain: Daniel Goldman, 1st Lieut: William Glazer, 2nd Lieut. Norman Swartz.

Company G: Captain: Emmett Jones, 1st Lieut: Vincent Pollina, 2nd Lieut: John Norris.

Company H: Captain: Patrick Connor, 1st Lieut: Irving Wallace, 2nd Lieut: Charles Murphy.

OUTDOOR PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 1)

Indoor exercises, admission by ticket only.

Spectators are requested to keep away from school steps and from immediately in front of school steps.

The Class Day Committee expresses its appreciation to the Brookline Aero Club, represented by Messrs. Mason, Horn and Lo Cascio.

SENIOR COMMITTEES

PICTURE

GIFT

RING AND PIN

SENIOR SOCIAL

CLASS-DAY

JUNIOR RED CROSS

DRAMATICS COMMITTEE

CLASS DAY ASSEMBLY

On Tuesday, May 17th, the annual Class Day Assembly was held in the auditorium. Robert Goldman, the chairman of the Class Day Committee, took charge of the meeting. He first made a short appeal for the same sort of co-operation from the underclassmen as the class of 1930 has always given at previous Class Days.

Miss Johns of the Gym Department was next introduced, who described the regulation costume for girls. This will consist of a white middy-blouse, black tie, white cotton skirt, white stockings and high white sneakers. The class colors will be pinned to the blouses. Miss Johns also read the lists of the marshals and aides.

Miss Sawyer was the next speaker. She announced the banner-bearers for the four classes and urged that every individual work his hardest for the success of Class Day.

Goldman then announced Mr. Jewett, who asked the school for well-conducted rehearsals and expressed the belief that this would be the finest Class Day yet.

Mr. Hines, the last speaker, announced the officers of the boys' battalions.

In honor of Mr. Akers' departure let us all do our part to make Brookline High's Class Day even more famous than it now is.

Dorothy MacMillan

LAMENT
or
WHY DO THEY DO IT

I dote on engine whistles, stockyards my respect command,
There's nothing I like better than a lusty bagpipe band,
But patience has a limit—and my placid spleen is fanned
By those SPATS!

I pride myself on self-control—I'd thirteen months of war,
Alas! it quickly leaves me. While the perspiration pours
Down my averted forehead, losing all control I roar
Hide those SPATS!

It is but nature's working, for some people cannot bear
The lurid colored Christmas ties. and others, half-grown hair
Of maidens who now "let it grow," and as for me—beware,
If you've SPATS!

When I have lived my lifetime, and my bones are solemn ash,
I shall be an evil spirit, and I'll wield my pointed lash
On certain people constantly—those ones so boldly rash
Who wear SPATS!

William Hyland was elected to be captain of next year's swimming team, last Tuesday.

Mr. Akers, Our Retiring Headmaster

B. H. S. BANK

YE SOPHOMORE STILL RAVING

We have been asked by special request to say something about Chester Litman but as we flatly refuse to "furnish falsehoods for a monthly magazine" all suggestions will be appreciated. Anything for our public.

Comes this from a sophomore English class. "Sheridan's father was his wife's husband." There lies the significance of "suus" and "eius."

We are still looking for an issue in which Gratis doesn't mention some dear sorority sister. We'll be expecting some remark, sarcastic, disdainful or otherwise directed this way in the next issue. Another one of these feuds!

A teacher (names are censured) has wisely said that some things are so difficult "they are frightening"; others are so impossibly beyond our reach that "they are humorous" and then, a few periods later, being confronted with geometry exam a poor soul just sat and roared.

Someone in the "Sag" room made reference to these "would be funny columns." Not that we have a guilty conscience—but have we ever made any pretentious of being funny? Henceforth we shall ask to have this column enclosed in heavy black margins.

THAT'S THAT

'Tis not to be or not to was.
No, that is not the question—
But shall I do as others does
—What 'tis I cannot mention.—

I really shouldn't fluctuate
I have a woman's mind,
Again I stop, I hesitate—
Oh, shall I stay behind?

Well, all the facts are settled now
My teachers have confessed
For one more lazy year or so
At Brookline High I'll rest!

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All communications should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

TEN CENTS A COPY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Advertising rates on application

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CLASS DAY

According to Noah Webster, the word class is commonly used in reference to study. A day is likewise used to mean a period. In other words, the dictionary definition of Class Day is a "Study Period."

Now, a study period, to the average individual is solely a free period. Combining the first and third terms, we find that Class Day means really a study, or free period.

Itaque, Class Day practice, to the average Freshman, Sophomore, or Senior, is merely a refuge from study, an opportunity to get out into uncanned air, and to chase his own coattails.

Is this nice? Of course not. He should walk falteringly down the School steps each morning, and, during the "hoofing" cast regretful (and disbelieving) glances at the big School clock. He should curse every minute that makes his Latin hour, his Math hour (not his lunch hour) shorter. He should suffer that his alma mater (pronounced alma mater) may have a nice Class Day.

Instead of this, he paces the school grounds with his comrades as if he were actually enjoying it. As if he actually enjoyed placing one foot in front of the other 9,999,999 times each morning. (If you don't believe us, count them yourself.) How can he enjoy taking thousands of steps outside, when inside he could do it with two steps (by using the right triangle corollary.) How can he enjoy forming letters, when he might be writing them.

But he does. He does enjoy having a teacher sweetly tell him that he's the only one in the school who's in step. He does enjoy trying to keep himself from treading on the next person's heels without walking backwards. He **does** enjoy deliberately squaring his corners when the third

(Continued on Page 8)

THE HISTORY OF CLASS DAY THE DANCER

(Continued from Page 1)

the boys' gym classes, and a few dances by the girls. But in time the pageant end came to be stressed. Colourful costumes were worn by the girls and unusual groupings were tried. One year a living flag was formed on the steps, another a great revolving star on the campus.

For several years the town gave Dr. Roberts $50 with which to hire a band, but one year Mr. Cole conceived the idea of a school band. The town gave him the $50, and with it he purchased uniforms for the recently formed band of his organization. The year the new Brookline High Band marched down the field in its new uniforms was a proud year for the school and for the town.

(Continued on Page 6)

THE DANCER

He watched her as she danced. He wondered at the suppleness of her tiny body as, with limbs as brown as the dust beneath her feet, she danced as he had never seen anyone dance before. Someone threw her a coin; she reached a small dirty hand to pick it up, but the organ grinder whose property she seemed to be, brought his big heavy heel down upon her hand. The girl screamed; someone in the crowd laughed, Tom started forward on a sudden impulse to wring the organ grinder's neck.

"Oh, no, you don't, old man!" Ray caught his brother's arm as Tom started forward. "For the love of Mike, don't start a brawl in the middle of the street! Look, the girl's none the worse for it; bet he whips her every day; she looks like a spitfire!"

Tom's eyes sought the girl once more, and found her sitting on the curb watching the organ grinder and his monkey entertain the crowd. He was a little startled, she seemed so little, and fragile; her childlike beauty was out of keeping with her "profession." Not the type at all to dance day after day in the streets for a few copper pennies, he thought. The girl raised her eyes and met his glance; they were blue eyes, blue as the skies above him; wistful, dreamy, a little sad, there was something queer about her, Tom reflected.

He clutched Ray's arm, "That girl is white" he exclaimed.

The gypsy girl threw a startled glance at him, walked over to a man as if to speak to him, then quickly lost herself in the crowd of spectators.

"I tell you she is white," Tom said again as if to convince himself.

Ray looked at his brother. "She looked brown enough to me."

(Continued on Page 5)

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL BANK

By-Laws

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the Board of Directors of the Brookline High School Bank and shall have for its object the formulating of the policies of the Bank.

ARTICLE II.

Membership

Section I. This Board shall consist of not more than 50 members named at the beginning of each school year by the Manager of Economic Education.

Section II. Any member absent two consecutive meetings unless absent from school or detained on an important matter will be expelled from the Board.

Section III. The Board may elect to membership anyone it wishes provided adding such a member does not violate Article II, Section I.

Section IV. Resignation must be given in writing to the Secretary and before they are effective must be approved by a majority vote of the Board.

ARTICLE III.

Officers.

The officers of this Board shall be:

Section I. A Chairman, elected by ballot at the first regular meeting of each school year. The chairman will preside at all meetings of the Board.

Section II. A Secretary, elected by ballot at the first regular meeting of each school year. The secretary will keep the minutes of the meetings, a record of attendance, and carry out any duties imposed by the Board. The Secretary may have an assistant, appointed by the chairman, if the Board deems such an assistant necessary.

ARTICLE IV.

Meetings of the Board.

(Continued on Page 6)

BRYANT & STRATTON

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

FACTS

1. LOCATION at the Arlington Street Station of the Subway, cor. of Boylston and Arlington Streets, opposite Public Gardens. *Easily and safely accessible* from all points either by Surface or Subway.
2. BUILDING erected especially for this School, and with the exception of the ground floor, *used exclusively by the School.* Unsurpassed in convenient construction and equipment for the purposes of Commercial Training.
3. COURSES which fit both *High School and College Graduates* to meet the demands of Modern Business; opening the way for rapid advancement to Executive Positions.
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5. STUDENT BODY of exceptionally high grade as the result of constant recommendation that High School students should complete their courses. *Nearly one hundred per cent* High School, Academy or Seminary graduates, with seventy-nine Universities and Colleges represented during the past year.
6. INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT enables students to secure the completest training in the *shortest time and at the lowest cost.*
7. EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT with nearly fifty years of successful service is *constantly placing graduates* in promising and desirable positions.
8. NO SOLICITORS OR AGENTS employed by this School to *annoy students or their parents* by high pressure sales tactics in their anxiety to secure commissions or enrollments.

In order that you may VISUALIZE THESE ADVANTAGES, a cordial invitation is extended to you to visit the School and thus be enabled to MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICE OF A SCHOOL. *Full information sent by mail upon request.*

334 Boylston Street **Telephone** **L. O. White,**
BOSTON, MASS. **KENmore 6789** ***Principal.***

R Colyum

o o o o o o o o o o o o. You guessed it, those are tear-drops. What we mean is that this is absolutely the last time we shall annoy the public through this medium.

* * * *

Wherever another year may find us, if it is writing for a paper, we hope it will be one that doesn't omit the most important words from our (?) jokes (?).

* * * *

Many of the Amherst students object to the removal of a Bible course from their curricula. The Literary Digest remarks that this is perhaps an indication of piety; but we know better. We'd bet a pretty penny that it was just another of those "pipe" courses.

* * * *

For three years they promised us: This will probably be the last Memorial Day that you will be asked to march. That promise was neglected this year, but so far as we are concerned it was undoubtedly the last time. * * * *

Some one asked us why we don't commit suicide. But what would be the use? The Sagamore isn't allowed to print that type of news.

* * * *

Tsk, tsk, tsk, after all the history department has taught us about arbitration, Brookline's two budding gladiators burst forth in an unbridled surge of fury the like of which the world hasn't witnessed in some twelve years.

* * * *

Whatever may be said about our class song, it certainly has to its credit that it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the Stein Song.

* * * *

There were not enough boys to fill in all the companies of the third battalion, so Major Hyland tried to recruit some spares from among the girls; but there were no volunteers.

* * * *

Undaunted by the more than inclement weather of last year's class day, the girls will again wear paper costumes. Maybe it will snow before the day is out. (Yes indeed, the weather is always a convenient subject with which to fill space).

* * * *

The thought of approaching the omega of our happy school days with their little red school-house and carefree girls in calico simply overcome us and we can write no further, so—

The students' prayer just before exams—the Lord is my Shepard, I should worry—.

* * * *

We have come to the conclusion that Brisbane writes only for Art's sake.

* * * *

The Atheist's Epitaph—All dressed up and no place to go.

* * * *

Heard on the Golf course: "Don't shoot that birdie, it might be somebody's par." Excuse it please!

THE DANCER

(Continued from Page 4)

"She's white! She has blue eyes, and light hair, I saw it under that wig!"

"You're dreaming; she might be bleaching it for all you know; all the girls try it sometime. You've been reading too much, Tom. Got romance on the brain, and always looking for a chance to do the Sir Galahad act. What you need is a good cure, coming to the club?"

Tom shook his head, it would be unbearable to watch Ray and Jerry practice their conception of the "Charleston" after witnessing the skill of the Gypsy girl's dance.

How had she ever come into the power of that villainous organ grinder? Had he stolen her when she was a baby? He asked himself a number of questions as he walked slowly and thoughtfully, eyes upon the pavement. If he could only see her again, she was very beautiful he was sure of that. He remembered the jeering smile on the organ grinder's thick lips as he ground her hand into the dust with his big heel. His firsts clenched at the thought; he was only eighteen, but he could thrash that fellow within an inch of his life.

Twelve o'clock, — midnight, the grandfather's clock in the hall boomed forth the hour in a funeral solemnity. Tom, as deeply buried in "Les Miserables" as he was in his huge leather chair, stirred slightly, became suddenly alert. Someone was fumbling at the French window! The window opened slowly, softly; he quickly touched the electric button, and the room became ablaze with light. He almost fell over the chair in his surprise. The Gypsy dancer!

Wild-eyed and terrified, she leaned against the casement for support; her hair disheveled showed more than one strand of the gold beneath; her dress was torn, and on her arm were deep scratches from which the blood ran freely. His imagination ran riot. He pictured her struggling in the grasp of the organ grinder, finally breaking away and fleeing into safety here in his own house.

"You've escaped?" he thought he heard himself speak.

For answer she sank into an unconscious heap on the floor. He lost his head completely What to do? Wine? Ah, that was it! The decanter was mpty. Grasping it hurriedly he ran through the house in search of the

(Continued on Page 6)

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Gratis

Add definitions:

A cowslip is just a bovine indiscretion!

* * * *

At all events the correspondence school does leave its stamp—.

* * *

WE think the short trowsis and long skirts (assort the sex) very what-ho indeed—huh?

* * *

Scandalabra:

Instead of passing on to higher fields, some of the football players will renew their contracts for next year. No remarks necessary!

* * *

Announcer:

He will be assisted (if necessary) by the orchestra—!

* * * *

WE're feeling very old but expect to live to see every American citizen a by-product of General Motors!

* * *

King Arthur's theme song:

"Knights may come and Knights may go—"

* * * *

Books recommended for this month:

"Man Without a Country"—E. E. Hale.

"Man Without a Company"—E. James Dooskin.

Never mind the criticism, we don't care to know what other people think of us—they may be right!

* * * *

For those who would voyage this summer; a sure cure for sea sickness—lie on your back under a tree.

* * * *

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THE DANCER

(Continued from Page 5)

restorative, passing it several times before his mind cleared enough to realize what he was looking for. It was fully fifteen minutes before he returned to the library, only to find the room empty. Was it all a dream? He pinched himself; no there was the window open, the hangings torn down and a drop of blood upon the floor. The organ grinder had found her and dragged her back to her old life of misery—what a fool he had been to leave her alone!

Meanwhile a small, dark figure crept silently to where an equally larger dark figure stood in the shadow of the garage.

"Ja git it?"

"Yep, easiest job I ever pulled, whole place lighted up so I could see just what to grab, and the man what owns the place within ten feet of me."

"Must be a nut."

"You hit it straight, that book-worm kind almost crabbed our act this afternoon, when this wig got loose. Well guess we'll call it a day and go back to New York and the bright lights and live on Easy Street for a while."

TALKING PICTURE

Formerly the "movies" was a place where one went to enjoy a quiet evening. After the first five minutes the organ was forgotten and never noticed again unless it happened to stop. Now we are disturbed by shouts, shots, and songs.

Once I detested wholeheartedly the sneering, mustachioed villian and gave my earnest good-will to the handsome hero. Now I find it almost impossible to dislike a man who is an excellent baritone even if he is a villain, and often the hero becomes "a pain in the neck" by singing the theme song too often.

It often happens like this. You are watching a quiet game of bridge (quiet games of bridge are found only in "movies") when an ear-splitting scream is heard..

As you swallow your gum, the hero dashes upstairs to find that the heroine has been abducted. Now instead of rushing the fire-escape as any self-respecting, conscientious hero should, he puts his foot on the window-sill and bursts into song. Through some strange coincidence a hidden orchestra seems to be playing the accompaniment to that very song and stranger still, the people who have followed him into the room make an excellent supporting chorus.

The next scene is probably in the villain's hideout. He, of course, has the heroine as a prisoner and they are singing a melodious duet. Everything goes along finely until the song is finished the the villain shows his worst nature. He draws a gun and threatens the girl with death if she does not give him some secret information (of a hidden mine.) Of course she refuses and a moment after he shoots her the hero dashes in followed by half

(Continued on next page)

THE HISTORY OF CLASS DAY

(Continued from Page 4)

From Harvard's Class Day came the idea of throwing confetti and streamers and this was one of the last features to be added. In ten years Class Day had been added to and cut from and revised and arranged till it became the beautiful affair that it is now. At one time it was so long that the people did not get out of the indoor exercises until six o'clock. And only once did it rain, and then not until the outdoor program was finished. However, in 1929, three years after Dr. Roberts death the weather had no such consideration for the feelings of the participants, and the rain poured down and down, unceasingly it seemed.

It is to Dr. Roberts, then, today that we do honor, and the Editors of the Sagamore voice the desire of the whole school, they feel sure that this Class Day will be the very best in the whole 23 years since Dr. Roberts sent out that small group of high school students to signalize the first Class Day.

BANK BY-LAWS

(Continued from Page 4)

Section 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Directors shall be held on the third Friday of each month of the school year, except when that Friday falls during the period of a vacation, when it will be held the Friday preceding. The first regular meeting, however, shall be held the last Friday in September.

Section II. All regular meetings of the Board shall be held in the High School building.

Section III. The order of Business for each regular meeting shall be:

(1) Roll call.

(2) Reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

(3) Reports of Standing Committees.

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BANK BY-LAWS

(Continued from Page 6)

(4) Reports of Special Committees.
(5) Unfinished Business.
(6) New Business.

This section may be suspended at any meeting for the duration of that meeting by a 2-3 vote of those present.

Section IV. The Pocket Manual of Rules of Order by Gen. Henry N. Robert shall be the supreme authority on Parliamentary precedure.

Section V. A quorum for the transaction of business at any meeting shall be seventeen members.

Section VI. Special meetings of this Board may be called by the Chairman on the demand of five members.

ARTICLE V.
Powers

The Board shall be empowered to:

Section 1. Nominate the President, Vice-Presidents, and other officers of the High School Bank subject to the approval of the Teacher-Student Council and the Manager of Economic Education.

Section II. Elect from the approved nominations the necessary officers.

ARTICLE VI.
Committees

The standing committees of this Board shall consist of:

Section I. A Publicity Committee, an Executive Committee, and Four Class Committees.

Section II. a The Publicity committee shall comprise nine members, two from each class and a chairman chosen-at-large.

b. The duties of this committee shall be to stimulate interest in the Bank throughout the school.

Section III. a The Executive Committee shall comprise five members chosen-at-large.

b. The duties of this committee shall be to execute orders of the Board not falling under the duties of another committee or referred to another committee.

Section IV. a The Class Committees shall be four in number, one for each class as follows:

1. The Senior Class Committee shall comprise five members all chosen from the said class.

2. The Junior, Sophomore, Freshman Class Committees shall each comprise five members, three of whom shall be chosen from the respective classes and two at large.

b. The duties of the above committees shall be to arouse interest in the Bank among their respective classes, to co-operate with the Publicity Committee, and to carry out orders referred to them by the Board of Directors, the Chairman of the Board, or the Manager of Economic Education.

Section V. The above Standing Committees shall be appointed by the incoming chairman at the second regular meeting of each school year.

Section VI. Special Committees may be appointed or elected by the Chairman of the Board or the Board of Directors at any time.

ARTICLE VII.

These by-laws may be amended by a 2-3 vote of those present. The motion to amend must be presented at a previous meeting and a notice in writing of said amendment given to each member at least one week previous to the meeting at which it is to be voted upon. The amendment will take effect immediately upon being approved by the Board.

TALKING PICTURE

(Continued from Page 6)

a dozen of the villain's confederates. A hot fight ensues, but the hero who wishes to avenge his sweetheart has the strength of six-men (there are only five opponents) and he makes short work of them after a little difficulty, with the villain himself.

At this point two things happen. Experienced theatre goers start to leave and the hero and his beloved embrace in the final kiss or start singing another song in the presence of five or six dead men.

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Explained

Teacher—"What is a pronoun?"

"Ming" Klein — "Something that stands for a noun."

Teacher—"Can you give me an example?"

"Ming" Klein—"Mary milked the cow. Cow is a pronoun because it stood for Mary while she milked it."

* * * *

Modern Geometry

Ephraim—"Wot yo' call it wen a gal gets married three times—bigotry?"

Mose—"Lawsy, boy, yo' suttinly am an ignorance. Wen a gal gits married two times, dat am bigotry; wen she gits married three times, dat am trigonometry."

* * * *

Oh, why do you study the whole day long?
The hour is now half-past three,
The flowers are blooming, the birds are in song
Oh, why do you study the whole day long?
You've written two lines, but they're probably wrong,
Don't you hope for a college degree
Though even you study the whole day long
From seven to half-past three.

* * * *

No Harm in That

Officer — "What do you mean by driving on the left side of the street?"

Lady Motorist—"Why, officer! I couldn't have seen that price tag in the window if I'd driven on the right side!"

Popular Mechanics

The world is waiting for an Edison who will invent an attachment for back-seat drivers which will use the surplus air to inflate the tires.

* * * *

Hint for Saxophone Players

They say that in America a saxophone is produced every forty seconds, and we think that if they were all piled up in the middle of the Sahara Desert, it would be a good idea.

* * * *

"Meeting called to water," screamed the coach as the swimming team dived in.

* * * *

Minister at dinner: Well, here's where the chicken enters the ministry.

Bright boy of the family: Let's hope it does better than it did in lay work.

* * * *

Little Sandy: "Hey, pa, let's go to the Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar."

Sandy: "Next time, laddie, next time."

CLASS DAY

(Continued from Page 4)

postulate allows him to cut across them.

And as long as he does enjoy doing these things as long as he does enjoy sacrificing his Math period like a loyal martyr to his royal mater, so long will half the youth of this world neglect its studies and the other half write useless articles like this.

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